

Chatelaine

A Magazine for Canadian Women

MARCH

1 9 3 2



Are Canadian Women as Well Dressed as Americans?

Just off the presses. Full of the latest and best information for women. Free.



"I WOULD GIVE A GREAT DEAL TO BE SURE... *that other women have no secrets from me*"

*I*T'S not at all unusual—this feeling of distrust on the part of the newly married woman. She had believed implicitly in her friends before her marriage. She had found them sincere and quick to answer confidence with confidence. Now they seem changed. These other women may very well be withholding a secret store of information on this vital subject of feminine hygiene. Women often do. For the "secret store of information" is often a confused mixture of advice and warning received from a dozen sources—all so unreliable that it means nothing and cannot be helpful to a friend.

What antiseptic to use?

It need hardly be said that feminine hygiene is an important and necessary practice. Women themselves know this and their doctors are in perfect accord with their insistence upon nothing less than true surgical cleanliness. But doctors have long been worried. "Feminine hygiene? Yes! By all

means! *Without* caustic and poisonous antiseptics!" That is the physician's warning. Of course, an antiseptic is needed and in the past all the powerful antiseptic-germicides actually were caustic and poisonous. This is not true today.

Zonite is safe and strong

The antiseptic of today is Zonite. New and extraordinary—this Zonite. Very strong and powerful. Yet it will never cause the slightest damage. Despite its strength it is really soothing in its action. This is a remarkable statement and absolutely true: Zonite will not do any harm even if accidentally swallowed, still it is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the human body.

Women are warmly enthusiastic about Zonite. It has at last solved their most intimate, their most difficult problem. You can get Zonite in any drug store. You need have no embarrass-

ment in asking for it because it is used for dozens of purposes including oral hygiene. It comes in bottles and sells for 30¢, 60¢ and \$1.00.

Read "Facts for Women"

Send for the free booklet, "Facts for Women." Every woman should get this and read it. It is frank and authoritative; it leaves no doubt upon the subject in the mind of the reader. New as it is, enough copies have been circulated to make it already the subject of much feminine talk. Zonite Products Corporation, Ltd., Ste. Therese, P.Q.

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION, LTD.
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Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.

- ☐ Facts for Women
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

NAME..... (Please print name)

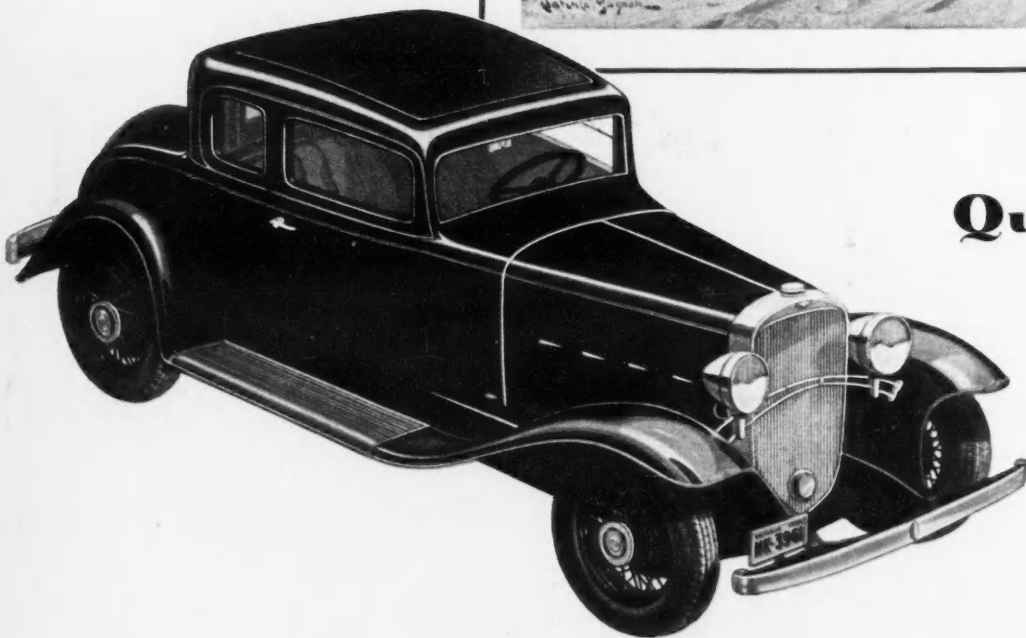
ADDRESS.....

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"Horse Racing in Winter", by Clarence Gagnon, internationally famous Canadian painter and etcher. His colourful interpretations of French-Canadian Habitant life and Quebec landscape have brought him honours in Paris as well as in his native land



Queen of Values in Old Quebec



In Canada the name Chevrolet Six has always meant, in both French and English, the smart type of economical transportation. At the recent Montreal Motor Show, Quebec's *élite* — most cultured of moderns — paid liberal compliment to the genuine character and beauty of this fine car and to the certain air of quality which sets it head and shoulders above others in its price class. ¶ The highways and charming by-roads of old Quebec offer ample evidence of the new Chevrolet's great popu-

larity. Wherever you go, you find these Sixes serving swiftly, smoothly, dependably and economically. ¶ Not only here, in Quebec, but everywhere in Canada, the new Chevrolet Six has already won wide acceptance as The Great Canadian Value for 1932. For although it is one of the world's lowest-priced automobiles, Chevrolet gives you much above the bare needs of transportation: The obviously smarter styling — the manifestly finer quality — which, after all, explain the *pride* of Chevrolet ownership.

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

PRODUCED  IN CANADA



Your Chevrolet Dealer is listed under "General Motors Cars" in the classified pages of your telephone directory



"OH, JACK !
*.. the dentist gives me
the most TERRIBLE news"*

FEW things of common occurrence are more terrifying than the prospect of losing one's teeth. A single tooth seems like a small matter while in its proper place, but when it comes out the gap is enormous, and seemingly the eyes of the world are upon that place.

In time the dentist will repair the damage skillfully, but first there will be ugly days of self-consciousness and dread. Trying to talk or smile behind closed lips . . . the hand held before the face . . . hoping not to meet people.

The dentist would rather prevent

Yes, dental surgeons have grown very skillful, but the modern expert takes more pride in prevention than he does in repair. Make a professional confidant of your dentist, both with respect to your own teeth and those of your children.

Nobody today believes that simple polishing is all that is needed to keep healthy teeth. There is much more to it than that. When teeth come out, there is a deeper cause for it than the mere cleanliness or non-cleanliness of the surface enamel. And when it is stated that over one-half of the adult teeth lost can be charged against *pyorrhea*, it will be realized just what this "deeper cause" actually is!

One great danger in *pyorrhea* is the fact that

people often think they understand it when they really do not. It works so insidiously that it may undermine the gums for several years before making its presence known. That is why, among people over forty, we have the astounding proportion of 80% *pyorrhea* sufferers (four out of five).

Probably the best-known name in the entire country in connection with *pyorrhea* is the name of Dr. R. J. Forhan. Thousands of dentists from coast to coast, and all over the world, are using Forhan's *Pyorrhea Astringent*, an ethical preparation solely for the use of the dental profession. The dentists themselves take *pyorrhea* very seriously and it will pay every man and woman to take it seriously, too.

A lifetime devoted to pyorrhea

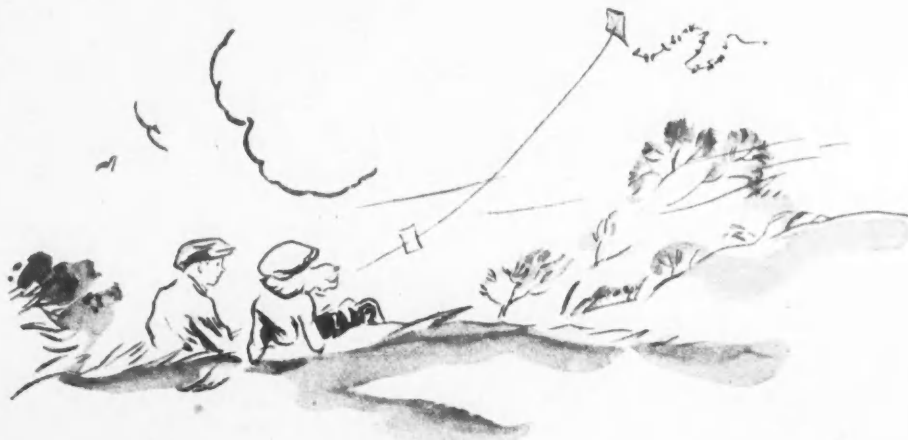
Dr. Forhan worked for 26 years in this field and the fruit of his experience is available in the products that bear his name. Don't wait

for bleeding gums or similar signals of trouble. Take up the use of Forhan's Toothpaste in your home both night and morning. Brush your teeth and massage your gums *according to directions*. And please remember that this Forhan principle is a "plus," an extra, an added safeguard for the *protection* of your teeth and gums.

Take the care of teeth seriously

The important point is to *get ahead* of *pyorrhea*. Don't give it a chance to seep down silently from the gum line. Forhan's will not do the work by itself. You yourself must take the matter seriously, in your own case and for the children. And quite aside from its other virtues, Forhan's is the finest toothpaste money can buy—pleasant, agreeable, long-lasting. Start with Forhan's today—*Forhan's*, the double-duty toothpaste in the big brown tube. Forhan's, Ltd., Ste. Therese, P. Q.

SERIOUS THOUGHT ABOUT TEETH LEADS TO THE USE OF FORHAN'S



The Editor's own Page



THE other evening I sat in a theatre and listened to an "Old Stager" sing a song with a nasal whine and much gesticulation.

He pummelled the air; he flung out his arms; he tossed his head and bellowed; he shouted, talked, sang, and crooned, imploring Old Man River to keep away from his door (do-hor-er!).

The crowded audience sat apathetic, and unmoved.

"Why does he do it?" I asked.

My companion answered, "Because he thinks it's what the people want."

And I went home thinking hard.

FOR that's what we editors are trying to do—to give you readers what we think you want. The actor has the applause of his audience immediately to tell him whether his show "goes over" or not. We editors get a percentage of letters, but among 150,000 paid up subscribers they can form only the smallest indication of what stories and articles are most popular.

Yet how can we find out what you really like?

Take this issue, for instance. Has your editorial staff collected what you really want, or only what we think you want?

I wish you'd help me out by dropping me a card and telling me. If you think a story is good, if you think it bad, do let me know. I assure you it will influence the future issues, since my job is to give you stories you like. How do you feel about *The Chatelaine*? Do you sense a steady improvement or not?

Read the stories in this issue. When I was planning the number, I labelled them this way. "After Dark"—romantic love. "That Little Man"—adventurous love story. And "The Stowaway"—homely, realistic sentiment.

There is a story to please every type of reader. Which one do you vote for?

BUT let's look at the writers for a minute. Bertram Atkey, who wrote "After Dark," is an Englishman, and this is his first story in a Canadian magazine. R. V. Gery is a popular *Chatelaine* writer; many women wrote and told me they liked his novelette, "Front Page Girl." Perhaps you will like "That Little Man" better.

Beryl Gray, who wrote "The Stowaway," has a special place on the contributors' list, as *Chatelaine* published her first story. She is only twenty-five and is a business girl of Vancouver. She was born near London, England, and has lived in Canada since 1913, so that she is very much a Canadian. She confesses thusly: "My childhood was one of delightful freedom near one of the Vancouver beaches, and in the summer I barely knew what it was to wear shoes or stockings. I managed to fall into the sea on an average once a day, and thought nothing of dragging small boys down the street by their hair. Although I like to write of family life, I do not belong to a large family—just my parents, my young

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sister and myself. I am in business, so that writing is still confined to spare time."

MOST of the contributors get the issue containing their story or illustration on the day the magazine is on the news stands; but one of them, this issue will have to wait for many months before she sees her article. For Beatrice Mason, who tells you of her life in the far North, lives away up in the Arctic and is at present practising what she has preached in this issue.

Gwyneth Barrington who wrote the article, "Are Canadian Women as well-dressed as their American sisters," is a Canadian girl who has just returned to her homeland from several years sojourn in New York, where she wrote advertising for prominent firms, and held some interesting editorial positions. Mrs. Barrington is living in Canada, and is intending to devote a great deal of time to writing.

Incidentally, a Canadian who has been living in another country for some years came home the other day, and begged me to start a campaign in *The Chatelaine* to get Canadian men to dress better.

"They're untidy," he said. "They don't bother about details. You seldom see a meticulously groomed business man. And ask any wife what difficulty she has in making her husband dress for the theatre or for a party!"

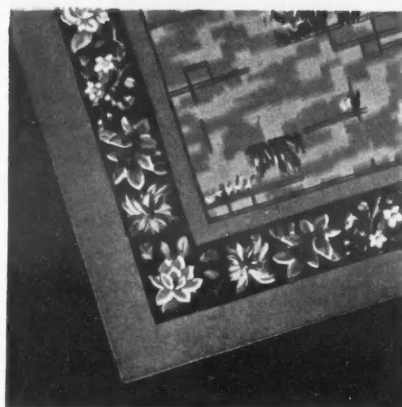
LOOKING ahead for a few minutes, there are a number of particularly interesting things planned for coming issues—things which I believe you will be interested in. But I can't be sure until you drop a line to tell me!

Among those present, next month, will be Martha Banning Thomas with the first of a delightful two-part story, "The Wheel That Does the Squeaking." This is a romance set on one of the trans-Canada railways. It's good medicine for low spirits.

A new writer in *The Chatelaine*, Isabel Turnbull Dingman, of London, will tell you of the new conditions affecting women in Canada, and will question whether modern girls do not need matchmaking mammas again. This used to be part and parcel of the duty of every mother, but since daughter went into the business world it has become a forgotten duty. Today with changing conditions, it is getting harder and harder for daughters to enter business life; or for women to keep house on their husband's salary when they have been used to earning almost as much themselves. "Already," says Mrs. Dingman, "men are finding themselves as eagerly sought after as in Victorian days, and complaints of being pursued are heard on every hand. There will have to be patient and skilful co-operation between parents and daughters if the 'surplus' woman problem is not to become acute in this young country."

This is only one of the many live articles planned to interest you in the April *Chatelaine*, which, above all, will bring spring with it. And what magazine could do more?





Above: AVALON Congoleum Rug No. 628



Below: GLORIA Congoleum Rug No. 636

"Swell," says Tim, the grocery boy. He knows if he tracks in dirt, the busy housewife can remove it with a swish of a damp mop. Even he can see the big difference this rug makes. The pattern is "Lucerne," No. 633.

Open your eyes before you open your pocketbook



Prices are *low*. Prices are *down*. That's the new "low-down" on the Congoleum Rug situation. Right now all the stores are full of grand bargains in genuine Congoleum Gold Seal Rugs.

But remember, there are bargains and bargains. Just now the market is flooded with all kinds of questionable merchandise—cheaply made to sell at a cheap price. Be on your guard when anyone says "just as good as Congoleum."

Play safe. Keep your eyes wide open—and your purse tight shut—until you see a big Gold Seal pasted right on the face of the rug. Then buy with perfect confidence. You're getting genuine Congoleum . . . you're getting your biggest money's worth in beauty, long life and guaranteed satisfaction.

CONGOLEUM CANADA LIMITED
MONTREAL

Made in Canada—by Canadians—
for Canadians

CONGOLEUM

GOLD SEAL RUGS

WOMEN in the World

A page of Comment on Topics and Events



MOST people believe that married women enter business life for one of three reasons. To have extra "pin money;" to live luxuriously on a double income; or to escape the monotony of housework.

Cheered on by the populace, the University of Toronto decided to dismiss all married women on their staff, except those who were the sole support of their families, wives of disabled veterans, or special experts.

When the reckoning came, out of the hundreds of women on the staff, just ten were affected.

The truth of the matter is that for every married woman who is in the business world for pleasure, there are hundreds working through dire necessity.

Mrs. James Cotton, of Toronto, in taking up cudgels in defense of married women in business life, said that in the general hue and cry there is too much of a tendency to lose sight of the basic causes of distress among women.

Consider this. Every time a telephone exchange switches over to the dial system, about 300 girls are thrown out of work. Five men handle the mechanical exchange. In Toronto, twelve of the twenty-five exchanges have been converted to the dial system. Figure it out for yourself.

It will be a long time yet before girls will be taught how to use their make-up successfully in Canadian technical schools. At a board meeting of one of Canada's largest schools, the matter was brought to a head after repeated requests for a class in "cosmetology" and hairdressing. The board felt that hairdressing might be a legitimate reason for an apprentice class. But not "cosmetology." "What does it mean?" asked a member. "It doesn't matter," said the chairman sternly. "Whatever it is, we're not going to teach it."

Mussolini, alarmed at last year's drop of 56,000 in the national birth rate, spoke angrily to the last meeting of the Italian Medical Congress. "You should insist upon correcting . . . the fashion of excessive reducing," he said. "This weakens the race and also has economic reactions. Another fallacy is that maternity diminishes womanly beauty. Precisely the reverse is true, as you can all testify. I am deeply convinced that our mode of eating, working, dressing, sleeping, and our whole system of daily habits ought to be reformed."



Many people were dismayed to learn that a week or so ago, nurses had raised their rates. Dr. Alfred Bazin, the Quebec medico, has just completed a thorough investigation into the nursing situation in Canada.

He finds that the average salary of a nurse is \$1,022. This is the wage paid women who are dedicated to a life of exacting and exhausting labor, often under the most rigid and unrelenting burdens of care and responsibility.

Only forty per cent of the nurses coming under the survey were able to save anything for future needs, the average in this group being \$256 a year. Eight per cent of the nurses actually went behind.

There are thousands of nurses unemployed in Canada, and hundreds of new graduates entering the ranks every year. Dr. Bazin's survey has been made in order to find some solution for the difficult situation.

One of the greatest difficulties in the nursing system of today, Dr. Bazin finds, is the high cost of nurse training which is charged against the cost of the illness. The doctor says, "This places the burden on the shoulders of overworked nurses, preoccupied but well disposed doctors, and on a class of patient little able to pay."

He recommends, for one thing, that shorter hours be expected of the nurses; and that, rather than depend only upon nurses in training, a number of graduates be employed so that girls can learn more by actual example than by lectures and experiment.



An English judge has declared that a wife is not a husband's "property." In giving judgment upon a certain case, this learned gentleman said, in part,

"A woman's body does not belong to the husband. It is her own property, not his. She may decide whether she will bear children or not, and she may decide when each child shall be born. She may choose her own occupation. She may take her own political party. She may profess her own separate religious creed."

"To sum up," said the judge, "in plain words it is enough to say that no man today can make himself the owner of a woman under the guise of a marriage service. The married woman in this country has gained her freedom. She is a citizen and not a serf."

On the same day I made a note of that judgment, I was talking to a woman from Quebec who was righteously indignant at the scant courtesy afforded Quebec women in the House, when the recent bill granting women the vote was shelved again.

Not only was the bill dismissed casually, but I understand that the speeches discussing it were in the worst possible taste.



An open petition has been sent by the Canadian Alliance to the President and members of the Upper House. Signed by Miss Idola St. Jean, one of the most brilliant Frenchwomen of the day, and president of the Alliance, this petition says that:

"The plea recently presented deserved another answer than the one offered by some members, who spoke in unbecoming language on all subjects except the one under discussion. Is it reasonable, because the logic of our demand is so evident that it cannot be refuted by any serious argument, to have recourse to the insults which certain members threw upon the women of our province? While trying to make the people believe that they intended to place woman on a pedestal, they attack her brutally in her most sublime functions—that of wife, mother, and educator."

Here is a matter for the women of all provinces to take a hand in helping; for public opinion only will help bring our privileges to Quebec women. Women's status in China is better than that of women in Quebec.

Witness Dame Rachel Crowdy, who for eleven years has been one of the most prominent workers on the League of Nations. She has just returned from a visit in China, where she went as a delegate to the Pacific Relations Conference.

She told me much about the advancement which women's status has attained in China and Japan. "Until some years ago," she said, "the marriage age for girls in England was twelve. We could not get England to make a change until we showed her that Japan's marriage age for girls was fifteen, and Turkey's and China's, sixteen. Only then would England consent to raising the marriage age for English girls."

Three of the most brilliant leaders in China today, said Dame Rachel, are married to three sisters. None of these men "arrived" until after they were married.

Mrs. Nellie McClung, of Calgary, has been giving many lectures in the east this month, where interest in her address on "Silver Linings" has proved definitely how much men and women want cheering up. One day we were lunching together and talking of this and that, when suddenly her eyes began to shine. "When I started writing," she said, "it used to be my ambition to write something which women would want to cut out and paste in their scrapbooks!"

"But now, my ambition is to write something which women like well enough to read to each other at the close of their meetings. When I hear of the minutes of a meeting which say, 'At the close of the programme Mrs. Smith read a short story by Nellie McClung—well, that's the grandest thing that can happen to me!'"

Here's another feather in the cap for any wife!

In discussing why so many women fail in business, Lorine Pruette, a well-known American writer, says that one of the chief handicaps of women in business is that they have no wives. "In the life of almost any successful man," she says, "a woman will be found as combination watchdog, nurse and secretary. But what man performs these services for a woman?"



THERE IS NO SUCH THING



Is the Canadian Woman better Dressed than her American Sister



by
Gwenyth Barrington



IN THE matter of dressing you have mastered a secret, you Canadian women!" So spoke, over the teacups, the Baroness de T'Serclas, now Mrs. William Hubbard, Belgian wife of Captain William Hubbard, of Royal Air Force fame. Parisian, from the laughing lines of a humorous mouth to the impudent heels of shoes which could not have been born anywhere but in an atelier back of La Rue de la Paix, she has had, nevertheless, eleven years experience in which to study the manners and customs of women on this side of the water.

I eyed her warily, having learned that women of one country do not as a rule hand bouquets to women *en masse* of another. "The secret is . . ." guardedly I prompted, expecting to hear something about the Canadian woman's perception of the value of economy, or a heartfelt ovation on the durability of our knitted goods.

"It is that, unlike the Americans, you have learned in dressing not to 'run in packs,' as your author Kipling expresses it. You have apprehended that, however simple a costume may be, if it has individuality, it has chic. I suppose the reason for this is because the Canadian woman, like the French woman, knows how to sew. Once a woman has learned how to make her own clothes she learns many valuable things about choosing a frock. She knows about materials, she knows about cut, she knows how to look for workmanship, and last of all, she understands how to choose suitability in style. Add these things together and you get what we call in Europe"—she made an eloquent gesture with her hands—"chic. It is an overworked word, but there is no other to take its place."

Delightedly I buttered another croissant. This was big news coming from a woman equipped to speak authentically on the styles of two hemispheres, especially since it echoed certain privately cherished opinions of my own.

It has been said that American women are the best dressed women in the world. Perhaps they are. At any rate Canadian women have good-naturedly allowed the statement to go unchallenged.

It's an amusing, if slightly complicated question to



Every minute that you live you are in a Beauty Contest



Here's an incident in the great Beauty Contest of every day! The girl above is meeting her husband's big chief! What impression would you make if you were in her shoes? Every man, office boy or president, responds to clean natural loveliness, the kindly tribute that gives every woman a thrill.



Even children judge you in the Beauty Contest that you face every day! Like men and other women, they are honest in their liking for the woman with the clear and lovely skin. Look at your own skin. Is it so pretty? If it isn't you ought to switch to Calay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, today.

A cake of Calay Soap—and you have the finest beauty treatment in the world. Buy a dozen cakes—today—and watch this gentle soap bring out the natural beauty of your skin. With Calay your skin will always be fresh and delicately glowing—lovely with new, deep cleanliness!



Natural loveliness begins with immaculate cleanliness. But be sure you use only the most delicate, the safest, of beauty soaps on your precious skin!



Delicate Calay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Resolve to begin its use today and open up a new era of beauty for yourself and your precious skin!

Less than a minute with luxurious Calay lather, a soft cloth, and warm water; then a rinse with clean cold water—and your skin can breathe again! ☆ It has regained the delicate, shell-like beauty which through the ages has been the greatest asset of the feminine skin. Calay leaves it soft, too, of flower-petal smoothness. ☆ No longer are your pores clogged with the invisible dirt that filters down out of the air to dim the natural loveliness of your skin. ☆ Gentle Calay has seen to that. ☆ Guard your skin by using no soap less gentle, less safe. 73 of the country's leading skin doctors say Calay is safe enough for that precious skin of yours! ☆ You are in a never-ending Beauty Contest! Let Calay help you win!

Made in Canada
CALAY

Copy. 1932, Premier & Gamble

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

A strange tale of
the English moors
—of a man who
came home for a
bitter revenge, and
of a woman who
had prepared for
his coming

AFTER DARK

by BERTRAM ATKEY

Illustrated by C. Vaughan.

LATHAM drove his hard, calloused hands deep into the pockets of the worn, blue cloth coat which he had picked up in some shop at Southampton many hours before, and faced the northeaster hissing across the levels of rusty heather.

In spite of his sailorlike clothing it was easy to see that he had once been an army man, for he could not have walked with a stoop or without a slight swagger if he had tried, though he had long ceased to be conscious of the jaunty carriage and good looks which, in the old days, had been among his chief concerns.

But now his concerns were more urgent and desperate. Few of the matters which had been of vital importance to Francis Malise Vane Brudenell Gard-Latham, Lieutenant of Hussars, were of the least consequence to the roughly dressed, hard-eyed deck hand who, newly discharged from a Canadian lumber ship, was now facing the frozen New Forest moorland stretching north to Salisbury Plain.

He talked to himself, as he walked, in the manner of embittered and acrid men who have been much alone.

"She was worthless!" he said aloud. "For all her grace and beauty and her genius, Loyse was utterly worthless—a coquette."

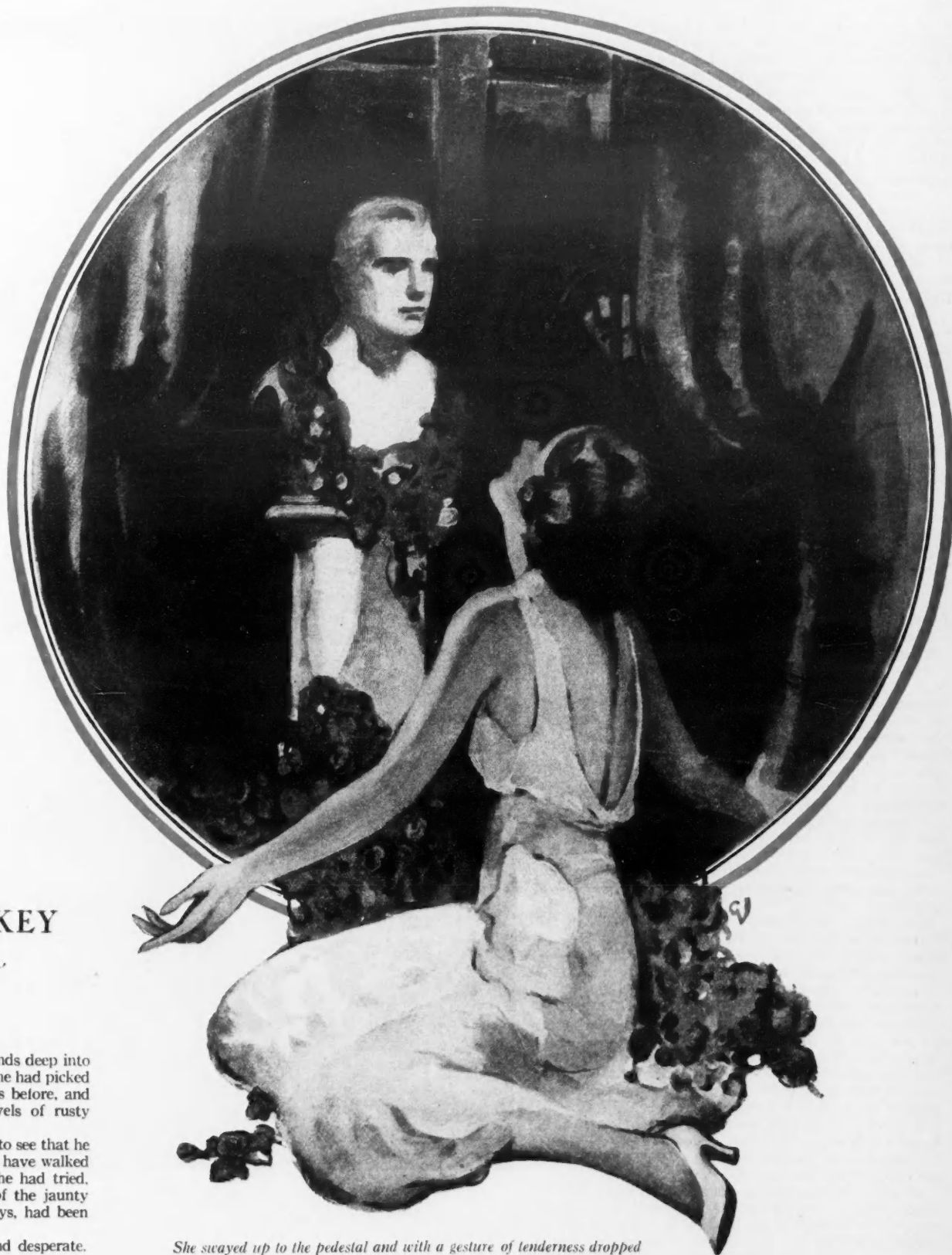
"She had promised me," protested Latham, groping with half-frozen hands for a cigarette. He said it deep in his throat, almost growling; for now he had come to a countryside he knew, and old landmarks and familiar scenes were rising fast before him. And they revived old memories, edging them with an intangible pain.

"How young I was to fight for a woman like that! The trick of a coquette and a bottle of champagne, things of such little consequence as that . . ."

He laughed—a tormented sound instantly torn to shreds by the icy wind.

"A regiment of lovely women—all the champagne ever hoarded or wasted—it would take more than these to trick me into a folly like that again."

Striding steadily, mechanically, he concentrated again on



She swayed up to the pedestal and with a gesture of tenderness dropped the wreath on to the marble shoulders. He lifted his hand to the latch.

that hour from the past. A man must think of something, and if, like Latham, he is returning after a lapse of bitter years to the scene of his tragedy, what will he think of but the tragedy itself?

AT TWENTY he had loved Loyse Amyland and she had promised herself to him. And because of those matters and a few flowers he had shot Bramshaw.

Loyse had been a wonderful dancer—wonderful. Even now Latham nodded his head half unconsciously.

It had been at that affair of the Carlingfords' that they had cleared the floor and asked Loyse to give them her rose dance, a pretty, graceful thing she had invented herself. The dance usually ended with Loyse, who had made great play with a little festoon or wreath of roses, throwing her wreath over the head of a man among the onlookers—presumably, if the general expression or implication of the dance meant anything at all, the dancer's lover. Then one laughed a little, applauded a great deal, and the thing was over—five minutes amusement for everyone, especially Loyse . . .

Only, on that night of nights, Loyse had deliberately

passed him where he stood awaiting, and quite confident of receiving the wreath, and thrown it over the sleek, shapely head of Lord Bramshaw!

One or two people had chaffed him. Bramshaw had smiled his sardonic smile; the desperate jealousy of youth and the champagne had done the rest. Five minutes later, at the extemporized buffet, Bramshaw had been witty at his expense and he had been knocked down.

They had gone out and fought. Mainly because one of the little group of witnesses, all empty-headed, wine-lit boys like themselves, had insisted on a last drink before starting and partly because of Latham's notorious boxing superiority, they had strung themselves to the point of a duel.

Somebody had found a couple of revolvers in the gun room, and they had gone down to the terrace above the little lake . . . Latham's teeth gripped as the ceaseless picture registered itself before his eyes again. Bramshaw, in the scarlet coat and black knickerbockers of the Hunt Club evening dress, standing on the white, crackling, frosted grass, facing him—the distant-seeming, semi-maudlin laugh preceding the word "Fire!" the two jets of pinkish flame; the snap of a bullet close by his head; and Bramshaw half

pursue, because it must be remembered that to pick out "Miss Average Canadian" for the purpose of using her as a medium of comparison with "Miss Average American" is about as easy as trying to catch a summer breeze by putting salt on its tail.

Is there such a thing as an "average" woman, anyway? I have never met her.

Women are to be found of as many nationalities, creeds, and pursuits on New York's Fifth Avenue at high noon as there are straws in a wheatfield, and to carry the simile still further, they may differ as little in superficial appearance. In fact, in New York, where more money is spent on women's clothes than in any other city in the world, it is not always easy to pick out the selling end of life from the buying end. Imported clothes are copied as fast as they can be introduced into exclusive salons. Two days after a famous French importing house on the Avenue has cautiously exhibited a new model to a hand-picked clientele, its new-born replica springs mysteriously to life and may be seen fluttering breezily from the shoulders of half a million messenger girls in art silk, rayon, or cotton tweed! Thus the poorest girl on the street usually manages to keep up with her wealthier sister as far as line and mode are concerned. In a typical American throng there will be business girls, carefully rouged, alert; college girls often looking more like actresses than the actresses themselves, with make-up brighter and clothes more naively noticeable; actresses, past, present, and would-be; artists with shiny noses and costumes evidently purchased the year before last in Paris; designers, writers, society women, and beggars. Probably the greatest mutual interest shared by such an assortment is in the matter of clothes, and in dressing they find a common denominator, sometimes, alack, too common.

THE New York business girl, whether she speaks American with a Hebrew, German or Italian accent, is as universal a type as one can take for closer inspection. As she blinks into the light of day at her subway exit and applies a fresh coat of lip rouge before ducking into her forty-story office warren, she will be wearing the dress of the moment. Whether it be an adaptation of the Jenny blouse suit, the Lelong wrap-around, or what have you, it will fit her snugly, with more than a hint of its French inspiration in a certain studied *jeunesse*, despite its frankly American materials and workmanship. Her hose will be sheerest sheer, the seam in the correct place, her hat chic.

Looking at this smart young person of business a moment longer, you will find that you are distinctly pleased with the whole ensemble, wonder where she purchased the pert little hat, and make a mental note of the fact that Agnes introduced a Eugénie adaptation like it a month or so ago in Paris. In climbing out of your taxi you have found yourself on Broadway. Immediately you will notice another of those fetching little Agnes adaptations confronting you; two more may pass you in quick succession. The copy of the Jenny blouse suit, the one you noticed a minute ago, will be marching by on a thin girl wearing pince-nez, on a plump girl with an indeterminate corkscrew bob, on a straw blonde of generous Swedish proportions, on a brace of brunettes from a Harlem night club, until it will seem that the street is swarming with women whose one idea is to conform to the same silhouette.

In the meanwhile, something disastrous has happened to your memory where it concerned the personality of the girl you first noticed on alighting from your taxi. You have her duplicated a dozen times in five minutes, and you feel, remotely, a little offended with the Agnes adaptation or the copy of the Jenny blouse suit for having attracted so much of your admiring attention. These "runners" or "flivvers," so called by the sorority of better shops, have reproduced themselves so widely that a select house would not touch anything resembling their original lines with a ten-foot pole, and yet the style idea will be repeated everywhere until it is as epidemic as checker cabs. I have seen one of these "runners" hold sway on the streets for months, as when Premet brought out a creation in Paris which he called *La Garçonne* (so called after Marguerite's best seller of that name), a mere slip of a frock in black satin with white organdie collar and cuffs. The Peter Pan Bramley, which took like wildfire on the streets of New York, bore a striking resemblance to Premet's creation, and ultimately so invaded American cities that a foreigner might have been excused for mistaking it for a national costume. So, more recently, with the Antibes jersey suit and the Biarritz beret.

A Canadian woman's clothes will resemble more closely those of the well-dressed American woman, she whose manner of dressing you will fail to notice on the street,

because in its very simplicity and craft of workmanship it defies the copying skill of certain dark-eyed gentlemen of Sixth Avenue. The American woman who goes in for clothes seriously has the wisdom, and correlatively, the bank account, to patronize shops which spend yearly fortunes to ensure against possible "flivvers." Sometimes she takes a semi-annual trip to France, to buy from the creators themselves on the condition that no model of the gown in question has previously been sold to an American buyer. In other words, she may spend more yearly on her clothes than it would take to run a hospital wing, and she achieves . . . what? Precisely that which seems inherent in Canadian women—the gift of wearing clothes which depend for their appeal on some ineffable quality of individuality which defies the quick turn-over of mass production!

Parked idly in a car on the street of any Canadian city, watching a procession of business girls on their way home from work, one feels a definite sense of relief at the endless variety of costume ensembles, in comparison with the epidemic fashions across the border. Coats and suits which may have rested side by side on the same rack in the same department store, possess an individuality of their own, until one begins to find oneself thinking in terms of personality—a state of mind which is more comparable with Park Avenue than with Broadway. There may, of course, be a psychological explanation to this display of



VALUES

by Mary Gordon Wall

A woman stood upon a cottage porch —
So sparse the tiny farm, the house so poor
That I could fancy Want's grim silhouette
Crouched in perpetual vigil at the door.
Yet, in her eyes dwelt such tranquility,
I turned in wonder, following her gaze,
To see a river's drowsy loveliness —
Quiescent 'neath the sudden twi-lit haze —
Jewelled with amethyst and chrysoprase,
Shadowed by wooded hills . . . The timid
light
Of a new moon encouraged lazy stars
To add their lustre to the coming night.

I would go back again to noisy streets,
The feverish turbulence of hurried crowds,
The endless chain of traffic, flaring lights
And pompous buildings shutting out the
clouds.
But she would have the sweet, enshrouding
dusk,
That waiting hush when sleepy bird-notes
cease,
The soft andante of the river's song —
The intimate companionship of peace.

originality, in that the large American cities are composed of individuals utterly at variance with each other in racial origin, with an impulse to make up for this dissimilarity in a uniform exterior; while, conversely, Canadian women of similar racial origin tend to build up an original front.

Nevertheless, there are lessons to be profitably learned by Canadian women from their sisters across the border. I am thinking of a southern girl, who, like countless other southerners had arrived in New York high in hopes and low in capital. She had lately secured a divorce from her husband, had refused alimony on the strength of her desire to be a self-supporting member of society, and was breasting the waves, as it were, armed with a few ten-dollar bills, an all but shabby suit of black pin-stripe broadcloth, a chic black hat, a warmly delightful southern manner, and

nothing much besides. Copy-writing for one of the Big Four department stores, she had heard, was as lucrative a calling as any. She would become a copy-writer!

"Ah didn't know how to go about it," she told me, "and Ah'd been so careful of mah money Ah was getting hungry. So Ah blew in an extra dime at the Automat and began to think things out. About the first thing Ah realized was that Ah had to have somethin' to weah." She nodded toward an oblong of red which adorned a place of honor on the grey wall of her sitting room. "So I walked right out and bought a Rodier scarf! It cost me plenty, too. Twenty-three dollars."

Liquid as flame, heavy as snow. I could imagine how its vivid color must have accentuated the pale gold of her hair and lent life to the black pin-stripe suit. So, too, had she! "It took most of mah money," she admitted ruefully, "but Ah got the job."

To go to the heart of a just-not-right costume and remedy it with a single clever stroke of line or color, that is an American woman's native gift. By instinct, she knows all about "that little more, how much it is; that little less, what miles away." And for that little more, she will spend her second last dollar if necessary.

The staunch Canadian habit of purchasing an accessory for its practical value would be to an American as out of turn as buying summer furs with respect to the weather. It may arise from inherent frugality, this Canadian scorn of the infinite possibilities that lie in the choosing of an accessory; or it may simply be that when her costume has been assembled to her taste, pronounced good by her beloved, it ceases to be a matter of paramount importance in her life. No longer is she conscious of it in the sense of its effect upon all comers. It has been carefully chosen, meticulously cut, accurately tailored, and her truly British prerogative is that you may take it or leave it—and be hanged to you!

WHILE this may be all very well, the attitude has its dangers too, in that there is every possibility of developing a careless attitude toward clothes which will ruin any possibility of chic. Whereas the woman who has carefully chosen her meticulously tailored costume can well forget it, there are many women who rise blithely above the most incongruous combination of clothes.

In comparison with the French, for instance, women in the know have told me that the Canadian woman buys much more hurriedly than her French sister. In Paris every addition to the costume of the well-dressed woman is a matter for slow and deliberate planning. Nothing is added that is not considered fully, not only in relation to this year's ensemble—but next year's as well. If it must last two or three seasons, how will it fit next autumn? Over here women are too prone to buy at a sale, with more of a frenzied interest in grabbing the reduced frocks from the rack, than in the basic, becoming qualities of the frock. Women who cannot see beyond a bargain are seldom chic. But, watch the woman who knows what she wants, and who is content to giving hours on end to prowling among the sales departments searching for the indential need; she will add every touch to her costume with the sure, clear touch of the artist.

Periodically the press bears the comment of some visitor who claims that Canadian women are either better dressed, or not so well dressed as American women, English women, or French women. The superficial observer misses some of the dash and verve of the average American woman's clothes. But unquestionably Canadian women have succeeded where their American sisters have failed, in achieving individuality of choice. Because a single effect is good, does not mean that it is better when it is repeated. Most of the complaints on modern women's clothing, include some such remark as "Watch the women passing a street corner—they are alike in silhouette and effect as they can possibly be with their individual coloring and personality."

That is not so much true in Canada, as, I hope I have shown. Canadian women have learned to suit their own requirements; to reject a fashion that does not become them; to realize that the gown which is so svelte and charming on the slim young model is not designed for their ample circumference. Canadian women have learned to look beyond the mere statement of a fashion style—and to analyze its possibilities for personal adjustments. Perhaps it is the sheer geographic necessity of blending American chic with English practicality which has produced this success, which, mingling with unconfessed worldly wisdom, has led them past the easy allure of "flivver" dressing, to the very sound conclusion that as there is only one of each of them, it is the subtlest sophistication to capitalize on the fact. This is the clothes psychology of all well-dressed women.



On that night, Loyse deliberately passed Latham where he stood waiting for the wreath of roses, and had thrown it over the sleek, shapely head of Lord Bramshaw.

set well back at the apex of the wide easy curve with which the carriage drive debouched on to the main road.

There were two lamps on wrought pilasters flanking the gates, but they were unlit. Latham nodded approval.

"Sensible entrance," he muttered. "A man could ride a young horse out of here without any fear of trouble with a passing motor. None of your blind right-angle 'concealed carriage drive' insanity about this."

He opened the gate. It swung silently, well balanced, with plenty of ground clearance, on well-oiled hinges.

"Properly looked after," said Latham grudgingly. He stepped into the drive and, walking on the crisp turf border, followed its easy curve across a small, lightly timbered park toward the house. A curious shadowy object stuck on the ground a little distance to the left caught his eye and he moved across to it.

It was an iron flag with the figure seven painted on it—a golf-green flag.

"A private golf course, hey?" said Latham with an edge of sour envy in his voice and moved on to the house.

In the moonlight he could see that it was set in well-planned gardens and grounds, facing a tennis lawn, timbered on two sides, that gave on to a rose garden. Some distance off, a row of greenhouses threw back a phantom glimmer at the moon, and a long, high wall hinted at a walled kitchen and fruit garden. Farther round was a little group of build-

ings that were evidently comfortable stables and a garage.

"The man who planned this knew his job," muttered Latham.

He stared in the icy moonlight at the dark lightless front of the house, hesitated a moment, then moved round toward the stable.

A vertical thread of light gleamed like an edging of gold down the blind of a cottage not far from the stables, and for an instant Latham halted like a listening fox, rigid, to study it. Evidently the cottage was inhabited, probably by a groom. But a strange curiosity overcame his caution and presently he stole on to the stable, silent as the shadow of a wolf gliding across the snow.

The stable door was not locked and Latham entered, closing the door behind. An uneasy snort told him that it was occupied even before he switched on his torch.

He swung his light on to the horses, examining them with the judging eye and the critical interest of a horseman.

There were three horses, one a magnificent five-year-old red bay, obviously highly bred, full of power and probably speedy, and a dark brown as good as the bay.

"Two grand hunters—say, two-fifty or three hundred guineas apiece—and a hack."

He patted the grey, neat, shapely hack, a mare of seven years old, her teeth told him, and stole out, carefully closing the door.

For a moment he stood in the shadow, considering. From this point he could see the back of the house and he noted that it was unlighted.

He frowned a little, puzzled. A house of this size required servants, but obviously there were neither servants nor employers in there now, unless they moved in darkness.

"Horses in the stable—an empty house—queer," he muttered. His eyes fell on the building next to the stable.

"Garage, evidently," he told himself. "Well, let's see if the car is in? Maybe there's a festivity on somewhere."

He strode swiftly across and tried the door. This, too, was unlocked and he opened it and slipped in. His cautiously directed beam of light told him at once that the car was not out. The car was a brand-new eight cylinder, wonderfully designed, beautifully built, and exquisitely finished—a car of cars, an ideal thing, a magic carpet.

A man could send his horses to a Hunt fifty miles away overnight and not need to rise in darkness next morning to be at the meet in ample time. Yes, a grand car. It contracted the boundaries of England so that one could select almost any distant spot on the map at breakfast time and be at that place for dinner.

Then he remembered his purpose and left the garage. Evidently the people of the house were not far away, or if they were they had not gone by motor.

HE STOLE across to the lighted window of the cottage and listened. There were men and women inside talking over a meal. He could hear the clatter of knives and forks, and occasionally caught a word—but not enough to understand what they were talking about.

Once, one of the voices rose slightly. "Crazy, I tell you . . . mightn't think so . . . not for us to say, ha-ha . . . private opinion . . . expense . . . that's it . . . she's crazy . . . fanciful . . ."

The voice ceased. Latham waited a moment longer, then prowled across to the back of the big house. He found a door, tried the handle and, again to his amazement, found it unlocked. He decided that the servants were gossiping in the groom's cottage, and very silently he entered, and stood quite still for a long time listening.

It was warm in there after the remorseless wind outside, warm and silent. He fancied he could smell a lingering odor of tobacco smoke, but it was so faint that it might have been his taut imagination.

Keeping his light low on the floor he went slowly forward. He passed through the back part of the house—kitchen, servants' hall, such places, all spotless, beautifully kept, admirably equipped. No fires were burning but the genial warmth all about him bore witness to an elaborate system of central heating.

The darting, ominous beam of light from his torch showed him enough, more than enough, to convince him that this was the home of a very wealthy man of good taste not ruined or vitiated by his obvious passion for sport, precisely and perfectly the house for which he, Latham, fresh from the fore-castle of a lumber ship, and before that, from a succession of the shacks, camps and bunkhouses which constituted the changing homes of a wandering workman, would have gladly sold his soul.

He came presently, cautious and silent as a prowling cat, to a room which was evidently the owner's den, a glorious room fitted with bookshelves, gun cabinet, desk, racks for whips and rods, a big table, a sideboard, half a dozen big leather chairs, a couch, everything a man could desire. The masks of foxes, heads of deer, an array of weapons and some fascinating oil paintings and old prints, almost all of sporting landscapes or subjects, were on the dark glossy panelling of the walls.

"Every solitary thing a man can ask for!" muttered Latham. "Does the luxurious devil ever realize that there are people out in the east wind, in the dark, in the forest—with the other animals?"

He moved across to the gun cabinet and looked long at the guns it contained—a pair of beautifully made, single-trigger hammerless double-barrelled twelve bores by Charles Lancaster, a graceful sixteen bore, all three new, and another double-barrelled breechloader of a much older type—a heavy looking, top-lever hammer gun that had evidently seen a great deal of service. There were two rook rifles also, a ten-bore wildfowl gun, and a walking-stick gun.

The little black cleft of the permanent frown on Latham's forehead deepened as he stared at the old top-lever gun for a moment. Then he shut the glazed door of the cabinet quickly, impelled by a pang as he stared in.

That old top-lever gun was too close kin to the gun which in the old days had been his special pride. It was own brother to that gun, might have been the identical weapon. A good, a very good old gun. You only had to hold it straight—he wondered where it was now.

He went back to the desk and threw his light over it, choking down a sudden reluctance to continue. He tried the top drawer, but this was locked. The others were unlocked and empty, but freshly lined with white paper.

He took out a short claw-ended [Continued on page 28]

turning, crumpling, falling; white faces in the moonlight; whisperings; the thrill of relief when the old doctor, secretly and hastily fetched, said that the wounded man was not dead; and the black horror of next day when they arrested him at home, saying that Lord Bramshaw had died in the night without regaining consciousness . . .

After that the trial, and the judge, an old, tired man, speaking drearily, "Manslaughter . . . extremely unfortunate . . . youth . . . folly . . . mutual madness . . . drink . . . passion . . . sad . . . sad . . . never in my experience . . . duty . . . sad . . . parents . . . stricken Earl . . . irreparable . . . penal servitude . . . seven years . . ."

And he had never seen or heard of Loyse Amyland from that day to this, save that she had been ill and that her people had taken her abroad.

They had released him in about five years, but his parents had died long before he was free, and nobody had met him outside the prison.

So he had gone straight to the coast and shipped out and away—out and away—anywhere, anywhere so that he put the sea between him and England.

Then had followed a few years of brutal struggle and blank failure in Canada and the States; and now Latham had returned.

ONCE again, and wearily, his mind completed the old circle, and he punctuated all with a curse.

"What does it matter now?" said Latham. "It's their money I want now. Three thousand dollars and a ship that's bound for Frisco . . ."

He beat his numbed hands against his breast as he drove on through the steel-hued twilight. He was nearing the village now, and his mind concentrated fiercely on the object of his journey.

Three thousand dollars.

That was what he had come home to England for.

There had been moments at sea, when he feared that once ashore his spirit might melt or soften on this ancient soil of his homeland, and his purpose weaken and die out. But now he knew, or believed he knew, that neither the English countryside nor the English people had power to soften him, nor to awaken in his grim spirit any emotion but a harsh disdain. For this was not a visit, not even a farewell visit. It was a private raid.

"I want no gifts from this 'dear homeland,'" he had told himself as he landed. "Nothing—except what I shall take."

He intended to steal three thousand dollars—something over seven hundred pounds—and go back to Canada.

His plans were clear-cut. There was a little farm, beautifully set on a sunny slope, easily worked, generously productive, being held for him. His friend, Hoyle, had definitely promised to wait for six months before selling, and he had that time in which to procure the purchase price of three thousand dollars. To steal the money he needed he had come home, because he did not desire to settle down with the shadow of a crime committed in Canada, and because he was not a professional criminal and had no special knowledge that would render it easy for him to make a successful attempt there. But in England there was a neighborhood in which he knew by heart every big house within a radius of perhaps eight miles. It had come to him like an inspiration on the day he discussed the purchase of the coveted farm with Hoyle.

He halted at the brow of the steeply sloping, pine-topped ridge that overlooks the village of Broadlynch, and here for a little he sat, ignoring or disdaining the almost polar wind that poured across the slope.

Hunched on the bole of a felled fir he stared contemplatively down through the grey, sunless light, as some gaunt, hunger-driven and dangerous carnivore of the frozen wild, wolf or panther, prowling in from some distant desolation, may squat to stare at the hamlet into which it will presently steal.

He saw that it had changed very little in the past ten years. With the exception of one big new house there seemed to have been no addition to the compact centre of the village, nor to the residences scattered sparsely about the outskirts.

His eyes went blank and his lips tightened as his gaze almost involuntarily swung round to where, set in a ring of trees, the long, low Tudor house which was his birthplace and had been for twenty years his home, made a warm patch against the grass of the park surrounding it.

It was there, just by the big yew tree at the corner of the lawn, where he had been arrested. Yes, there; right in front of the open French window of the room in which his mother was sitting at the very moment they took him into custody. It seemed to him that even now, borne to him in the low, boding cadences of the east wind he could hear her cry of horror, amazement and pain. Couldn't they have had the decency to arrest him somewhere out of her sight and hearing? It had killed her . . . If only she were alive now he would not have come home, prowling and stealthy, watchful



It was at that affair of the Carlingfords that they had cleared the floor and asked Loyse to give them her rose dance, a pretty, graceful thing she had invented herself.

and cunning like this, but straight to her, wherever she was, with her arms wide, her eyes smiling in that old look of reproach made gentle with love. He cursed the bitter wind that was bringing the tears to his eyes.

The light was fading swiftly now. Already it was gloomy under the pines, and grey shadows were stealing down upon the village. Tiny yellowish patches of light began to paint themselves on the dark shapes of the houses as lamps were lit. But one house, the big place which had been built since his day, remained lightless. Latham noted that.

He moved forward down the hill, his face hard and resolute. He would have, he must have, three thousand dollars out of that village before ever he breasted the hill again.

Latham mentally rehearsed his plans as he went down the hill toward the village, sorting and re-sorting keen memories of the houses which he purposed investigating first.

There was his old home; the Carlingfords' place; the Evernboroughs'; the Amylands'; and Round Hill House. Ten minutes at Round Hill House, if he could find the jewels and get away with them, would win him not a three thousand but a thirty thousand dollar farm.

His eyes glowed sombrely as he recalled the interior of Round Hill House—as familiar to him almost as his own home.

There was the Amylands' place. Old Sir John had been

reputed very rich, and the Amyland jewellery too had been quietly famous.

Then there was that big new house on the far side of the village about midway between his old home and the Amylands' place. Of course all these people might have left the place, or died, or lost their money, but that was improbable.

He felt instinctively for the powerful electric torch in an inner pocket, and its grim accessories, the blued automatic and the rubber-soled gymnasium shoes he had picked up at the port. They were safe enough.

The blades of the east wind had driven indoors almost everybody who was not forced by his concerns to remain out; and there were few abroad—a laborer or two trudging home from work, their heavy boots ringing on the white adamant of the frozen roads; a woman flitting down to the general shop of the village for some forgotten grocery trifle; a few boys reluctantly retreating from the long glassy slide on the village pond toward their belated teas.

Latham cleared the village, hung for a fraction of a second at a fork of the road, glanced about him, then chose the road which would bring him past the new house to Round Hill House and the Amylands'.

"There's time and to spare," he said, "and this new place calls to me somehow. I'll see why."

Daylight had yielded to moonlight by the time he reached the gates of its entrance drive—neat, quiet, useful iron gates



THINGS THAT GET ON A HUSBAND'S NERVES

by

L. C. MOORE



Perhaps you'll find your favorite habit mirrored in this amusing diatribe on the manners and customs of the average wife

THE things that matter most in married life are, almost without exception, the little things. This applies particularly to husbands, for, as any wife knows, husbands have no sense of proportion and go off the deep end over ridiculously trivial things.

At least, they seem ridiculous and trivial to her, but to a man they are of momentous importance. It is doubtful whether anything annoys a husband more than the inability of his wife to put the tops on things. The failing seems to be common to the sex. After a woman uses the ink she leaves the cork out; if she borrows his fountain pen she leaves the top off. While as for tubes of stuff—well, now that so many things are sold in tubes the failing is becoming an ever increasing cause of domestic jumpiness.

Watch a man with his shaving cream. Not only will he replace the cap when he has finished with the tube, but he will carefully wash and clean the whole business. Whereas a woman regards the cap of a tube rather as a sort of seal—something which, once removed, has served its purpose in the world and is of no more use. As a rule she lets it slip down the outlet at the bottom of the bowl.

Now if there is one thing more calculated to make a man forget all else in life it is the sight of that little cap nestling on the grid an inch or so down the pipe, just out of reach of his fingers. He can get one finger down, but not two, and you can't retrieve a wobbly cap with one finger. He will fish about with a piece of bent wire, trying to hook up that tantalizing little cap, until at last he gets it or pushes it right through. Either way, he gets furiously indignant.

Talking of tubes, another annoying little habit which all wives have is their knack of squeezing them in the middle. They get peculiar satisfaction out of pinching the plump part.

After a couple of days of this sort of treatment, a tube of tooth-paste looks like the wreck of the *Hesperus* and is enough to break a husband's heart. He likes to keep the tube in perfect shape until it is empty, and religiously squeezes from the bottom, rolling up the collapsed part as it—well, as it collapses. A man who has this neat-tube complex very badly will spend half an hour trying to straighten out the creases in a tube his wife has mishandled, and make



A woman doesn't think of the key until she's on the doorstep. Then begins a frantic hunt while her husband stands fuming.

it look shipshape again. So obsessed will he become that he will forget to clean and put away his safety razor.

While we are still in the bathroom it might be as well to mention that no husband can bear to see soap wasting. He cannot see a tablet of soap dissolving away in a bowl from which the plug has not been removed without at the same time seeing financial ruin staring him in the face. He never overcomes this dread, and I suppose the reason is that it is so easy to see the waste going on. The soap is so obviously disintegrating. Whatever the reason, the most level-headed of men will see red, and protest to his wife against her prodigality and about his hard-earned money.

I do not know whether a man objects more to the fact that his wife can never find her purse when she wants it, or to the remark she invariably makes in these circumstances—that she had it a second ago. Both get on his nerves, but worse still, perhaps, is her inability ever to find her key when he leaves his at home.

Normally, a man gets his latchkey out of his pocket by instinct. Without any conscious effort his hand goes into his vest pocket by the last lamp-post on the right hand side just before he turns into his own road. Still without any thought his fingers select the right key from the bunch, and by the time he reaches home the key is ready to go into the lock. He never knows how it happened.

Not so with a woman. She doesn't think of the key until she gets on the doorstep, and realizes that here is a problem to be faced—a door to be opened. Then begins a frantic search among powder puffs, lipstick, hankies, used tram tickets, old love letters, and the threepence-halfpenny left out of her housekeeping money. Invariably the key is there, but she never finds it in less than five minutes, what time her husband stands fuming.

But if you really want to see how trivialities can annoy a man, watch one when he gets to the station with his wife and she asks him if he is sure he shut the front door properly. Nothing makes him more furious, because, of course, he never is sure. Yet he dare not admit this, because to do so would mean a frantic rush back to the house. He must spend the evening in an agony of indecision, tormented by visions of a front door left invitingly open for all burglars who happen to be in the vicinity, and at the same time assume the calm nonchalance of one who distinctly remembers not only closing the door, but pushing it afterward to make sure.

A WOMAN'S love of trying to guess the sender of a letter without opening it will make her husband positively bubble with suppressed nerves. As he watches her studying the handwriting; looking at the postmark; holding the envelope to the light, and turning it upside down he will simply writhe. My own opinion is that there is a real psychological reason for this, which is that he never gets a letter he can't place at once. Very few people have sufficient romance in their souls to try to create an air of intriguing mystery around a bill, or a Final Notice.

FINALLY, there is the perplexing problem of the quiet read.

One of the visions the average man has before marriage is of his wife and himself sitting beside the fireplace or open window, as the case may be, each with a book, passing the pleasant hours of evening in peace and quietude. Yet this sort of thing seldom happens in actual practice, because the two of them never want to read at the same time.

If he has the book, she grows steadily more resentful at his deep interest, and the

[Continued on page 34]



Can you imagine what it means to make a home in surroundings like this?

Housekeeping Below Zero

by BEATRICE MASON

As romantic as any fiction is this personal story of a woman who adventured by herself into the Arctic wilderness



The authoress and her husband—hero and heroine of a thrilling tale of home-making in the Arctic.

TO LIVE almost alone in the Arctic wilderness may seem like the last word in discomfort to some people, but to me it was the fulfillment of a long cherished desire.

Ever since my early childhood days, the woods and the wilds had held my fancy, although I knew them only as one can from brief summer vacations spent in the semi-wilds of the Adirondack Mountains. I remember an old man there who was known as "the hermit" because he lived alone in the mountains summer and winter. To my childish fancy such a person must be a hater of his fellowman, a fierce, treacherous person to beware of and to watch.

One day, with my heart full of delightful apprehension and anticipation, I was taken to see him. To my surprise I found him a gentle, benign old man, who wouldn't hate anybody and who gave me a little toy dog carved out of a piece of wood. This set me to thinking.

I began to dream of the joy it would be to live as he did, without any school to go to, without any dainty dresses to keep clean, spending the time wandering through the woods, smelling the wild flowers.

Later, when I got older, I realized that life in the wilderness was not as simple as my childish fancy had supposed. Nevertheless the dream lingered and lived in the back of my mind. It was vague and visionary, not formulated enough even to become an ambition, often forgotten for long periods at a time, but always there to ponder and play with when something would bring it back vividly to memory.

It was not through any deliberate intention or planning

on my part that this dream eventually came true, but by one of those strokes of fate which prove, like the eternal return of spring, that "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world!"

Fed up with society and city life, I was casting around for some means of escape, when one day, while browsing in a public library, I happened to pick up the book *Ten Thousand Miles With a Dog Sled*, by Hudson Stuck. It was the story of his winter travels while he was Archdeacon of Alaska and rushed from settlement to settlement, ministering to the Indians and white men who lived in that country. The picture he drew so fascinated me that I looked around for more books about Alaska and the Far North. Each book I read increased my curiosity and further intrigued me until I said to myself, "I must see this land with its people who still live a life similar to that of our early forefathers in the first settlements." Here was the path I was looking for.

But how? That was the question. I was not a woman of independent means who could travel when and where I wished. And besides, I wanted not merely to travel through this country as a tourist, but to live there long enough to become really acquainted with it and its people.

Then it occurred to me that, having had a little experience in nursing and social work, I might be able to help in the work being carried on up there. So I scouted around and investigated the different types of work and opportunities for women in the Far North, and I found to my delight that there was an opening as matron of the very hospital at Fort Yukon, Alaska, that had been founded by Archdeacon Stuck and that now bears his name in memoriam. I at once sent in my application and in a very few weeks was on my way to Alaska.

WHEN I said good-by to my family, they came to see me off at the station, they were not allowed to go through the gates, and as I reached the bottom of the stairway and looked up, I saw them looking down from behind the bars. I was struck by the vision. It seemed of almost prophetic significance, they looking out from behind the prison bars of conventional city life through which I alone had passed, setting out upon a journey into an unknown country in search of freedom. Many times since has this vision come back to me, substantiated in the happiness and peace that have entered my life in the Far North.

Upon my arrival in Fort Yukon I found that my duties as matron of the hospital consisted chiefly of cooking.

Though I had done very little cooking in my life before, the meals in a mission hospital of that sort were naturally simple and I was able to manage all right. But the one difficulty was that I had to learn to make bread. This was a poser. I struggled valiantly to learn under the combined tutelage of the doctor's wife, the school teacher, the minister, and an Indian student, but with only intermittent success until finally a so-called "old-timer," a man who had been in the North a good many years and was an excellent bread-maker, took pity on me and offered to help me. He began coming up to the hospital on bake days to instruct me in the art, and this domestic and intimate relationship must have fostered the seeds of romance, for the first thing I knew I found myself engaged to him!

I finished my year at the hospital and then one evening in July we were married in the little log church at Fort Yukon, under an arch of arctic wild flowers.

MY HUSBAND had been prospecting and hunting on the Upper Porcupine River in the Yukon Territory, and it was into this distant and wilderness region that we set out on our honeymoon, accompanied only by my husband's brother.

We collected our belongings, a year's supply of food, tools and equipment for our new home, seven dogs, toboggans, bedding, clothing, and ourselves, and stowed everything in a thirty-foot launch with another small boat fastened ahead of it.

Our route lay up the Porcupine River, the lower part of which is used by travellers going to and from the Arctic coast, but after we passed the Bell River we entered virgin country. This region has not yet been surveyed or mapped: only a handful of white men have seen it and I was the first and only white woman to enter it.

This river journey of some 600 miles was a delightful experience. We had only a 12-horsepower engine in the launch, and the current was so swift that we could not travel very fast. We would make about sixty to seventy miles a day and then tie up in an eddy along the shore, land the dogs, and make camp for the night. These camp sites were invariably beautiful, for there seems to be nothing but beauty in the Arctic. It is still unimproved by man. We were always surrounded by wild flowers. Sometimes we would find blueberries or currants, and occasionally we could pick a dish of wild onions to serve as a salad for supper.

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Bull Durham scowled; it was a trick of his. "How's that?" he enquired. Julia introduced Paget, and the two shook hands, Durham without any enthusiasm. He had already pronounced views as to who should sit beside Julia Crane. "I've been getting good advice, Bull," said Julia. "Mr. Paget doesn't approve of the Jebel Mardin. He thinks we're going to our deaths there."

"I hardly said that," Paget objected mildly.

"Know anything about it?" Durham asked truculently.

Paget spoke quite composedly. "Not very much," he admitted.

Durham shoved his big square face close up to the little man's. "Then what's the idea of frightening Miss Crane?" he demanded. "Better keep a still tongue in your head, I think."

"Shut up, Bull," said Julia. "I've no doubt it was well meant. But we're not so easily scared as all that, Mr. Paget. We're going to the Jebel Mardin, and it'll take—er, bigger men than you to stop us."

She got up with this Parthian shot and announced that she was going below. Durham watched her to the ladder and then turned to Paget.

"Hear what I said?" he snapped.

Paget smiled. "Several things," he said. "Which particularly?"

"Keep away from Miss Crane," said Durham. "She doesn't like whippersnappers. See?"

Paget shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, my dear fellow—" he said, and strolled off.

THE OLYMPIA proceeded through the Straits and down the Mediterranean to the accompaniment of the daily blossoming affair between Durham and Julia Crane. At Gibraltar itself it was ship's talk, at Valetta it cried to high heaven, and by the time Egypt's soil appeared behind the dingy waterfront of Port Said, even Professor Stanways was aware of it. Neither Durham nor Julia was habitually retiring, and the matter was conducted, so to speak, to a brass band.

So also was Julia's feud with Paget. Mrs. Boomer, in her heavily benevolent manner, saw to it that the little man was not allowed to blush unseen in the corners of his choice; and the girl seemed to find a deal of amusement in pin-pricks. Nothing, however—not even Durham's thinly veiled insults—was capable of ruffling Paget's equanimity in the least. He moved on his way, quiet, slow-spoken, polite, and to all seeming, intensely amused at Julia's efforts to set him in his place. He made no further reference, however, to the Jebel Mardin or to the purpose of the expedition of which Julia was a part.

Nor did he become communicative on the subject of his own affairs. Beyond the fact that he was going as far as Cairo, he had nothing to give away. By his appearance he might have been anyone—a retiring type of business man, a civil servant, an engineer. Two or three times, Julia, idly baiting him, applied all her resources to discover what he was doing in Egypt; but she got nowhere, and only ended by losing her temper. Finally she gave him up, and for the last day or so before the *Olympia* touched at Port Said, she declined to notice him.

Bull Durham took her ashore the afternoon they made harbor, in the few hours before the Cairo train left. He had, it appeared, long desired to see something of the fabled wickednesses of the canal port, and Julia was not the type to be left out of anything.

Their boat was at the gangway, manned by a couple of picturesque waterside rats in dingy white, when Paget appeared at the head of the ladder.

"Care to give me a cast ashore?" he asked Durham. "You appear to have the only boat handy."

Durham shrugged and said nothing, but Julia spoke for him. "Come along, Mr. Paget," she said. "You can tell us all about the naughty things here, I'm sure."

Paget laughed. "They're probably pretty exaggerated," he said. "They keep that tale for tourists, I'm afraid."

"Tourists?" asked Julia. "Well, I suppose we are. Unless

this isn't your first time in Egypt as well, Mr. Paget."

The little man looked directly at her. "No," he said. "It's not my first time. In fact, I suppose I know bits of it pretty well."

Beyond which Julia could not get him. At the quayside he turned to them, an eye on the jabbering crew of guides, dragomen and miscellaneous riffraff that awaited them. "I suppose you'd not care for me to show you round," he said. "I used to know this place at one time—"

Durham interrupted him rudely. "Oh, I think we'll find our own way, thanks," he said. "One of these chaps here will do for us, all right, as well as an amateur, anyhow . . ." He sprang ashore, handing Julia out. Paget touched his hat and moved on, with his reflective, gentle smile.

The mob of ruffians instantly surrounded Durham and Julia, shouting, gesticulating, promising to lead the way to unbelievable marvels for the merest handful of piastres. Julia glanced about her and experienced the beginnings of a sensation to which she would not have confessed for worlds. They were an unsavory and rather intimidating crew.

A couple of them—a Copt and something that looked like undiluted essence of the Levant—thrust the rest aside and rushed at Durham.

"You come with me—very good, very nice—I show you, Mistar Officer—all the sights, very wonderful—very cheap, sar—ten little piastres—do not listen to him, *effendim*—he is a dog and a liar . . ."

And so on antiphonally, with flashing eyes, gleaming teeth, and pawing hands. Durham fended them off with some direct talk in English; then, as one of them laid hold on Julia's arm and she screamed in spite of herself, he hit out. The Copt took it in the jaw and collapsed.

Instantly the mob became quiet and there was an ugly pause. Durham shouted some more abuse at them and would have walked on, but Julia caught at him.

"The boat!" she said. "Let's get back, Bull. I—I don't like this!"

But there was no boat at the dock side—only a stretch of oily water between them and the *Olympia*, a hundred yards or more away. And the crowd in front of them were beginning to growl in an unpleasantly suggestive tone. Knives appeared. Julia screamed again.

Then Mr. Paget strolled out from behind one of the sheds, his hands in his coat pockets, his helmet tilted on the back of his head.

He snapped out something in terse Arabic and the crowd fell back.

"What's wrong?" he asked Durham. The big man told him.

"Ah," said Paget. "It's unwise to hit these fellows, Durham, in these days. And we don't call them 'niggers' very much, somehow."

He turned to the crowd and addressed them again. After a few words a grin appeared here and there, and then a laugh; in a couple of minutes he had changed what had been a dangerously inclined mob into a group of chuckling humorists. They drew off, still sniggering, and Paget turned to Durham.

"Perhaps you'd better get back to the *Olympia*," he said. "I'm sure Miss Crane would like to."

Durham scowled. "What I'd like to know is," he said, "just what it was you told that lot."

"That's easily answered," said Paget calmly. "I told them you weren't quite all there, Durham. They respect lunatics out here."

He left Durham goggling at him and Julia crimson with mortification, and strolled away again as the *Olympic's* boat approached the quay.

A day later Durham and Julia were walking on the Sharia Nuba Pasha in Cairo. They were due to leave for up-river that night, and had been saying farewell to civilization at Groppi's tearooms, and watching Cairo society interestedly. Suddenly Julia stared.

"Look!" she said.

A big open landau was driving past with a celebrity of some sort in it—a thin, distinguished-looking man in uniform. Before and behind rode a clattering troop of cavalry, and at his side, in the same unobtrusive mufti of shipboard, sat Paget.

Durham looked after him. "Well, I'll be hanged!" was all he said. "What's the meaning of that?"

THE Jebel Mardin is a lump of blazing rock, some fifty miles square, rising out of the desert a hundred miles or so from civilization's edge. It has had a lurid history, from the days when Pharaohs of the Upper Kingdom found it inconvenient as a skulking place for their enemies and cleaned it up, leaving behind them all manner of interesting traces for Professor Stanways and his small party to browse over. But it was definitely on the outskirts of British or French influence, and the young man who saw them off from the border post was not too encouraging. [Continued on page 57]

They were due to leave for the up-river that night, and had been saying farewell to civilization at a tearoom. Suddenly Julia stared. "Look!" she said.



THAT LITTLE MAN

by R. V. GERY

A tale of woman's conceit, and the fear that rides over desert sands

MR. PAGET," said Mrs. Boomer and drifted amiably away.

Julia Crane took her eyes off the coast of Portugal, dim on the left hand, made a lazy inspection of Mrs. Boomer's latest offering in the way of introductions, and forthwith consigned that estimable matron to perdition.

Mr. Paget was that insignificant little trick she had seen about the decks any time this last couple of days, usually hiding in some hole or corner and invariably alone. He had the demeanor of a diffident kitten, brown eyes that might easily be soulful, Julia decided, small hands and feet, and an absurd little mustache. Probably, she continued her summing up, he was good, stuffy and quite, quite impossible. Thirty-three or four, Julia decided, and a shrimp. She liked her men high, wide and handsome, and this Paget affair was none of these. Once more she condemned Mrs. Boomer, murmuring a conventional inanity.

They were alone on this stretch of deck, and the little man—to Julia's ill-disguised horror—dropped into a chair at her side.

"A pleasant day," he announced.

Julia agreed that it was in a tone designed to be discouraging. Mr. Paget asked permission to smoke. Few of Julia's men did that, and she nodded with a trace of amusement. This person was a mere anachronism.

Followed a long silence. Julia broke it by yawning, not without intention. Surprisingly, the man at her elbow laughed.

"As bad as that?" he asked in the same level, emotionless voice.

"I don't understand," lied Julia. "As bad as what?"

"When they yawn," he said, "I know the next move is for them to find an excuse to get up and go away."

"You seem to have had experience," said Julia.

"Plenty," agreed Paget. "Now, which is it going to be? Headache? Go and dress for lunch? An aunt to meet below?"

Julia stirred a little in her chair. She yawned delicately again.

"No," she said in what was calculated as a finally crushing drawl. "If you want to know, I'm bored."

"So am I," said Mr. Paget staggeringly. "Thoroughly bored. Let's find something to talk about instead of sparring. For instance, where are you going?"

There was a cool tinkle in the quiet voice that somehow annoyed Julia.

"Are you trying to flirt with me?" she enquired.

"Far from it," said the little man. "I wouldn't know how, in the first place. Besides, I'm told that it's a much overrated pastime."

"You thoroughly nasty small person!" said Julia to herself. "I'll learn you, just for that!" Then aloud: "You can't tell, surely, until you try."

"No," Paget agreed once more. "I'm only going by the expressions of the victims. But we're sparring again, and it's too hot. Once more—where are you bound for?"

"What business is that of yours?" Julia asked.

"None at all. Simply a conversational gambit." He eyed his cigarette with a reflective self-possession Julia found in the last degree infuriating.

"I'm going up the Nile," she announced. "Then out on the desert. I'm an archaeologist, if that interests you. Now say you'd never have thought it."

"I don't see why I shouldn't think it," countered Paget. "I like archaeologists—when they're serious."

"We're serious enough," said Julia. "Serious people going to a serious place. You never heard of the Jebel Mardin, I suppose."

Paget was silent for a moment. "I've heard of it," he said. "A bit risky up there, isn't it?"

Aha, thought Julia, now we're getting to it! "Risky?" she asked aloud. "Oh, I don't know. I hadn't exactly worried about it. Why, what do you know about the place?"

The little man hesitated again. "Not a great deal," he said. "It was only a suggestion."

"Thanks," said Julia, yawning once more. "Make it to the men, will you? Bull Durham, for instance. Here he is."

Mr. William Durham, advancing upon them, was a large young man with heavy shoulders, heavy feet and a heavy taste in humor. He was part of the expedition of four, the other three being Julia, Professor Stanways, a desiccated pedant, and Cullen, a squat London cockney, as spademan. Some wag had bestowed upon Mr. Durham the sobriquet of "Bull", and there was that about his lowering thrust-forward head that made the title by no means inappropriate.

Julia hailed them with delight. "Rescue me, please," she said. "I'm having my blood curdled."

Illustrated by
CARL SHREVE



A day or so later, Durham and Julia were strolling through the streets near where their adventure had taken place.

Here is the mysterious Greta Garbo as she appears with Ramon Novarro in "Mata Hari," the new Garbo play based on the life of a famous war spy.



"Carnival" gives Matheson Lang an excellent opportunity for character acting—interesting close-up of this actor as he appears in the new British picture.

BRITISH pictures are apparently going to be of particular interest this year. Advance notices show that some notably good films are coming to Canada. Among the early productions is "Carnival," filmed, if you please, in Venice itself. That is one very strong advantage British pictures have—they are close to so many of the glamorous beauty spots of the world. Matheson Lang, one of the best known of English actors plays the lead, with Dorothy Bouchier.

Herbert Marshall and Edna Best, who are already well known throughout Canada for their work in American films, as well as on stage tours, are two of the most popular stars, and, as everybody knows, are man and wife. They will appear soon in a British picture "Michael and Mary," also in an Edgar Wallace play "The Calendar," which may be released under another title.

There will be two or three very amusing comedies featuring Ralph Lynn and Tom Walls, who have won a large following in the Dominion. "Plunder," one of the new pictures, is hailed as one of the funniest comedies of the screen. Ralph Lynn will appear also in "Tons of Money," and "The Chance of a Night-time."

You'll be interested to hear that the director of "Chang," has just returned from a six months visit to India, where he



Ann Harding, one of the most beautiful of the stars as she appears in her new picture "Prestige."

has been shooting exterior scenes in his next picture "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer." These days it is getting impossible to successfully "fake" a jungle picture, and these Indian scenes should be worth watching for. Many people still feel that "Chang" was one of the greatest of animal pictures.

Gary Cooper has also been in the big game area. He will return in March from the wildernesses of Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika, Africa, heading an expedition of photog-

raphers, hunters and archaeologists. They have been there for a month in the haunts of wild animals.

The new production of "The Miracle Man" will have Hobart Bosworth in the title rôle. Chester Morris will play the original Thomas Meighan rôle, while Sylvia Sidney will take the part played formerly by Betty Compson. Robert Coogan will be the little crippled boy, and John Wray will play the rôle that made Lon Chaney famous. Norman McLeod is directing the picture which will be released very shortly.

Miriam Hopkins and Phillips Holmes are appearing in "Two Kinds of Women," the Robert Sherwood play that appeared in New York as "This is New York." Mr. Sherwood also wrote "The Road to Rome" and "The Queen's Husband" which the Maurice Colbourne players recently brought from London to Canada on the legitimate stage.

Roland Young and Charles Ruggles are teaming in a new musical romance, "He Met a French Girl," with Lily Damita.

Sylvia Sidney will be co-starred with Fredric March in "I Jerry Take Thee Joan," a strange title for a movie, and one that will probably be changed before it is released—can you see it fitting into the electric signs?

Maurice Chevalier who has been travelling through the States on a concert tour in February, will begin this month on his new picture "Love Me Tonight." Jeanette MacDonald is his leading lady, and Robert Coogan is in the cast.

Following the vogue for "Trader" [Continued on page 51]

At the MOVIES

by BYRNE HOPE SANDERS

A page of monthly news and notes, of pre-views and reviews — for movie fans everywhere



"The Shanghai Express" with Marlene Dietrich and Clive Brook is one of the best told tales in the new films. Marlene Dietrich is winning new friends everywhere through her skilful performances.



One of the most notable British pictures to be released this year will be "Carnival," with Matheson Lang and Dorothy Bouchier.

FOR years women have been attacking the type of films we usually see, and begging for something to bring new ideals to the millions of movie fans who watch the screen week by week. We all have complained, with justice, that the most-powerful educational force in the world today was being used to spread all manner of wrong ideas. But I have just glimpsed what might be done—and what we may achieve yet, if only we keep on demanding it.

For "The Man I Killed," Paramount's new picture, is the most bitterly beautiful sermon on peace I have heard; it will do more to drive home the lessons of peace and the fear of war in a single evening throughout the continent than all our lectures, books, articles and meetings could do in a year.

Ernst Lubitsch, one of the most sensitive directors in the movies today, has filmed a powerful sermon—and produced it in one of the most gripping and arresting stories of the season. With the exception of "background" characters, the whole play rotates about the lives of four people—a

young French soldier, a German doctor, his wife, and a German girl.

I am not going to tell you the story—so often the bare skeleton outline utterly destroys the power of a film. It is better, I think, to tell you only this—that it concerns a young French soldier who cannot escape the thoughts of a young German boy he killed in the trenches. He goes to his church for confession and help—and finds only the age-old cry "It was your duty to kill!" In desperation he goes to the German home of the boy, to try and find forgiveness. There are unforgettable vignettes of sheer artistry in the love of the old couple for their dead son; in the girl's impulse to reach back to normal living after the horror of the war; in the bitterness and hatred of the older Germans; in the bewilderment of the young soldier.

The dialogue is particularly effective. Listen to the old doctor, Lionel Barrymore, defending his friendship with the French soldier to his German critics. "Who sent this boy

and the millions of other boys—your son—and mine—to the trenches? Who put guns in their hands, and gave them bullets and bayonets? We did—we older men. It is our responsibility! We are too old to fight—but we are not too old to hate! I'm through with the old hatreds; I'm with all the young people of the world, dead and alive." And again, "When my son marched by this window to his death, I cheered him!"

Don't miss this picture. Lionel Barrymore, Phillips Holmes, Nancy Carrol and Louise Carter play the four leads with rare power. We have asked so often for a picture that carries a mighty ideal of what might be. Here it is. If we ignore it, what inducement is there to the business mind to give us more?

QUITE honestly, I was very disappointed in Greta Garbo's new film "Mata Hari." It may be that I had to stand in line in a fine drizzle, then stand for eons at the back of a stuffy theatre, and fight madly for a seat. But the sum total of the evening was a feeling that I had seen an extremely silly picture that wasn't even good entertainment. Garbo plays the rôle of the famous war spy, "Mata Hari," and during her portrayal dances very badly, postures continually, looks enigmatic on all occasions, sweeps her eyelashes up and down, and talks a little in her fascinating broken English. There is a great to-do with secret papers, which, alas, the honest young officer who has had them entrusted to him, leaves casually by an open window, while he dallies with the lovely spy.

At the end, although she is condemned to be shot as a spy, the prison officials are perfectly lovely to her and arrange an elaborate plan whereby her blinded lover, when he comes to see her, believes that he is in a sanatorium where Greta is to undergo a major operation. Thus he stands at the top of a short flight of steps while some fifty odd soldiers march briskly over the stone floor, and conduct Greta away—and he doesn't suspect a thing. It's all very sad and very beautiful; but there's a strange sense of satisfaction in the fate of Mata Hari.

Illustrated by Jack Keay



The door burst open, and there stood a boy with countless freckles, and bright blue eyes, under an astounding mop of hair,

JACK KEAY 32

The STOWAWAY

by BERYL GRAY

The haunting story of a woman who was hardened with sorrow, of a husband who understood, and of a freckled little waif

THREE years is not an interminable time. Three years may pass so lightly and so swiftly that one, looking back, can scarcely comprehend their flight. But three years spent in Hodders Flat, with memories of glaring sun, dust, heat and alkali, the loneliness of space, and three small crosses in the fenced enclosure—three years like that may seem more than all eternity.

So long, so terrible, until it seemed that Martha Bilton's very soul was numb on that fierce August day when the third mound was raised beside the other two. That stifling afternoon within the bare, closed-off space; the slow, quiet voice of the Reverend Ryan, bareheaded and weary from a long drive across the country roads; a handful of worn, brown-faced women and wide-eyed children who stared in almost puzzled stolid silence. No men, not even Godfrey, for they were all miles distant, working on that landslide, so that the Trans-Canada should pass unhindered late in the evening, on its fast eastward journey.

Hodders Flat—a sun-baked flag station and settlement beside the river's edge; a scattering of bare board houses; a dreary place raised up to fill the railway's needs. No church or school within twelve miles; sectionmen only and their families. Two or three farmers now and then, and half-breed Indians who gathered sometimes when the trains went by. Faces that gleamed from polished windows swiftly passing; sometimes a friendly hand that waved. Freight trains and railwaymen, and that was all. Day after day, year after year; from fierce dry heat to snow and ice across the river. And that was life at Hodders Flat.

And even when Martha Bilton returned to the little brown house near the tracks, there was no awakening of her senses. She could only sit and stare beyond the shining rails, across the flats, to the low rising hills against the far horizon, seeing only as in an unreal dream the face of Dennis when two years ago they had brought him from the river; Pamela, with the fever that had torn so quickly through her little body, and now the baby, snatched away almost before she had a chance to live at all. Only dimly knowing when the hand truck drew along the siding, and the women quietly left her there. Only half seeing when Godfrey slowly mounted the front verandah steps and stood before her gravely.

"Well, dear," Godfrey was almost blackened by the sun, dust grimed and heavy eyed. Godfrey, with his dark skin

and startlingly fair, crisp hair above the brown, and quiet strength of feature. Godfrey, who had to seek the dry belt and whatever offered, and with a throat that could not stand the dampness of the coast, because of what a seventeen-year-old boy gave for his country twelve years before.

She looked up dully. "You're back," and he nodded, as if even to speak of the obvious were relief.

"Yes; that's finished. Rotten I couldn't be with you. Look here," more vigorously. "Had anything to eat at all? Oh, nonsense, but you must. I'll make some tea."

She did not want it, did not even want to hear him talk, and only vaguely heard his quiet movements in the house behind. She knew that he finally drew back rather red and helpless from her listless refusals, and could not even summon the strength to feel sorry. He sat down on the upper step close by, and clasped his strong brown hands about his knees. His face just then seemed quite impassive.

"They've got a youngster up at Kitsons Siding," he finally volunteered. "The funniest, freckled, ten-year stowaway. Came from the coast and slipped in with a gang of vagrants on a freight van. Tough, you bet, and swears like a veteran. But evidently not quite a match for them all, as they must have staged some sort of brawl and scared him, so he jumped. Some jump. He's full of cuts and bruises. We left him up at Kit's for now. Kit's cursing—you know how he likes kids, and wildcats like this who are ready to sink their teeth in you if you go near." A soft laugh escaped him. "When they got me to try and tie a cut on his leg he—"

"Godfrey!" And all at once he was aware of two dark, horrified eyes; of a face colorless under the brown, beneath the close black curls. "You can laugh—about some wretched railroad brat—when your own last child—"

Godfrey stared back, and some of the fine muscles of his face seemed to jump nervously. "Why, I'm sorry dear." His voice was low. "I only wanted to talk about something else. I thought you'd know I—"

Just for a moment he struggled to keep his tones on that same steady note and

changed the subject abruptly. "I'm hoping we won't be up here much longer, Martha. If I can get that move next spring, the change—"

"Yes, four years too late." But something must have stirred her, for all at once her arm went out, drawing the fair head close. "Sorry, Godfrey." But even with the tight grip of his own arms about her, she felt no union of spirit in that moment. A man could never wholly understand, and it was only a man who could ever do a thing like that! For presently he relaxed and was motionless, breathing deeply. Out of that moment all the agony of the day was borne upon her. Forgetting entirely the long hours he had spent doing the work of two men and more, she thrust him from her sharply. "Godfrey! I think I hate you when you care so little." He woke with a hideous start as she rushed into the house, slamming the door behind her.

A WEEK later Godfrey brought home the boy from Kitsons Siding. The freckled wildcat that the men had laughed about; the boy whose very name she had come to loathe. She had not even known he was coming, until the hand truck pulled in that evening to the accompaniment of a boyish shout so strident that all the neighborhood went rushing out to see. Martha herself stood in the doorway and stared at the red-headed urchin standing in the centre of three men; who jumped, sprawling, while the truck was still in motion, sprang back again, and clutched at Godfrey's arm. "Where is it anyhow? Which is our house? Where's the place you say I get good eats?"

If Martha's soul was still sunk in apathy, there was nevertheless an undercurrent of suppressed fury that could rise at a moment's notice. If Godfrey dared to bring such a filthy, hideous creature into her house at such a time—she stepped inside hurriedly, and stood trembling in the farthest corner of the kitchen.

And then came voices, shrill laughter, and a high shout, "Hey, Mrs. Godfrey; hey, missus, is [Continued on page 51]"

THE WOMEN MEN FORGET

by DOROTHY BLACK

In the conclusion of this dramatic novel, Fenella faces a cruel disillusionment and finds an unexpected happiness

[Synopsis of previous chapters on page 47]

HHE AWAITED her in the lounge, a head taller than anyone else there. She saw other women eyeing him, and hoped she did not appear too glad to see him. That was part of Alicia's advice that had stuck. "Never be too nice to them. Never let them see."

His car was outside, long and slender, shining with well-polished affluence beneath the lights of London. A spray of orchids lay on the seat.

"For you. I hope they match," he said.

She pinned them on her shoulder, then nestled down in the big fur collar of her cloak. The orchid standard, she thought. I've achieved it. Little typists hurrying home to evening meals, suburban matrons weary after a day's shopping, paused to look into the car as it passed, envying her, just as she, in other days, had envied those women to whom men gave orchids.

Funny thing, life. You got what you wanted, but there was always a catch about it. She nestled down in her fur collar and closed her eyes.

"Tired?"

She said, "I've had a beastly day."

"Then you must have a wonderful evening to make up for it."

IT WAS a wonderful evening. He had taken his table at the Berkeley. There were special pink roses. He had ordered a wonderful dinner. He knew how to do things. She looked at him, her pulses quickening.

He leaned forward and spoke softly. "I've been thinking of you interminably. I have not enjoyed myself at all for wondering what you were doing, whether you were really as beautiful as I remembered you, whether your voice was really as low and soft as I thought. So I had to come back, just to satisfy myself on these points, and to talk seriously to you for spoiling my fun."

The music played softly. All around them the babble of innumerable conversations hedged them into complete privacy.

"Have you thought about me at all?"

She nodded, not meeting his eyes. She dared not look at him. He loved her. And for the last week she had thought that she had lost him.

"Let's go back to your hotel, Fenella, and talk."

He held her hand under the silken rug. His face in the half light was beautiful in its dignity, its calm. Only his eyes gave any clue to his feelings. Her pulses hammered. Her heart beat in her throat. This was love, real love, such as she had never known before. Pictures floated before her eyes—castles in Spain, foreign travel, a marvellous home in Scotland, and shooting parties.

She left him in the sitting room and went to her room. She slipped off her coat, and put another touch of perfume behind each ear, of color on her lips. Her hour of triumph had come.

She opened the door and closed it softly behind her. He came over the room, and took her into his arms.

"Fenella, my darling, my darling."

His lips were against her ear, whispering to her. He kissed her neck, her white arms, her lips.

"My woman, I knew the moment I saw you looking over the side of the boat."

"Why didn't you speak to me sooner?"

"You were so taken up with that young thingomybob."

"That wasn't anything. I didn't love him. Anyone could see that."

"You love me?"

"Don't you know?"

"Yes, but tell me?"

She told him, unsteadily.

He drew her down beside him on the divan.

"We've got to stick together now, dear. Nothing must come between us. This is too marvellous a thing to let go. You don't find love in every drawing-room. It's a rare thing, and lovely. You are so much younger than I am. I still can't believe it."

"Darling," he whispered, "I can't bear it. Let's go away—at once—tomorrow."

She held his head against her.

She whispered, "You know I can't. I'm not free yet. But it won't take very long. We'll have to wait. How dear you are, not to mind marrying into a family like mine!"

His arms tightened round her suddenly. He did not move, but she heard him draw his breath as if something had suddenly hurt him.

He drew her to him roughly and laid his lips against her own. She looked at him, frightened.

"Marry," he said, "there was never any question of marriage. I—surely you realize that. Surely you knew."

She stared at him, her little face suddenly white. He stood up, towering over her.

"Knew what?"

"I am married already. I have been married for fifteen years."

She leaned forward and buried her face in her hands, the pain in her heart suffocating her.

"Fenella, don't cry. I never had any idea you took it like this."

THEY were back in the sitting room. Fenella was on her knees before the fireplace, trying to poke the dying fire into a glow.

"I thought you realized—I thought you were situated much as

I was—I thought we could comfort one another."

Misery choked her. She did not know what to say to him. The whole thing became a nightmare. He paced the room, now pleading with her, now upbraiding her.

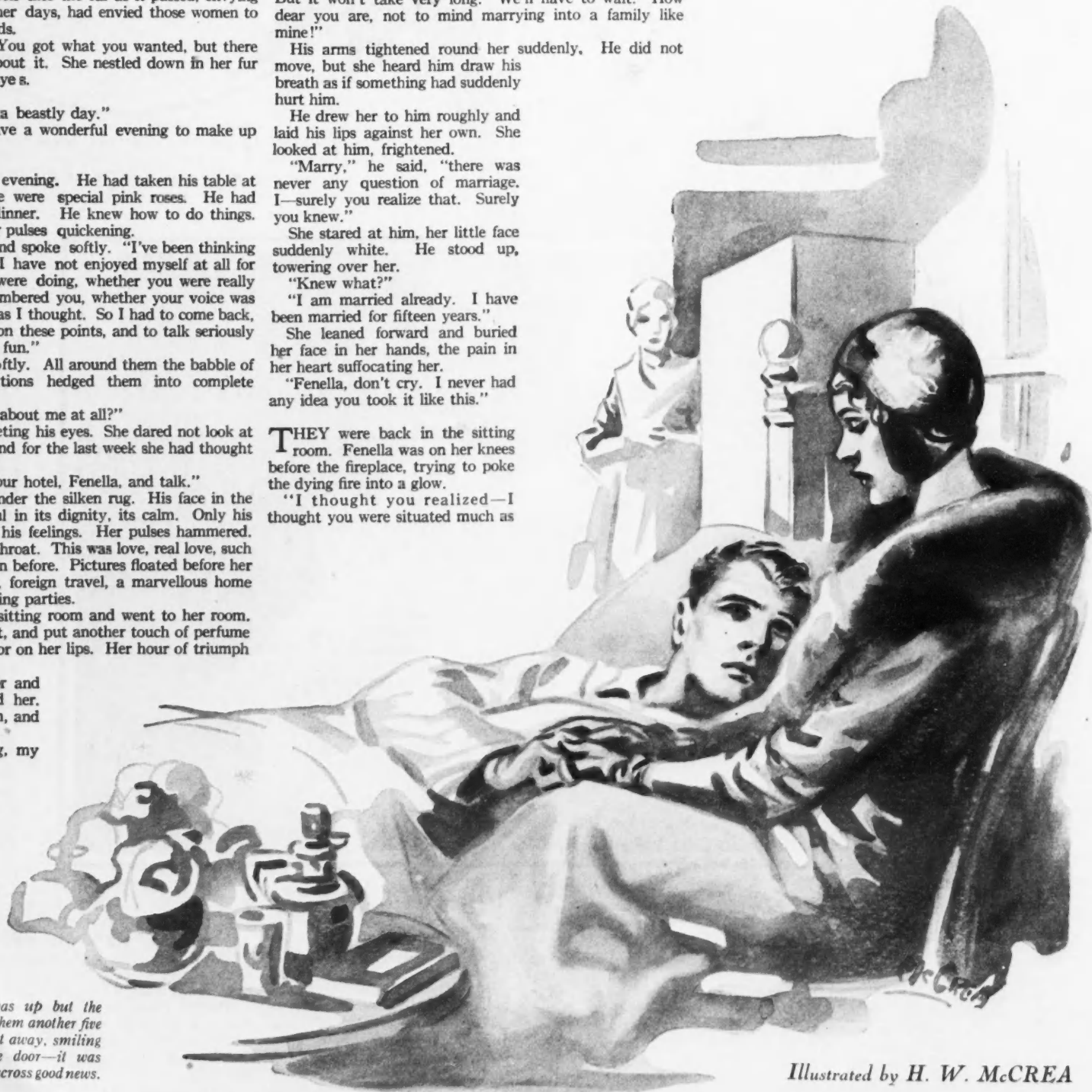
"What harm can it do anyone, Fenella? We shall hurt no one. We are both lonely, and at a loose end. Come with me, darling. We could be so happy together. These things can be arranged, and no one know."

He said, "What do you suppose men think, when a girl like yourself, young, on her own, talks of freedom, and leading her own life, and behaves as if she had no thought or tie of any kind, and was just amusing herself?"

"I thought you knew I might get a divorce."

If she could get a divorce, then surely he also could get a divorce. As if her thoughts communicated themselves to him without words, he said:

"How could I do a thing like that. I have never contemplated it. My wife and I do not like each other much, but we respect each other. We go our own way and see little of one another, but we are [Continued on page 46]



The half hour was up but the pretty nurse gave them another five minutes. She went away, smiling as she closed the door—it was wonderful to come across good news.

Illustrated by H. W. McCREA

FLOUR

by Helen G. Campbell

Director of The Chatelaine Institute.

The Institute discusses the various types of flour and their uses in home baking

TO CANADIANS, wheat is something more than other grains; it is the symbol of prosperity, the yardstick by which we measure the economic welfare of our country. Abundant crops bear witness to the fertility of the soil and have made Canada famous among nations as a producer of food.

Each year a drama is enacted by science and industry for the benefit of the Canadian housekeeper. It is a drama in five acts—planting, harvesting, transportation in long lines of cars, storage in gigantic elevators, and milling by marvellously efficient machinery which grades, grinds and separates the kernels, sifts the flour, blends it to a high standard of uniformity and quality, and packs it for delivery to kitchens all over the land. There it serves a thousand purposes, and with unfailing regularity appears on our tables in varied guise.

Flour is the basis of so many dishes that the subject is interesting to every woman who makes even the slightest pretense of doing her own cooking, or who supervises the family bill of fare. There is more to flour than you might suspect at first thought, and each point has a bearing on the success of your culinary efforts.

Do you know, for instance, the number of forms in which you may buy this staple food, the different grades of the product, and their characteristics? The kind of wheat milled determines the type of flour. Hard, spring wheat, which has a higher percentage of protein or gluten is the source of bread flour, as this quality is desirable in yeast mixtures, giving elasticity and tenacity to the dough and lightness to the loaf. On the other hand, a high gluten content is a handicap when making pastry, cakes and a variety of quick breads; so for this reason, soft fall wheat which contains a lower proportion of gluten is used for pastry flour. As the gluten varies with different varieties of wheat, even of the same type, flours from these are blended to a certain definite strength. Herein lies one difference in the brands; millers have their standards of quality and blend accordingly.

Flours from the heart of the wheat, without the bran or germ, are designated by the term "patent." The choicest grade is called "short patent," and a "long patent" is somewhat less superior. Patent flours are white, but should have a rich creamy bloom rather than a bluish or greyish tint.

A good flour for breadmaking is of even texture, fine, but feels slightly granular when rubbed between the fingers. Pastry flour is smoother and of a silky softness. Bread flour will not pack when pressed in the hand; pastry flour will bear the imprint of the fingers. You may, if you wish, use bread flour for cakes, pastry and similar products, but you must keep in mind certain points. There is a difference in the weight—seven-eighths of a cupful of bread flour equals one cupful of pastry flour. Therefore, when substituting the former in a recipe which calls for pastry flour, deduct two tablespoonfuls from each cupful stated; otherwise the texture of the product will be inferior. An extra sifting before measuring is advisable. On the contrary, if you are using pastry flour in a recipe which is planned for the use of an



Every kitchen has a supply of flour for the making of tempting dishes which help to provide an economical and well balanced diet.

"all purpose" flour, add two tablespoonfuls to each cupful called for.

UP-TO-DATE cook books usually state the type of flour; if not, remember that pastry flour is the one meant for pie crusts and other pastries, cakes, cookies and quick breads of all sorts. The formulae for bread and rolls are planned for a bread or all-purpose variety. Recipes published by milling companies are planned for the particular type of flour produced by them, and the housekeeper should keep this fact in mind, if she is to make the best use of these interesting publications.

There are on the market various packaged cake flours specially milled and prepared for this purpose. The wheat is carefully selected, expertly milled to produce an extra finely pulverized flour, velvety in texture and white in color. Cake flour costs a little more than pastry flour or all-purpose types, on account of the extra care in milling. Another type of packaged flour contains all the ingredients for cake or pie crust, with the exception of liquid. These give an acceptable product and are convenient when speed is important. Self-rising flours contain some leavening agent; gluten flour is a wheat flour with part of the starch removed and is useful in diabetic diets.

The whole grain is used for making Graham flour, so called after the man who originated the process. For whole wheat, or entire wheat flour, a portion of the outer bran layers is removed. These products do not keep so well, so it is not wise to purchase in too large quantities at a time.

accurately measured.

In culinary practice flour serves many purposes; it is the basis of all batters and doughs, it thickens liquid, such as sauces, gravies and soups; it gives body to cake fillings and certain desserts; it helps to bind ingredients in such mixtures as croquettes, meat loaves and fish cakes; and aids in browning meats and many other dishes.

Flour in all its forms is a wholesome food. With it the housekeeper makes an array of economical but tempting viands to please the palate and nourish her household.

For grain products are among the cheapest articles of diet and are important from a nutritional point of view. They contain a high percentage of starch which is a source of energy, a fair amount of protein, the building and growth material, and some minerals, which however are more abundant in the coarser varieties than in the various grades of patent flours. The bran which is removed in the process of milling is richer in minerals and is therefore of dietary value. It is often combined with flour for making bread, muffins, and so forth and gives a flavor which is liked by many. Wheat germ has a recognized importance in certain diets, as it is relatively high in protein, fat, minerals and vitamins but low in starch. This portion of the grain does not keep well and must be used while fresh.

Flours from the whole grain cost practically the same as flour for which only a portion of the kernel is used. This is due to the greater preference and demand for the latter type which has a wider range of uses. It is combined with various nutritious products in the making of [Continued on page 64]



Abundant crops have made Canada famous among nations as a producer of food.

Flours and meals are made from other grains, such as buckwheat, rye, rice and corn. These are useful to give variety to the bill of fare, but are less adapted for general cookery purposes.

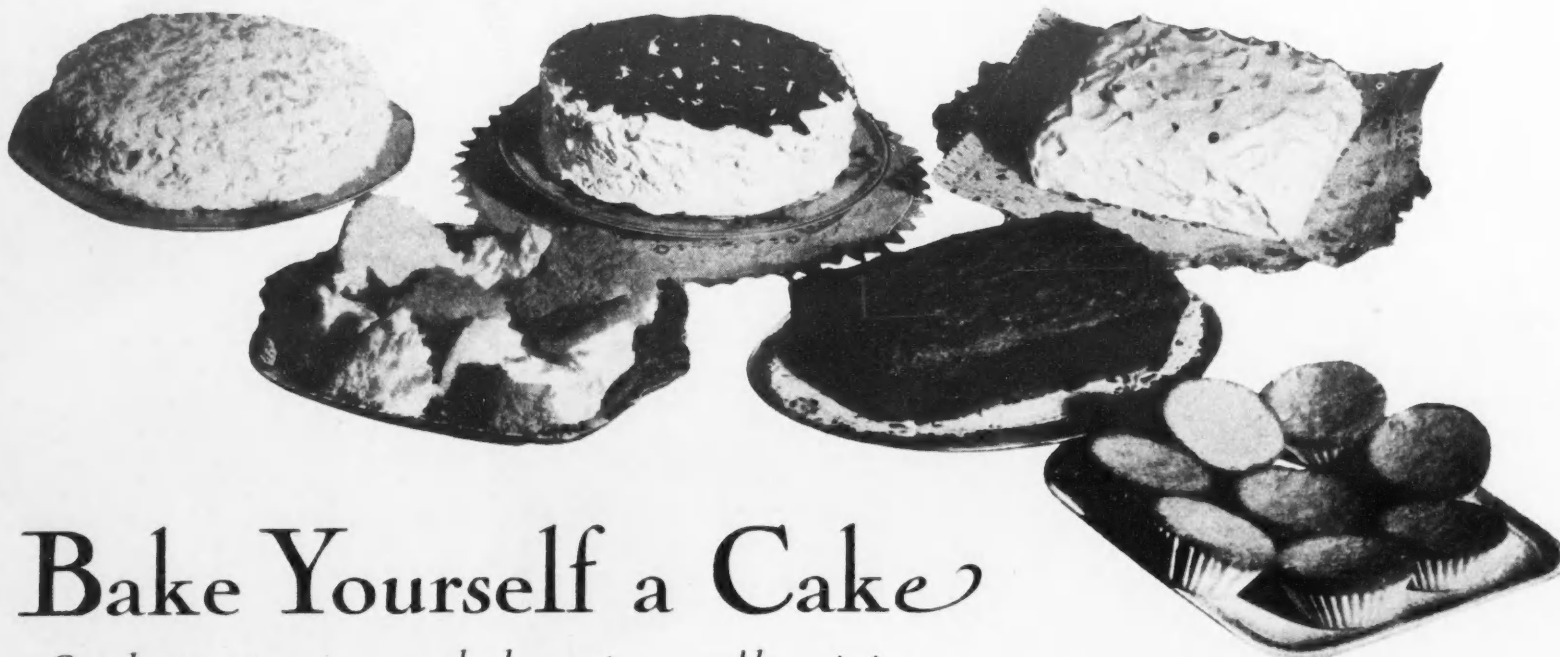
In deciding how much flour to buy, the housekeeper should take into consideration the storage space, the number in her family, and the amount of baking she will ordinarily do. Bread and pastry flour is sold in bags of different sizes from those containing 3½ lbs. to those weighing 98 lbs., and as a rule it is most economical to buy as large a quantity as can be conveniently stored and used within a reasonable time. It should be kept in a dry, moderately cool place, away from foods with a pronounced odor.

Many housewives find it convenient to keep on hand more than one variety to suit different purposes. If you make your own bread, you will, of course, need a strong flour rich in gluten, but for other products, pastry flour is most generally preferred. You may like to have on hand a special cake flour and to keep a package of ready-to-use flour on your emergency shelf.

Accurate measurement of flour is always essential to the success of dishes in which it is an ingredient. Sift it once before measuring, then sift it lightly into the standard size measuring cup and level it off with a knife. Never pack it in any way; remember that one cupful of flour means one cupful of sifted flour, lightly handled and

THE CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

Helen G. Campbell, *Director*



Bake Yourself a Cake

One basic recipe gives you the key to innumerable variations

And now---after two years' steady progress
The Chatelaine Institute announces
A complete home baking series for 1932

Good News!
Chatelaine Institute begins its third year by pioneering again — and announcing a complete course in home baking.

Miss Helen G. Campbell, director of the Institute, and her staff, have completed plans for this series of articles. Preparations included information from the six hundred members of the Institute's Consulting Board, a review of which appeared last month.

Articles scheduled for coming months will cover every phase of home baking, including pastry — breads — rolls — small cakes and cookies — muffins — biscuits — patty cakes, etc. etc.

In addition to this series, will be regular companion articles discussing in detail such baking lore as the right way to use flours — shortening — spices and flavoring — leavening agents — milk and cereals, etc., etc.

Now you can learn the fundamentals of good baking. Now you can discover the secrets of successful cooking — and reasons why you fail in making your cakes as light as air!

The Chatelaine Institute's Home Baking Series will be the first of its kind presented in any magazine in Canada. This is another national service to the women of Canada presented by The Chatelaine Institute — the pioneer Household Institute in the Dominion.

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL,

Director of The Chatelaine Institute

WHEN, over the teacups, someone exclaims, "What delicious cake! What's in it? How do you make it?" you recognize at once sincerest tribute to your culinary skill. And what more gracious gesture than to pass on, then and there, your favorite recipe? Immediately the conversation takes a housewifely turn, and in the lively and helpful interchange of ideas many a woman has found a solution to her cookery problem and many a friendship has had its foundation in just this way.

The perfect cake—light, fluffy, fine grained, tender in texture and delicate in flavor—is truly cause for pride. There is a glow of satisfaction in its creation, a thrill of

pleasure in a fine product and of pride in its appreciation.

Perfection is the aim of every cake maker, and none need despair, for obedience to a few rules will bring success and a little experience will give the master touch.

Nor does it seem so difficult when we remember that the whole galaxy of cakes may be divided into two classes—those in which shortening is used and those such as sponge and angel cakes, that are made without this ingredient. Proficiency with the basic recipe enables you to make innumerable variations with interesting and satisfactory results.

Superior quality of all ingredients is of prime importance;

second rate materials will not produce a first class cake.

Cake flour or pastry flour is most satisfactory. An all-purpose or bread type may be used, but in this case the amount of flour used should be reduced somewhat. If you use bread flour, give it an extra sifting before measuring and deduct two tablespoonfuls from each cupful called for in the recipe.

For shortening, one has a fairly wide choice. Butter is the favorite, but other fats may be used with success. Different varieties may be used alone or in combination with butter. Oils tend to make a cake which is light and springy with a somewhat larger crumb. The flavor is often the deciding factor for butter, but the neutral flavored prepared shortenings give good results and in addition are easy to cream—an advantage to the busy housekeeper. Fats with a pronounced taste are permitted only in mixtures containing spice, molasses, chocolate, or fruit, in large enough proportions to mask the flavor of the fat. Remember to add extra salt when vegetable shortenings are used, since they are as a rule unsalted.

Eggs should be fresh. It is not necessary that they be new laid, but any off-flavor ones should not be used, as the undesirable taste can be readily detected. Moreover, a stale egg cannot be beaten so successfully, and as certain cakes depend for lightness on the amount of air incorporated in the egg white, this is sometimes another disadvantage.

It is best to use finely granulated sugar. A coarser grade may be rolled to break down the granules and a finer textured cake results. If you are very particular, sift the sugar to ensure an even fineness. Confectioner's and powdered sugars contain less moisture and when these are used the cake is apt to be drier and more compact. Brown sugar is frequently used in spice, chocolate or fruit batters; it gives a good flavor but a somewhat coarser grain and thicker crust. When substituting brown for granulated sugar, use about one and a third cupfuls of brown for every cupful of white called for.

Baking powder is used to leaven or lighten most batters. The composition of this ingredient is such that when moisture is added and heat applied to the mixture, a gas is liberated, causing the batter to "rise." The same action takes place when soda is used in a recipe with buttermilk, molasses, sour milk or cream. One-half teaspoonful of soda to each cupful of these liquids is usually a good proportion, but if the milk is very sour or the molasses quite dark, indicating usually a high degree of acidity, we use either more soda or add baking powder as well. Too much soda causes a bitter taste, so it is usually preferable to follow the latter method.

In substituting sour milk for sweet milk, keep the amount of liquid the same but use one-half teaspoonful of soda for each cupful of milk, and deduct two teaspoonfuls from the amount of baking powder stated in the recipe. For instance, the Standard Cake recipe given could be made with sour milk, but the correct amount of these ingredients would be half cupful of milk, quarter [Continued on page 63]

When the vines bend down with juice-laden tomatoes!



21 kinds to choose from...

Bean	Mulligatawny
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Bouillon	Ox Tail
Celery	Pea
Chicken with Rice	Pepper Pot
Chicken-Gumbo	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra
Julienne	Vegetable
Mock Turtle	Vegetable-Beef

Vermicelli-Tomato

12 cents a can
including Chicken with Rice

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RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

EAT SOUP
AND KEEP WELL!

RED-RIPE, luscious Canadian tomatoes, filled almost to bursting with their glowing goodness! Bathed in our brilliant Canadian sunshine which produces such splendid tomatoes. Just at the moment when they reach their full glory and maturity, we pluck them and make them into Campbell's Tomato Soup. The pure, tonic juices and the plump meaty parts are strained to a smooth purée. Golden creamery butter gives even greater richness to the blend. How you enjoy it!

*Cream of Tomato
easily prepared!*

Simply mix Campbell's Tomato Soup with an equal quantity of milk or cream, stir while heating but do not boil. Serve immediately. Many prefer to use evaporated milk for extra richness.

MADE IN CANADA BY THE CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY LTD, NEW TORONTO, ONTARIO



Spotlessly uniformed girls pack soda biscuits with amazing dexterity.



They deftly slide broad paddles under the long ribbons of dough.

A Cook's Tour

Let us see how a mammoth kitchen makes soda biscuits

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL,

Director of The Chatelaine Institute

WE ALL have a little of the small boy's natural instinct to take something to pieces "just to see what makes it go." We never quite lose it, and it was that same lively curiosity which took me behind the scenes of one of our largest biscuit factories to poke an inquisitive nose into affairs backstage. There I found a mammoth kitchen dedicated to the constant production of soda biscuits in all their varieties—perfect biscuits to serve a host of purposes in the national cuisine.

Kitchens have a fascination for every woman, and a cook's tour through this one offers many interesting sights by the way. For, though the products are familiar and the "makin's" such everyday things as flour, yeast, salt, shortening, soda and liquid, the way they are put together and cooked is something of a mystery to the housekeeper.

En route, we see the preliminary step in achieving uniformity of the product, flour being sifted and blended to ensure the proper gluten content and, when it is just right, being stored in huge bins to meet the demands of industrious bakers who use a thousand pounds of this ingredient for a single batch of soda biscuits.

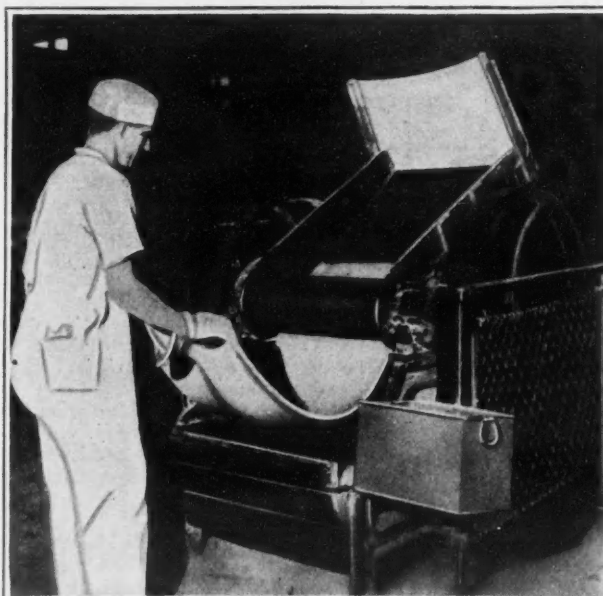
The first step is in the sponge room with its summery temperature of eighty degrees Fahrenheit all the year round, and its delicious yeasty fragrance of rising sponge. There this mixture of flour, salt, yeast and water remains from twelve to sixteen hours to reach the correct stage of fermentation and lightness. Much of the art of biscuit-making lies in regulating temperature and time; too long fermentation causes a hard cracker, too little affects the taste and keeping quality of the product. If, for instance, the weather man is so unkind as to allow a thunderstorm, the dough will rise more quickly and the heat of the room must be lowered to offset the effect of the elements. They're temperamental, these biscuits, and it takes skill to deal with temperament!

At the next stop we see the other ingredients added to the sponge—extra flour, shortening, and the baking soda which lends its name to this distinctive type of biscuit. Cleverly designed paddles do the work, kneading the dough lightly and blending the ingredients to a nicety. Another rising of from four to six hours is necessary, then the leavened dough is ready for rolling.

At the next port of call we witness the rolling pin in action. It is operated by an efficient machine and flattens the dough to about one-half inch thickness. Three rollings are necessary, with a light dusting of flour before the last rolling. Proper manipulation, too, is important. As the sheet of dough comes from the machine, it is folded in screen

fashion, turned and fed again through the rollers, for this technique has been found to produce flakiness and lightness in the biscuit.

Three sets of rollers on another machine roll the dough, by stages, to the desired thickness for baking, when it is marked and cut with the single pressure of a huge stamp. Here men deftly slide broad paddles under the long ribbon of rolled and patterned dough, breaking off just enough to cover the surface of the broad blade. With a quick turn, they transfer the sheet of dough to revolving shelves in an open oven, and there it is cooked over intense, radiant heat from a glowing fire. Baking is done for a definite time at a definite temperature, for accuracy is an inflexible rule with the biscuit manufacturer and is one reason for the uniformity and excellent quality of the factory product.



This is the factory's rolling pin, which produces just the right flakiness and lightness.

Biscuits must reach the home as clean, fresh and crisp as they come from the oven, so containers and the packing of them are important. Here we meet the first evidence of femininity about the place—spotlessly uniformed girls, filling with amazing dexterity, tins, boxes and bags of different shapes and sizes.

From these attractive and sanitary containers, proof against dust and moisture, the housekeeper may make her choice according to her needs and budget.

There is variety in the biscuits themselves as well as in the packages. One may choose plain soda biscuits in different forms with varying degrees of richness, depending on the proportion of shortening in the mixture. Or water wafers in neat thin rounds made with the same ingredients but without fermentation of the sponge, saltines in dainty oblongs, their extra filip given by a light sprinkling of salt just after the last rolling, crisp crackers containing grated cheese, fine, well cured and mellow.

SO, THOUGH conditions necessary for the making of soda biscuits cannot be duplicated in the home kitchen, the housekeeper may find on her grocer's shelves just the right type for the occasion.

These products have innumerable uses in the simple family meal and on the most epicurean menu. They are the ideal accompaniment to many dishes and their possibilities as an ingredient are many and varied. Crisp biscuits are convenient when a recipe calls for crumbs to bind the mixture, to thicken a pudding, or to absorb excess liquid as in the case of a juicy filling for pie. Cutlets, fish steaks, timbales, croquettes and many other entrées are rolled in biscuit crumbs to aid in browning and give a pleasing crustiness, while a generous sprinkling of buttered crumbs is the final touch to scalloped dishes of all sorts. To butter them, add one cupful to two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and stir lightly with a fork.

Biscuits fit appropriately into every course of luncheon or dinner. Select a variety which complements in flavor and texture the dish it accompanies. For instance, highly seasoned soups demand a plain wafer, but if you are serving clear broth or a cream soup of bland flavor, the zestful cheese cracker is often a good choice.

Salads which enjoy such popularity are even more appealing when served with the right biscuits. Plainer types are best for substantial salads of meat, fish, egg or cheese, while richer varieties suit the fruit combinations and fresh greens. Cheese flavored biscuits again are excellent with certain salads.

When the dessert needs a simple accessory, nothing more acceptable serves the purpose than a dainty biscuit. Jam or jelly with an assortment of crisp crackers is a simple course which meets with favor in many a meal.

Soda biscuits team well with dairy products.

Witness the popularity of crackers and cheese, plain buttered crackers, or a bowl of crackers and milk! And the rarebit, which may be the main course at luncheon or supper or the savory snack at midnight, is further evidence of the happy combination of these foods.

Tiny squares, rounds, oblongs or triangles are an ideal base for a variety of appetizers. The topping for these is a highly flavored and well seasoned mixture, or fish, meat, cheese and the like. Larger biscuits are appropriate for a canapé served at the table.

[Continued on page 62]

X-RAYS prove fresh yeast—unlike weakening cathartics, pills, etc.—actually strengthens "tired" intestines, Dr. Maliwa shows.

"It has none of the Objections of harsh Cathartics"

—says DR. MALIWA, head of the noted Sanatorium Esplanade

"IN cases of constipation and intestinal sluggishness . . . I prescribe fresh yeast. I prefer it to all other purifiers of the intestines."

That is the way one of Europe's foremost authorities on the intestines sums up the results of his medical experience!

Dr. Edmund Maliwa is physician-in-chief of the world-famous Sanatorium Esplanade, at Baden, near Vienna, and the author of "Peristaltic Action,"

which describes the way in which the human intestine works.

"Fresh yeast," he explains, "has none of the objectionable features of harsh cathartics and laxative drugs, which weaken the condition of the intestines and aggravate constipation."

"Fresh yeast stimulates weak intestinal muscles . . . helps renew normal action . . . increases the flow of gastric juices . . . improves digestion and

the general vitality."

Not a "cure-all," Fleischmann's Yeast is a fresh food with certain amazing properties.

Eaten daily, it mingles with and softens the waste masses in your intestines. In addition, it supplies elements that actually "tone" and strengthen your sluggish intestinal tract.

Thus normal, easy elimination is induced . . . poisons are regularly cleared away. And your whole system shows the healthful effects!

Your tongue clears—you boast greater reserves of energy—you digest your meals more easily. You are less subject to bad breath, to skin eruptions, to frequent headaches and colds.

Why not try it . . . in place of weakening cathartics and laxatives? Just eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, regularly—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime.

And write for free booklet. Standard Brands Limited, Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal, P. Q.

Important Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind famous doctors advise. At grocers, restaurants, drug stores, and soda fountains. Rich in vitamins B, G and D.

"I heard doctors advised it in such cases"

"I felt very depressed and run down," writes Mrs. Elizabeth Caldwell, of Toronto, "and it was a burden to get through my household duties. My body was broken out in boils."

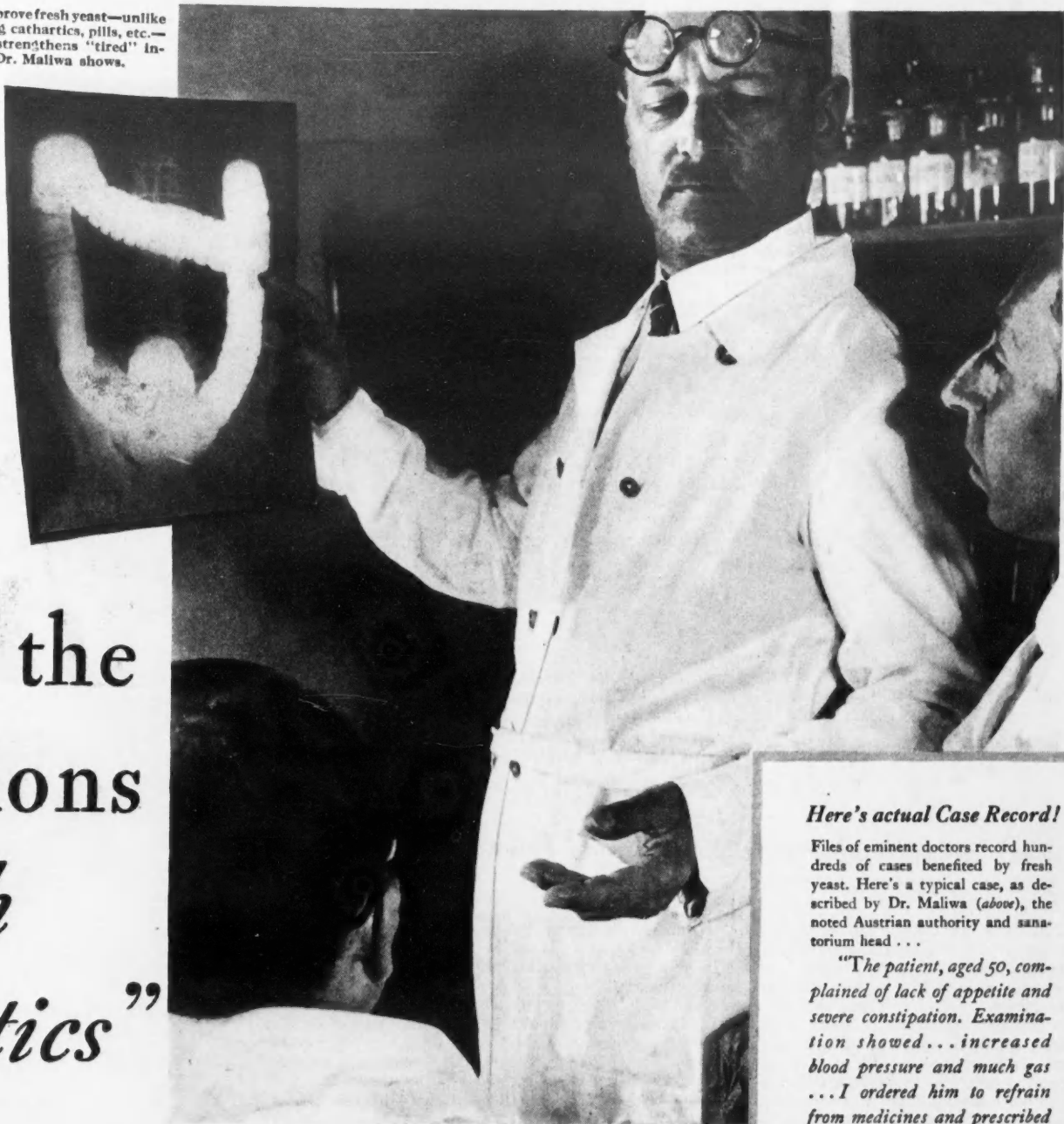
"My neighbor advised me to try Fleischmann's Yeast, and I heard doctors were advising it for just my trouble."

"In a short time after I started, my boils disappeared and I regained my usual health."

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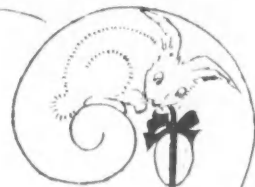
EAT 3 CAKES of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast every day—just plain or dissolved in water (a third of a glass). Try it!



Here's actual Case Record!

Files of eminent doctors record hundreds of cases benefited by fresh yeast. Here's a typical case, as described by Dr. Maliwa (above), the noted Austrian authority and sanatorium head . . .

"The patient, aged 50, complained of lack of appetite and severe constipation. Examination showed . . . increased blood pressure and much gas . . . I ordered him to refrain from medicines and prescribed fresh yeast. The constipation was entirely cured."



The EASTER RABBIT'S STORY

A new kind of fairy tale for the children

by EDWARD WADE DEVLIN



HAVE you ever wondered why rabbits and Easter always go together? I did, too, until I met a very wise man who knew everything; and when I asked him, this is what he told me.

It is not likely, should you search ever so hard, that you will find the little country of Candia on the map. It is so very small that no self-respecting map would have it. Yet it was in Candia, many hundreds of years ago, that this story took place.

The Royal House of Candia consisted of Karamel the King, Queen Toffea, and their daughter, the Princess Water-Ice. The King was quite old; and as he never had much taste for reigning, he allowed the Queen to make all the laws and sign all the papers. The Queen would have done this even if he had not said she might, because she was a very strong-willed woman. All the King did was to go for short rides in the second-best coach and fling largesse to the people out of his own pocket-money.

The Queen had black hair, a red face and a loud voice; and she discharged the palace cooks herself, instead of leaving it to the Royal Cook Discharger. So you may imagine what she was like.

As for the Princess—all her life she had been spoiled by everyone except the Queen; and now everyone, including the Queen, was heartily sorry for it. She was very pretty, even for a princess; but she had an awful temper, and was besides conceited, selfish, spiteful, and altogether a most disagreeable young lady.

She did not attract many suitors by her natural charms; but there were several young gentlemen who found the wealth that went with her very attractive, and were forever declaring themselves willing to die for her. But the Princess would have none of them; and when they called, she was always as rude as possible.

When she had reached her twentieth birthday, the Queen determined that, whether she liked it or not, Water-Ice should take a husband, go far away, and never come back. For she was very weary of having the young lady and her bad temper and her flighty airs about the palace; and she said as much to King Karamel, who agreed meekly but with relief.

"Of course," he began, "I have always considered Water-Ice—" When the Queen interrupted with, "The child does not realize her position. She never imagines how ridiculous it makes us appear in the eyes of the other royal families. Why, both of King Alekuma's ugly daughters have been married off within the year; and there's the sister of Prince Bon-bon of Marzipandia, who has been promised to old Lord Fondant. I will not have an unmarried daughter on my hands. It is quite unfashionable at present."

"You spoke of Bon-bon of Marzipandia," said the King. "Has he ever asked to marry Water-Ice?"

"He is the only one, I think, who has not," said Toffea, "and that is what makes me think him such a sensible young man. I know that he is clever and handsome, and certainly his inheritance is not to be

sneered at. If only Water-Ice could be made to consider him, we might indeed hold up our heads. However, my dear, I think the time has come for us to take matters into our own hands, and I believe I have hit upon the very plan to stir matters up a little. Hum, I shall require the Prime Minister."

"I think," said the King, "that I can find him for you."

He tiptoed across to the door, pulled it open suddenly, and Humbug, the Prime Minister, tumbled in.

"So!" cried the Queen, "eavesdropping again, Humbug? Do you indulge in it as a pastime?"

"No," said Humbug with dignity, "as a duty. Your Majesty requires me?"

"We do," said the Queen. "We desire to issue a proclamation, so you had better sharpen your pencil."

"Ink for proclamations, pencils for laws and bills," said Humbug; and he seated himself at a large desk and chewed his pen, while the Queen walked up and down with one finger pressed to her forehead.

"Write this," she commanded:

'The Queen of Candia to Her Loyal Subjects:

Whereas: We do Desire and Wish Heartily to see our Beloved Daughter, the Princess Water-Ice, given in marriage.

Be It Resolved: That any youth of Noble Birth who desires this High Honor shall seek some Rare Gift worthy of the Princess, and present himself with it before the Royal Palace of Candia one month from this Day, on the Day before Easter Sunday. From among these Gifts shall be chosen the Four Rarest; the Bearers of the Chosen Gifts shall then be required to make the Princess Water-Ice laugh; for none so far has ever done this.'

"Have you that, imbecile?"

"If," said Humbug, writing furiously, "your Majesty would not talk so quickly—"

"Remember to whom you are speaking!" shrieked the Queen. "And add this," she said, "that the successful one shall have the hand of the Princess and half the Kingdom as well. And you might put something in Latin at the end—I don't mind what, as long as it looks important."

Humbug, still scribbling, bowed himself out backward—which is a difficult thing to do. [Continued on page 32]



The princess was very pretty, and had been spoiled by everyone except the Queen. She was conceited, selfish, spiteful, and altogether disagreeable.



“It's the best short-cut to loveliness I know,” *says* **MRS. PIERPONT MORGAN HAMILTON**



● Distinguished and beautiful, Mrs. HAMILTON is the wife of a grandson of the late famous financier, J. Pierpont Morgan... Her charming white satin evening frock is by Bergdorf-Goodman... her trim tailored suit and hat are from Saks-Fifth Avenue.

● “GOOD LOOKS are an asset whether in business or in matrimony,” says Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton. One of New York's most charming hostesses, and a brilliant young business woman beside, she tells how she solves the problem of looking always fresh and charming.

“Pond's is the best short-cut to loveliness I know,” Mrs. Hamilton says.

“I keep in my office just the same beauty kit I have on my dressing table at home—the Two Creams, a box of Tissues, a bottle of Skin Freshener... There they are, ready to use before dashing out to a luncheon, or if my good husband is picking me up on his way home.

“It doesn't take a minute to cleanse your skin thoroughly with that delicious Cold Cream; wipe it off with Tissues; pat on some Skin Freshener (an awfully good pick-me-up for the skin); then a

touch of Vanishing Cream gives the perfect base for powder.

“All traces of toil have been removed—your skin looks fresh and alive... I've no patience with women who don't look their best when it's so simple.”

● **FOUR THINGS** your skin must have to keep it always lovely... Cleansing, Lubricating, Stimulating, Protecting.

1—For immaculate cleansing generously apply Pond's Cold Cream several times during the day and always after exposure. Wait a few moments to let the fine oils penetrate every pore and float the dirt to the surface. Wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, which are softer, more absorbent... White or peach.

2—Pat briskly with Skin Freshener to tone and stimulate, close and refine the pores, and keep contours fresh and young.

3—Smooth on a dainty film of Pond's Vanishing Cream always before you powder, to



POND'S FAMOUS TWO CREAMS • CLEANSING TISSUES • SKIN FRESHENER

protect your skin and make the powder go on evenly and last longer. It disguises blemishes and gives a velvety finish. Use this Vanishing Cream wherever you powder—arms, shoulders, neck... and to keep your hands soft and white.

4—At bedtime, always repeat the Cold Cream and Tissues cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime. Then, when the skin is immaculate, smooth on a little fresh Cold Cream and leave it on overnight, to soften and lubricate the skin while you are asleep.

Tune in on Pond's every Friday evening at 9:30 P.M., E.S.T. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra and guest artist, WEA and N.B.C. Network.

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Keeping Young

by ANNABELLE LEE



A very simple exercise, which will reduce the upper arms if they are inclined to be heavy.

When the jawline thickens and sags the entire contour of the face is spoiled. Use a special astringent and slap briskly with the backs of the hands.

Let's get springtime into our faces and figures

THE time has come," the Walrus said, "to talk of many things." And quite the most important of them all, surpassing even cabbages and kings in personal interest, is that strange woman Ego, who is sometimes so charming and attractive, and other times so excessively plain and lumpy looking. Our mirrors have an incurably frank habit of telling the truth, and it's not in the least bit surprising to find that when we're feeling low and depressed, our reflection is none too animated either. It is questionable whether our looks reflect the state of our minds, or whether, in exact opposite, we mentally dress ourselves in the garment of our appearance. But certain it is that if we're feeling fit and looking our best, there's ever so much less chance that we'll feel crotchety. That down-in-the-mouth feeling only comes when we're physically a bit off-color and consequently we're none too sure that our appearance is exactly devastating.

Easter comes around very early this year, and I'm willing to prophesy that if you haven't already poked among the recesses of your wardrobe to make sure that last year's frock or coat simply can't blossom again, you'll surely be doing it in the next few days. Perhaps you've decided upon the clothes you are going to buy this spring. The styles are so becoming that it's going to be a struggle to choose and to keep within our careful budget. But one thing all the frocks have in common—they're shaped to display our figures! Exquisitely simple frocks, with, oh, so clever lines; the waists accented just a little; the hips and tummies smoothly sheathed! Truly feminine frocks that must, absolutely must, reveal soft curves and no inelegant lumpiness.

So it is that we've got to look to ourselves if we are going to look spring in the eye with unwavering youthfulness. There's just a tendency to "let go" during the winter, you know. Look yourself over. Take stock of your assets and liabilities, and then determine that you are going to turn those liabilities into assets—for it can be done!

Take those hips, for instance. Maybe they have spread a bit; maybe you are taking a size or two larger than you used to; maybe you've even furtively let out your frocks during the winter, but that's no reason why they should stay like it. Get busy on those hips. Slap them and roll them and exercise them vigorously. It's worth going to drastic lengths to counteract the beginnings of "middle-age spread;" and when, fortunately, drastic lengths are not required, don't succumb to sheer laziness and let them settle down to a comfortable spreadness. You know, if we women only put into practical exercise the energy we use in worrying about our figures, we'd retain our youthful lissomness practically indefinitely.

You can buy gramophone records now that will put you through your paces. They have this advantage over the cheerful radio gymnast, that you can put them on at any time of the day you want. But about those hips—Try swinging your legs, one at a time, high in the front and as high as you can at the back. Keep both knees stiff, and hold with one hand to the back of a chair. Swing from ten to twenty times with each leg. Both this and the next exercise is a favorite dancer's exercise. Hold to the chair again and bend the right knee upward; then stretch it forward as high as you can; circle the leg to the side, back, and lower to the floor. Repeat with the other leg, and do the exercise with each leg five times. I will be glad to send our "keeping young" exercises to anyone who writes in for them, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

Then there is that unsightly pad of fat which so often develops, at the back of the neck. It throws the entire head out of kilter, and the result is an ungraceful poking forward of the head. Exercise is required also for this, and a very good one is illustrated. Clasp the hands at the nape of the neck and use them to force the head downward, at the same time exerting every effort to withstand the movement. Then reverse the proceeding and, still with the hands in the same position, bend the head backward while pushing downward with the hands. The exercise should be a tussle between the two opposing forces.

Another part of our anatomy that tends to thicken is the upper arm. And the exercise for this is extraordinarily simple, yet it will firm the flabby muscles and reduce that particular spot which is so important to a woman when she wears evening dress or sleeveless summer frocks. Raise both arms in front of you at shoulder height and turn the hands over as far as possible. Repeat twenty or thirty times morning and night.

If your legs are inclined to be over-plump, try rising up and down on the toes fifty or seventy times a day. It is a good idea at the same time to raise the arms over the head and clap the hands as you raise the heels. Then run in place, bringing the legs back and up as far as possible. And of course, the well-known bicycle exercise is good for reducing more things than legs. Lie on your back, raise your legs from the hips, supporting them on your hands, and tread in the air as if riding a bicycle. Do it vigorously. It's particularly good for the abdominal muscles.



This exercise is the sworn enemy of that inelegant pad of fat at the back of the neck.

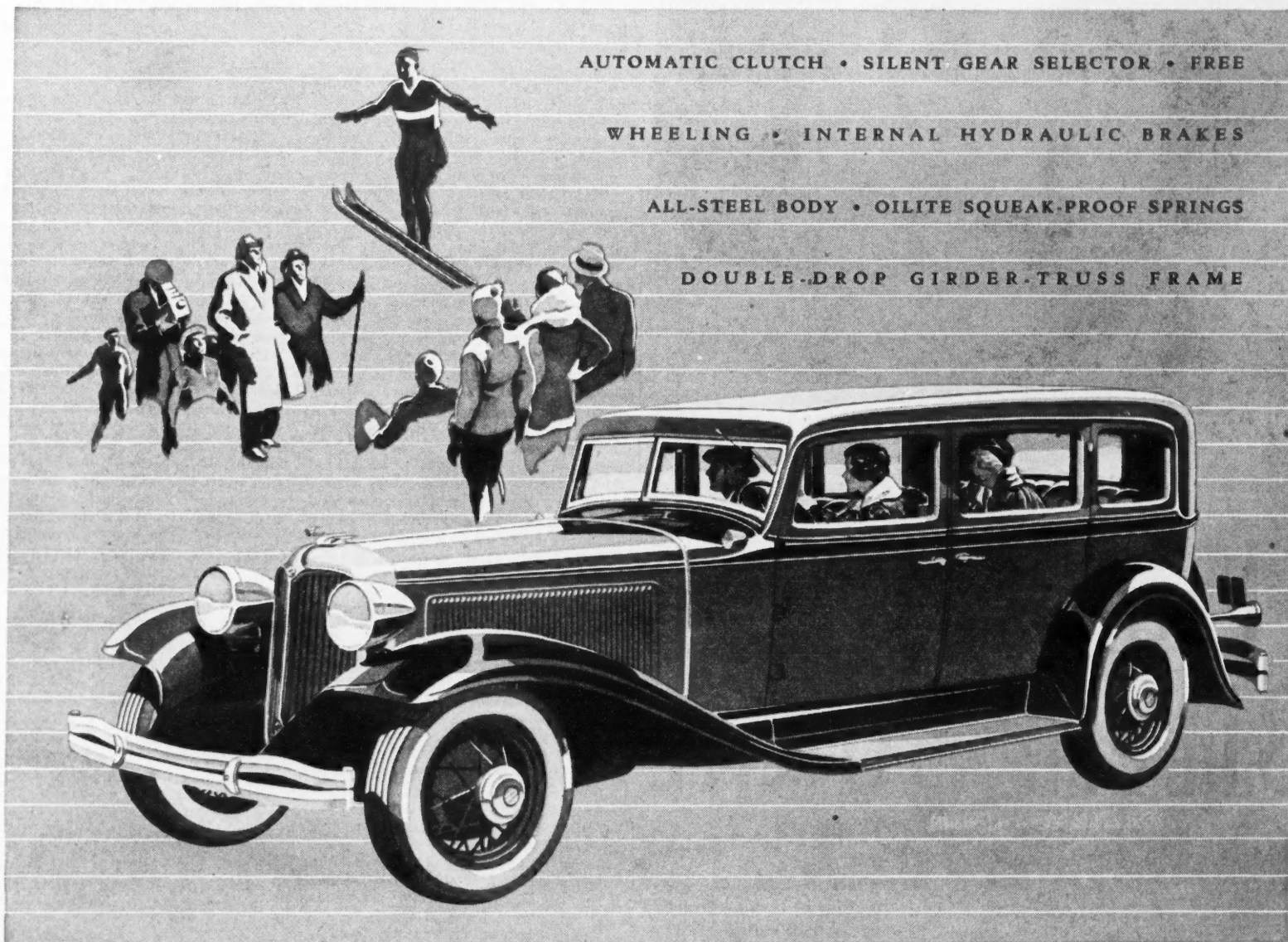
NOW that we're getting down to fundamentals, there are other things, too, that need to be considered before we dare appear in these new sylph-form gowns. They cry aloud for a well fitting, smooth, foundation garment. I've never ceased praising the little gods of fashion that the flapper-board figure has passed. I never could achieve one, myself, but that's not the only reason I am glad. There's nothing quite so lovely as a woman's softly curving body, and I think the present-day figure is nearer to graceful Grecian lines than it has been for many hundreds of years.

The Victorian pinched-in waist is, fortunately, not to be forced upon us again. It was whispered that it was coming back, you know, and we all drew tentative deep breaths, groaning as we did so. But no, our waists are still our own, with one qualification. To be smart, they should be well molded, not only our waists, of course, but our hips, too. The new foundation garments are beautifully designed to accomplish the fashionable silhouette. The all-in-one garment is a smooth, beautifully fitting foundation, often with a lace or net and lace brassiere top, backless if for evening; its body of firm material, sometimes with insertions of elastic at the sides or at front and back; sometimes almost entirely made of a fine, porous elastic. It is suitable for the youthful or the fuller figure, and to both of them it gives the rounded bust, the slim hips, and the well curved waistline that fashion demands of us.

Some women prefer girdles and separate brassières because they can secure them in varying [Continued on page 39]

CHRYSLER

with *FLOATING POWER*



AUTOMATIC CLUTCH • SILENT GEAR SELECTOR • FREE

WHEELING • INTERNAL HYDRAULIC BRAKES

ALL-STEEL BODY • OILITE SQUEAK-PROOF SPRINGS

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TODAY is Chrysler Day. The day of *Floating Power*. The day of incredible new smoothness in Chrysler performance. The day when Chrysler shows the world what a motor car should *be* and *have* and *do* . . . to be really up-to-date.

The new Chrysler cars challenge with the greatest engineering developments of modern times.

They challenge with Floating Power—the great development that entirely *wipes out* power tremor at all car speeds.

They challenge with a new Automatic Clutch that is *completely automatic*.

They challenge with *real* Free Wheeling—the Free Wheeling unit being entirely

separate and located at the *rear* of the transmission.

They challenge with a new Silent Gear Selector—enabling anyone to select a higher or a lower gear at any car speed with no more effort than moving a lead pencil.

They challenge with a rigid Double-Drop Girder-Truss Frame that is a distortion-proof foundation for Chrysler's strong, sound-insulated All-Steel Bodies.

They challenge with self-equalizing Hydraulic Brakes—with new drums of steel with a cast-iron lining *fused* to the steel—multiplying brake life and brake efficiency many times.

You'll be
happier
with a
Chrysler

They challenge with Oilite Squeak-Proof Springs—springs that supply their own lubrication and never, *never* squeak.

They challenge with style. They challenge with luxury. They challenge with speed. They challenge any and all comparisons. Have you seen them? Have you driven one?

"CANADIAN-BUILT FOR CANADIANS"

A new Chrysler Six, 5 body models, \$1195 to \$1295 (Automatic Clutch on all Sixes at slight extra cost); a new Chrysler Eight, 4 body models, \$2025 to \$2075; a new Chrysler Imperial Eight, 2 body models, \$2695 to \$2725 and a new Chrysler Imperial Custom Eight with 6 body models (prices furnished upon specifications required). All prices f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario, including standard factory equipment (freight and taxes extra).

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“Heavens! Buddy must have a girl!”

“NO—you grown-ups are wrong again. I’m brushin’ my teeth ‘cause Ma finally got me some toothpaste I like to use. And if you don’t think it’s keen—just try some yourself. It tastes swell—and I think a feller ought to have a right to do some things the way he likes to do ‘em. Ma was complainin’ the other day to Doctor Brown about me not brushin’ my teeth reg’lar and he told her maybe she hadn’t given me a toothpaste I like to use, and after all, he said, what a toothpaste is for is to clean teeth, and he said Colgate’s would do that as well as anything he knew. He told her she couldn’t go wrong buyin’ a toothpaste more people use than any other kind. An’...I’ll tell ya a secret Pa don’t know...mebbe y’guessed right about the girl. Ma says I kin take her to the movies tonight with the quarter she saved by buyin’ Colgate’s.”



This seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association—and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.

After Dark

Continued from page 11

steel bar and ruthlessly burst open the locked drawer. It contained a thick envelope; nothing more.

He ripped open the flap and drew out a packet of banknotes—nine notes of a hundred pounds each, one of fifty pounds, three of ten pounds, two of five pounds and ten one pound notes—in all a thousand pounds. Latham stared, fascinated, filled for an instant with fear.

But he hesitated at the almost eerie opportuneness of it for no more than a second. The fates had led him to this. It was the exact amount he needed, secured with a minimum of risk and trouble. His instinct had justified itself, and brought him fortune.

“A fickle jade, a fickle jade,” that old cliché rang in his mind. “She’s turning at last—the little old wheel of fortune—good,” he said, and put the envelope of notes carefully away in a flap pocket on the inside of the deep leather belt he wore.

His mouth was dry from excitement and he stopped, turning to the sideboard. But he drew back in a sudden burst of caution.

“No. No drinks till I’m clear of this place, and this country,” he said. “It’s coming too pat—I don’t like it. There’s a string tied to luck like this.”

He crammed a box of cigars into his pocket and moved swiftly to the door. But nothing happened. No concealed mystery or trap barred his exit. He gained the door by which he had entered, circled round to the front of the house, and went swiftly down the drive across the park, through the iron gates and on to the high road.

He did not hesitate in his choice of route, but turned sharply into the teeth of the east wind, and headed for a byroad which would bring him out into the main road back to the seaport.

“It was ordained,” he said, and went forward. “No burglar had luck like that before.” But there was neither exultation nor even contentment in his voice. Two hours before, he would have been satisfied beyond measure with a thousand pounds. But now he seemed to have lost perspective.

WHAT was a thousand pounds, anyway? That man would hardly miss it. He had everything—a perfect house, a fine car, splendid horses, hunting, shooting, golf, friends, probably a beautiful wife.

For a quarter of a mile Latham went swiftly through the moonlight without meeting a soul. Then as he approached the entrance gates of a drive leading up to a big house some distance back from the road, he heard voices and slowed down for a moment.

He backed into the deep shadows of a high hedge and listened.

The figures ahead appeared to be those of two country lads, and they were wrangling in their soft dialect, one urging the other to come on home.

“What do ‘ee want to go a-peepin’ and pryin’ in there for? Come on home to your tea, I tell ‘ee. Leave her alone to do as she’s a mind to. Tiddn’t no harm to nobody, is it, then? Come on home. I be nigh shrammed wi’ cold; so be you. Let her abide. For all her money, she ain’t right in her mind, poor soul, everybody knows. Let her do as she’s a mind to, then, and come on home, will ‘ee?”

Reluctantly the lesser figure joined the speaker and they came away, trudging past Latham in the shadows.

But Latham did not hasten to continue his flight. He was considering one or two of the things which the country boy had said.

“Let her abide. For all her money she ain’t right in her mind, poor soul...”

Latham peered down the drive beyond the gates. Many and many a time had he passed down that drive in the old glorious days, for it led to the house of the Amylands.

“Leave her alone to do as she’s a mind to. Tiddn’t no harm to nobody.” Who was it

that was not right in her mind, poor soul, and did no harm to anybody?

He recalled the words he had overheard outside the groom’s cottage. “Crazy... she’s crazy... fanciful.” He found himself fighting down a desire to steal along the drive and find out whom the boys had been speaking of.

“What good?” he muttered. “Get back to the coast, you fool, while you’re safe.”

One needed not to be a professional criminal, trained and deft and cunning at his sinister craft, to know that to return was indeed an act of folly—to linger in this neighborhood with the proceeds of a robbery, which might at any instant be discovered hidden on one’s person.

Latham knew that if he yielded to this sudden urge of curiosity—or was it a profounder emotion?—he increased incredibly the risk of sacrificing the easy and triumphant success of his long expedition and of putting himself in even greater danger of returning to the dark life of penal servitude which had destroyed forever his youth.

Yet he yielded instantly. “Like a bit of steel to a magnet?” he muttered as he passed through the gates. “Why? After this, don’t tell me a man is always responsible for his acts!”

His footstep made no sound upon the surface of the drive, fantastically chequered and speckled by black-and-silver arabesques of moonlight and shadow, save only for a little soft crunching of frozen moss. It came to him, almost subconsciously, that things had changed since the old days. Then the drive had been weedless, trimmed, spick and span; now it was moss-grown. But that mattered nothing, a small thing; for now his mind was vaguely thronging with old memories—memories which touched his heart more nearly than the neglected condition of the road.

Here so often in the past he had lingered with Loyse, walked with her, hand in hand, swinging hands like children, perhaps, or holding close. Laughing, whispering; once she had been crying—he had forgotten why, and he had comforted her.

And now he guessed the source of his determination to adventure down the drive. It was because of a wild hope that he might catch a glimpse of her once more, for the last time.

If he did not see her tonight—for the last time, then he would never see her again as long as he lived.

No doubt she had married someone years ago, some level-headed man not given to wine or to fantastic fighting; and if, peering in, he caught sight of her, it might be that he would see her playing with her children before they went to bed—it would be about the time children went to bed, wouldn’t it? He jerked his head sharply. To see her playing with her children in a warm, lighted room with toys all over the floor, little red-painted cart things and kind of horses and toy trains and dolls; everybody laughing!

He came out of the shadows, stepped on to the lawn before the house, and stared, astonished at the change there. The place was so densely overgrown with ivy that it looked a ruin. And all its windows fronting the lawn were lightless, save for the spectral gleam with which, here and there, one shone in the moonlight.

For a moment he stood, breathless, in the freezing air. Never had it looked like this, never could he have imagined it like this in the golden days. Then it had been warm, a glowing house, with bright windows, facing shaven lawns and a great blaze of flowers. Even in that light he could see that the garden and the lawn were a wilderness.

No laughing children played in that house.

Then the words of the boy at the gate came back to him and he realized anew that there was somebody in that house—that poor soul who “did no harm to anybody” because “she was not right in her mind.”

Latham moved silently round to the side

Continued on page 30

Miss Jessie Marie De Both makes her delicious



MAHOGANY LAYER CAKE

with Magic Baking Powder

*"I find Magic always uniform, always dependable,"
says famous director of cooking schools—*

MANY a husband would like to extend thanks to Miss Jessie Marie De Both. For, every year, the housewives of Canada receive from the famous De Both Home Makers' Cooking Schools a wealth of valuable cooking hints and delectable new recipes.

"When a young housewife asks me what baking powder she should use," says Miss De Both, "this is my advice: Use the best—one that is pure, uniform and invariably dependable.

"You can't use second-rate baking powder and expect first-rate results. After all, the cost of the baking powder is trifling compared with the cost of the other materials in your cake. And a baking powder failure means utter waste of your fresh butter and eggs, your fine flour, sugar and flavoring.

"My experience with Magic Baking Powder has been particularly happy. I find that it never varies—that it is consistently reliable. And I know it is pure, and free from harmful ingredients."

Statements by other well-known cookery authorities give whole-hearted support to Miss De Both's judgment. In fact, the majority of dietitians and teachers in cooking schools and public institutions throughout Canada use and recommend Magic *exclusively*.

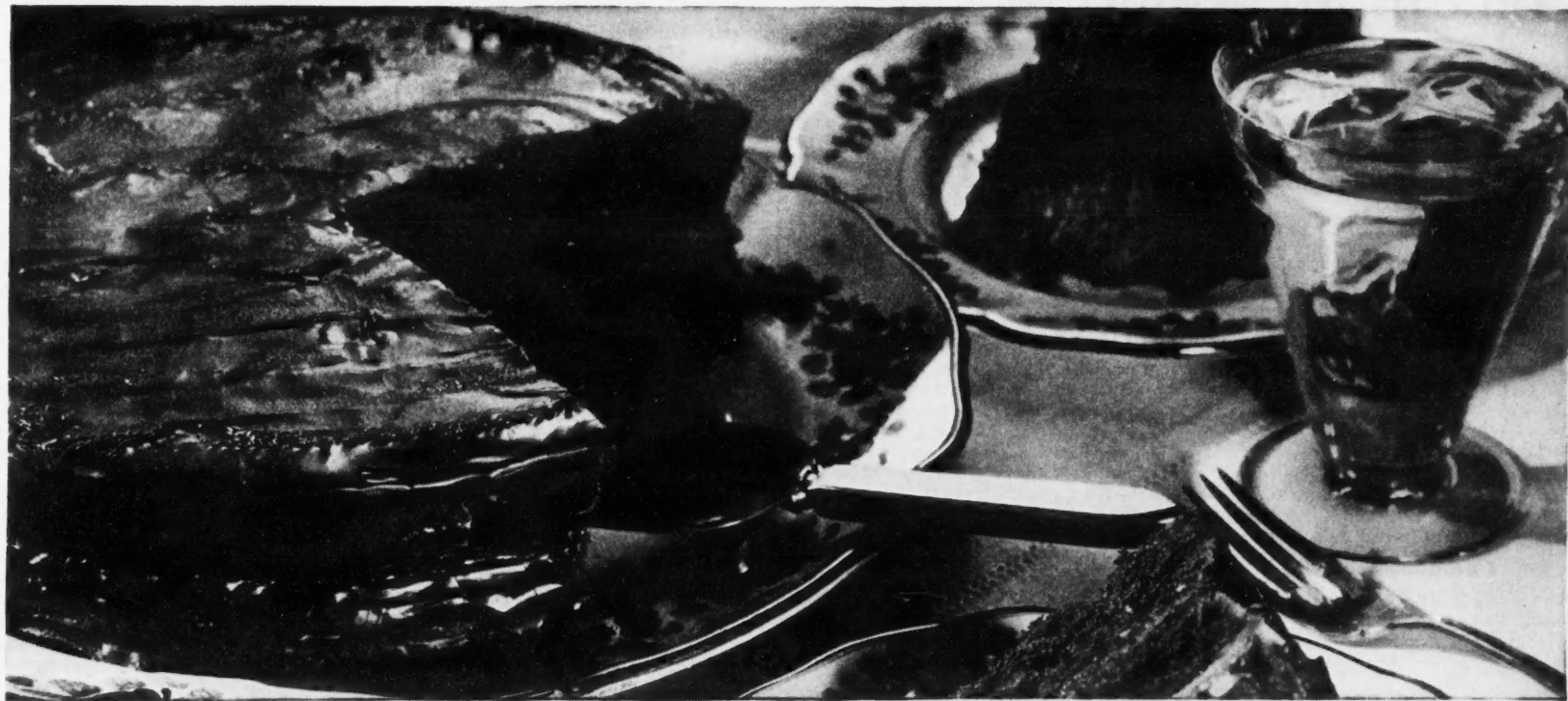
And 3 out of 4 Canadian housewives who bake at home say they always use Magic "because it gives consistently better results."

If you've never used Magic, buy a tin today. Find out for yourself how dependable it is . . . how it improves even the best recipe!



Made in Canada

"CONTAINS NO ALUM." This statement on every tin is your guarantee that Magic Baking Powder is free from alum or any harmful ingredient.



MAHOGANY CAKE

½ cup milk	½ teaspoon Magic Soda
½ cup cocoa	2 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
½ cup butter	¾ cup sweet milk
1 ½ cups sugar	1 teaspoon vanilla extract
3 eggs	2 cups pastry flour (or 1 ¾ cups bread flour)

Cook ½ cup milk with ½ cup cocoa until thick and smooth; set aside to cool. Cream butter and sugar together. Add beaten egg yolks. Sift together flour, soda and baking powder and add alternately with milk to first mixture. Add chocolate mixture and vanilla extract and mix well. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites.

Bake in 2 well-greased 9-inch layer cake tins, in

moderate oven at 350° F. about 30 minutes. Cool and spread Fudge Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake.

FUDGE FROSTING

2 cups sugar	½ cup milk
2 tablespoons corn syrup	½ teaspoon Magic Baking Powder
3 squares unsweetened chocolate	2 tablespoons butter
	1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Cook sugar, corn syrup, chocolate and milk to 232° F. or until syrup forms a very soft ball when tested in cold water. Stir occasionally to prevent burning. Remove from fire, add baking powder and butter. Cool to lukewarm. Add vanilla extract and beat until creamy and right consistency to spread.



Mail coupon below for free copy of the Magic Cook Book to use when you bake at home

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Fraser Ave. and Liberty St., Toronto, Ont.

Please send my free copy of the Magic Cook Book

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BILLIE BURKE. As this recent photograph shows, the years have only increased her irresistible appeal! This year she has added to her long list of stage triumphs, "The Truth Game."

"I am 39!" says BILLIE BURKE

*Famous stage Beauty
declares no woman needs
look her age*

"I REALLY am 39 years old!" says Billie Burke. "And I don't see why any woman should look her age.

"We on the stage, of course, must keep our youthful freshness. Youth always has irresistible attraction—it wins and holds the public as nothing else can.

"So one must be wise enough to keep this charm right through the years. To do this it is important above everything else to guard complexion beauty—keep one's skin temptingly fresh and smooth.

"For years I have used Lux Toilet Soap regularly. Its lather is beautifully smooth and so delicately fragrant. And it leaves my skin amazingly clear and soft."

At 39 Billie Burke has just signed up for a series of motion pictures in Hollywood! What a tribute to her youthful freshness!

9 out of 10 Stars use it

She will find the Hollywood actresses, like the stage stars, are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. Actually 605 of the 613 important ones use this fragrant white soap to guard complexion beauty—regularly! It has been made the official soap in all the great film studios.

Surely your skin should have the protection of this gentle care!

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto
Soapmakers by appointment to their Excellencies
the Governor-General and Countess of Bessborough

Lux Toilet Soap 10¢

After Dark

Continued from page 28

of the house which faced the park, and his heart leaped as he saw that from the big French windows overlooking the long, pleasant slope down to the lake, there shone a bright light.

"Somebody in the drawing-room," he thought and drew close. Hanging growths of ivy screened a full half of the windows, but they served partly to screen him too, as he peered in.

THE room was bare of all furniture, except for a white pedestal, its base half concealed by a heap of flowers, standing on a rich rug. This pedestal bore a white marble bust, and as he strove to distinguish the features, the only object visible to him, the figure of a woman came swaying lightly out from one side of the room, moving with a floating grace. In her hands she carried a wreath of roses and her dress was white, long skirted, graceful.

But it was not the sight of the flowers or the dress of this white, silent lady which suddenly stilled the very heart-beats of the watcher; nor the faded gold of her hair, nor the beauty of the profile which at moments he saw distinctly; nor even the graceful steps of the dance before the marble bust. It was the thin, almost wasted, arms which showed so plainly in the strong light of the room as she raised the roses above her head.

For this lady, dancing silently, like a little lone, lovely ghost, in this lonely house, was Loyse. Dressed exactly as she had been dressed on the fatal night of that mad "duel," dancing the same simple dance, though now with the practised grace and unconscious ease of a gliding bird, bearing a wreath of roses, even as she had danced so long ago.

But then her bare arms had been so beautiful, so faultlessly molded, so warmly curving. Now they were thin, almost like those of one who has starved.

Faintly, so faintly that it might almost have been a trick of his fancy, he heard the ghostly tap of the high heels on the shining floor; and it seemed too that his senses caught a remote fragrance of roses.

But surely this was fancy, a vision, a pale dream?

Latham's hands were clenched as he glared round to reassure himself that he was not in some strange region of fantasy. But the park stretched before him dotted with dark trees that swayed in the wind, the ivy rustled about him and the frozen moon hung familiar and changeless in the blue-black skies.

And Loyse danced silently before the pedestal.

A shivering fit seized upon the watcher as he stared and it seemed that a strange keenness of vision came to him in the sudden mood of exultation, yearning, pity, of many emotions. Pale she was, pale and thin, and the gold had gone from her hair. She was still beautiful in a frail and delicate way, but it was not the beauty of the Loyse of old.

A sudden wave of love and pity overwhelmed his spirit, and he lifted his hand to the latch of the French window, even as the dance finished.

He checked himself to see. She swayed up to the pedestal and with a gesture of tenderness dropped the wreath on to the marble shoulders of the bust, paused for a moment, her arms wide in a pose of adoration; then seemed to collapse, burying her face among the flowers, lying like one dead or unconscious at the foot of the pedestal, a few petals of the roses fluttering down upon her faded hair.

She did not hear, or if she heard, ignored, the click of the latch of the window, as Latham swung it open. Inside the room he could see and hear that she was not unconscious, but weeping.

His rubber-soled shoes made no sound as he came to her. His eyes were like bright steel, as, staring at the bust he recognized it. It was a replica of his own head and shoulders.

Latham dropped on his knees by her side. He saw that all the flowers were withered roses fallen from the bust and left where they fell, and spoke in a low voice of anguish.

"Loyse!"

She raised herself, her eyes wide, staring, incredulous. On their knees they faced each other.

"Frank!"

Her lips shaped the word rather than said it.

Slowly, she raised a thin white hand to touch his, then it stole up to press with light fingertips his cheek, and the wonder in her eyes grew.

Once she looked up at the marble bust, then back again.

"It is Frank," she cried suddenly, in a clear, oddly tenuous voice, and lifted her arms.

"Oh, Loyse, I never knew," he began.

Two thin arms went round his neck, holding him tightly, with a feeble tightness, and her head fell forward to his shoulder.

"You are crying, too, Frank. Oh, don't—" she said slowly. Her voice trailed off in a long, long sigh and she was still.

Terror-stricken, he stared at the pale, delicate face.

The door opened and a woman came in; a pleasant-faced, middle-aged woman, very quietly dressed.

She started a little but did not hesitate. She came to them, glanced keenly at Latham, then to the bust and back again, nodding.

"You are Frank Latham?" she asked in a low voice, studiously composed. "Yes, I see it." Her dark eyes dimmed suddenly.

"Oh, I always knew that this would happen," she cried, her voice breaking. "I knew that God would not punish her for that little thing all her life long."

She knelt beside them, controlling herself.

"She has fainted. Let me have her. There is wine on the table in the next room. Will you bring it? It is often like this when she dances—and she has danced here, like this, for you, hundreds and hundreds of times."

Latham yielded and made haste to do her bidding. His hands were trembling as he poured the wine.

"Will this—will she—the shock—" he stammered. But Loyse's friend only smiled—a deep, wise smile.

"This is not the kind of shock that harms. It heals broken hearts," she said, "and dispels mists that hang about minds saddened past bearing. Ah, dearest one, drink a little more, once more. Oh, brave, good little Loyse. Bring the wrap from the couch in the next room, Mr. Latham. Yes, yes, my dearest, I know; it is cold, cold. Look, then, here is your shawl . . . and someone to carry you into the next room. Frank! Take her, Mr. Latham!"

He carried her, light as a child, into the warm room adjoining, and set her down in a big chair by a glowing fire. She was smiling and a little touch of color was stealing into her cheeks. "I knew that some day you would come," she said. "If only I waited patiently. Won't you give me a kiss, please, Frank—after all these years?"

But he caught her hand and held it tight.

"When I have told you the kind of man I am," he muttered. "A thief, a wolf out of the dark—"

"Tell me then, Frank, if you wish, but it will not matter."

He was brief. He was able to be brief, for until this night he had nothing worse than failure to confess, and this was not a moment to weigh failure or success. It was the crime in intent and deed he had committed that night which in his present mood he must confess.

She listened silently, like one spellbound; and at the end of the muttered confession she drew a deep breath. "Anne! Anne!" she cried. "Did you hear?"

Her friend, who had entered quietly while

Continued on page 32



"In a better temper" screamed Princess Water-Ice, and kicked a stool savagely.

her so. As it was, her voice came floating out of the window in screams of rage, which the poor Queen explained by saying that the scullery maid had toothache.

The suitors all formed into a single line, marched up to the Queen, and presented their gifts. If the Queen thought the gift suitable, the bearer stood to the right of the throne; if not, he went to the left. This went on for a good part of the day, with intervals for lunch and tea; and at about half-past five, the Queen had chosen the final four gifts.

The palace doors were thrown open, and in they all went to the throne room. The Princess had been induced to seat herself on the throne. Very lovely she looked in a blue and silver gown, but as angry as a thundercloud. She fanned herself rapidly with a small handkerchief, and with the other hand she was pulling the lace off her dress.

The Queen seated herself, and looked about for the King. But in the excitement, no one had remembered to waken him that morning, and he was therefore still asleep in bed. But she was rather glad to have him out of the way, for she saw that the Princess was going to be quite enough to manage. She rose with a beaming smile, and immediately the four successful suitors, the several hundred unsuccessful ones, the Prime Minister, the peers of the realm, the mayor of the town and his aldermen, the statesmen, the ambassadors, the commoners and the odds and ends, all prostrated themselves in such a confused heap that it seemed as though they never would be untangled again. But at length they sorted themselves out, and listened respectfully, while the Queen cleared her throat, glanced at her notes, and began:

"Princes, Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen, and those who are not any of these things: Her Highness the Princess Water-Ice wishes me to thank all of those who have so gallantly brought gifts for her, and to say that although, of course, you cannot all be chosen, she will do her best to repay your kindness by accepting all your gifts. You may give them to the Chancellor of the Exchequer as you go out, although I hope you won't go until you have had some tea. And now the Princess desires those on whom our choice has fallen to present their gifts."

The first suitor, Lord Marsh, advanced with his gift, which was a wondrous little tree made all of jewels; the leaves were of emerald, and pearls and rubies formed the flowers; and on the topmost branch was a golden bird with diamond eyes, that sang like the skylark when he was wound up. The whole court gasped in admiration, but the Princess merely said "Bah!" and Lord Marsh retired. The next, the Duke of Mallow, then presented his gift, which was a magic chest containing salves and unguents that gave the user greater beauty than ever men have seen. But the Princess merely said that she could not possibly be more beautiful than she was, and that was the end of the Duke of Mallow. The next gift, Count Pepper's, was a silver music-box

that played a thousand tunes, but he fared no better than the others. The last, the Earl of Mint, had brought a crystal mirror, in which one might see the future if one made a wish. At this the Princess said, "Let me test this wondrous mirror. I wish—" and she sniffed scornfully—"that I may see in it the one who is to make me laugh." The Earl of Mint held the mirror up for all to see; and in it appeared an image of the Princess Water-Ice shaking with laughter; and by her side was a young Prince whom no one there could name. At this the Princess was furious, and flung the mirror back, saying that it lied.

"It is a false mirror," she said, "for I never intend to laugh, nor shall I marry anybody unless of my own free will. There is no one in this silly little country worthy of me, and that is the truth."

This made everyone feel uncomfortable, so the Queen rose hastily and said, "The Princess wishes me to thank you all, and to say that she is ready to proceed with the next, and most difficult, test."

At this, the Princess stamped on her mother's toe. Queen Toffee shrieked softly, and went on, "There is a small anteroom to your right, where you may take the Princess—"

Up jumped the Princess, and said loudly, "Mother, I refuse."

The Queen hissed into her ear.

"I won't! I won't!" said Water-Ice in a shrill voice.

"—A small anteroom on your right," continued the Queen, smiling fixedly, "where you may take the Princess. You may sing humorous ballads, dance, tell jokes, make faces, tickle her, anything—but you must make her laugh!"

AT THAT moment there was a great clatter of horses' hoofs without. Several men-at-arms who sprang forward were thrown aside, and a young man hurried up to the Queen, breathless. Under his arm he carried an enormous paper parcel.

"Your Majesty," he cried, "am I too late?"

The Queen looked upon him with pleasure. "Perhaps," she said, "an exception might be made—er—what is your name, if you please?"

"Bon-bon, Prince of Marzipandia," he replied proudly.

The Queen clapped her hands, and exclaimed delightedly, "Oh, by all means, Prince!" Then, recollecting herself, she said, "Her Highness desires me to say that she is very pleased to consider you as a competitor for her hand."

"I desire no such thing!" cried Her Highness angrily. "I have had quite enough, mother, and I tell you plainly—"

"Hush!" said the Queen in a loud whisper, and continued to Prince Bon-bon, "May the court see what gift you have brought the Princess?"

"My gift," said Bon-bon, "is of a rather peculiar nature, and I beg to be allowed to show it to Her Highness in private."

"Oh, very well," said the Queen reluctantly. Now the four other suitors were

so dainty herself

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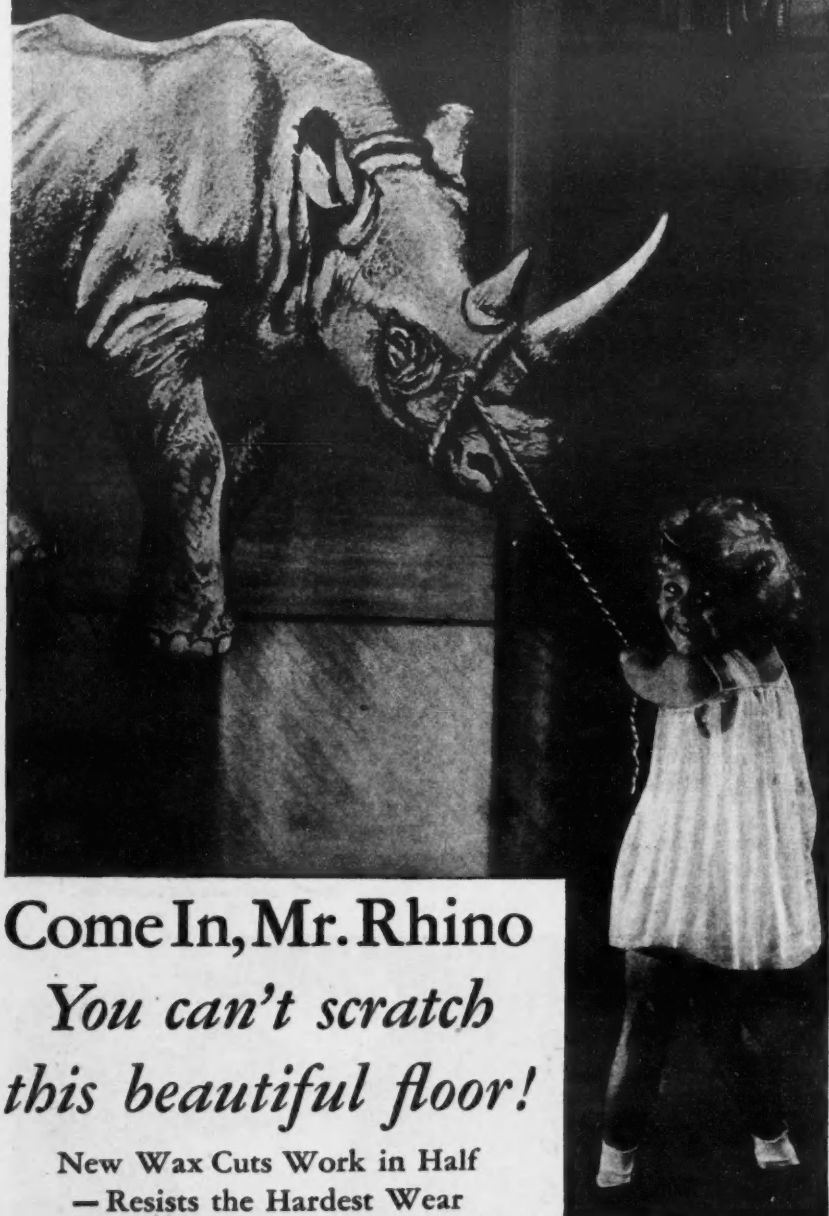
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After Dark

Continued from page 30

Latham was speaking, nodded. They were both smiling.

Latham's heart fell and an icy disappointment seized him. She saw his face and her smile died out.

"Oh, I did not mean to hurt you," she cried. "Only, only, you have not been a thief; you have stolen nothing."

"But, Loyse," he fumbled at his waist a second and drew out the banknotes he had taken, "here is the money."

"Oh, yes, but it is yours, your own! It was meant for you. All, all in that house; the house itself; everything there is yours. I have built it up—for years."

She stood up suddenly, her face flushing, her eyes shining.

"Frank! It was your own house I built for you. It has been ready for you for years. When you went away I was ill in my body and my mind. People said I was mad. Yes, Anne, I knew; I have known all the time, and perhaps I was. But not now. When they released you I was ill, and you disappeared. Nobody knew where you had gone. But I knew you would come back some day when you were not bitter any longer. Even if I were mad I knew that. And I made a house ready for you. I bought the land where you always used to say a house should be built, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And I remembered just the very kind of house you liked. I tried to remember everything you had ever said—ever liked. Did you like the house, Frank?"

"Yes, Loyse."

"Ah! And the lake. And the little golf links! Did you see them?"

"Yes, oh yes, Loyse!"

"For you. I remembered how you loved to fish, and to play golf. Did you see the horses, Frank? They have been waiting a year for you. Were they nice?"

"Oh, they were perfect." It was wringing his heart, but he saw the glory and the joy

in her eyes and though she stabbed him with every word, yet he must listen.

"And there is a car for you to go to the Meet in. I chose it, and it has always been ready."

"A wonderful car!" he said, his voice trembling.

"Did you see the cigars, the kind you liked. And the guns. Frank, I found your own gun. It's there. Everything I could think of is there for you. Your golf clubs, too. Did you go upstairs? There are clothes, silk things and lovely ties—the kind you used to wear. I said 'I will forget nothing, and it shall all be ready for him—everything he likes, to walk into at any moment.' The money, too, just to go on with. There are servants ready to come in at once—and everything, Frank. Oh, I have thought and planned and it has been a joy and an anguish to me. To make up to you, just to make up to you a little, as well as I could, for what you have suffered because of me, because of my folly."

Her fragile fingers tightened on his hands.

"They said that I was mad, out of my mind, to do that—to buy things I did not use, pay servants who did not work. But they did not understand. You have done no harm, Frank. That money, all, everything was your own. Frank, I did not mean to give the roses to Lord Bramshaw. It was just something, a fancy that came to me—to see you look cross, to tease you. I was sorry at once. I have suffered for it, too. We have both suffered so. I have prayed for you. And I have tried to wipe it out of my mind. I have danced for you thousands of times since then, and always, always, my roses have been for you." Her voice faltered, broke. Across the room, Anne, her friend, was crying openly.

"If only you would forgive me please . . ."

Blindly, Latham reached out his arms, and with a little cry of mingled joy, gratitude, tenderness and great love, she came to him at last.

The Easter Rabbit's Story

Continued from page 24

Queen Toffea sat down on the throne and asked King Karamel what he thought of her plan. But the King was asleep, so she descended and sat down at her embroidery frame where she was working at a picture of the burning of Rome in red and black. And at that moment, the Princess Water-Ice entered the room.

She did not enter the room; she burst into it like a gust of cold wind.

"So, mama!" said she, arms akimbo, foot tapping the floor, "you have at length decided to dispose of me. It was good of you to arrange it all yourself without consulting me. But, of course, my opinion is nothing; my feelings need not be considered!"

The Queen said firmly, "My dear child, if I had consulted you, I know very well what you would have said. So I did not consult you. And, by the way, how do you know what I have arranged for you?"

"Oh," said the Princess, "doors have keyholes, and your voice, mother, is not the gentlest in the world. Now I tell you plainly that I shall marry only when and whom I please, and no one else shall have a word to say about it."

"Now, my dear girl," said the Queen, sighing deeply, "you know very well that princesses don't marry in that way. It must be in some difficult and romantic fashion that will sound well in a story book. Now if there had been a dragon or a glass mountain near at hand, I should have made use of them. As it is, we must do the best with what we have."

"What!" cried the Princess angrily. "Am I to be given away to the highest bidder? Am I to be sold like a heifer at the fair? I have never heard of anything so vulgar, and I shan't put up with it for a moment; that I shan't."

But the Queen only said calmly, "I am

afraid that it is too late to revoke the proclamation now. You will think differently when you are in a better temper."

"In a better temper!" screamed Princess Water-Ice. She kicked a footstool savagely, and rushed out of the room and spent the next two hours pinching her ladies-in-waiting.

THE proclamation was duly set up in the market place; and it was almost no time before all the townspeople were gathered before it, reading it aloud to one another.

And before long most of the young men in the land were riding forth or walking forth, and many were the taunting remarks that they exchanged when they happened to meet at crossroads or in tavern yards.

The Princess Water-Ice had a way of making other people just as disagreeable as herself; and as she was in a continual tantrum, which grew worse as Eastertide approached, the Royal Palace was no pleasant place to live in. When the weather was warm enough, the Queen was able to go out in the coach all by herself and compose her thoughts. She knew that she would have a fine time with the Princess when the actual day of the contest arrived, for that lady had begun to have her tantrums in public; which was often very awkward.

At last the day did arrive, bright and sunny, with a cool wind bringing the scent of flowers from the woods. Long before the Queen had finished her breakfast, there was a crowd of hopeful young men outside the palace gate; all bearing their gifts, and each one arguing loudly that his was by far the rarest.

The Queen was forced to make the choice in the courtyard, for the Princess was in such a dreadful temper that it would never have done to allow her future husband to see

A BIT O' GREEN

Some Hints and Recipes to Help You
Entertain on St. Patrick's Day

By M. FRANCES HUCKS

SO OFTEN in this modern era, do we find color occupying a prominent place in the scheme of things. Each season brings new shades and tones of lovely colors for fashion's whims; the passing years see new color combinations introduced into home decoration, and it is only reasonable that this trend should be followed in our menu planning.

Many of our holidays are customarily associated with certain colors, and more and more now do we make use of this fact in the season's entertaining.

St. Patrick's refreshments pay a good deal of attention to form as well as to color, and for that reason differ from our simpler spring dishes. On the seventeenth, the Irish potato, always conspicuously present, may be cooked, mashed, formed into pipes and decorated with parsley; rolled sandwiches may be made to represent pigs, by using toothpicks for legs, a small white onion for a head and parsley for a tail. Shamrock salads may be made from stuffed green peppers, which when sliced, appear in typical shamrock shape, or jellied mixtures may be molded in shamrock molds. Sandwiches and cookies cut with the shamrock cutter, green mints, candy potatoes and suitably decorated cakes are most suggestive of the day. The careful use of green food coloring lends interesting novelty to spring menus generally and to St. Patrick's ones in particular. Whipped cream for garnishing desserts may be delicately tinted, mayonnaise treated with green coloring completes the spring salad ensemble, and cakes or cookies decorated with tinted frosting take on new interest.

The occasional use of these more elaborate dishes and a little careful thought and planning will ensure varied and enticing meals throughout the whole period of spring's awakening. Following are a few recipes for dishes which are popular in March menus:

Asparagus Mold

- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of rich milk
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- Paprika
- 3 Eggs
- 1 Cupful of cooked fresh, or canned asparagus

Melt the butter, blend in the flour and add the milk gradually. Stir until thickened, add seasonings and pour over the beaten egg yolks. Add the asparagus and allow to partially cool. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and turn the mixture into a greased mold. Place in a pan of hot water and bake at 350 degrees until firm (about forty-five minutes). This may be served with scrambled eggs or creamed mushrooms.

Parisian Peas

- 3 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Tablespoonfuls of chopped onion
- 1 Can of peas (2 cupfuls)
- $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of shredded lettuce
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of milk

Melt the butter. Add the onion and cook until browned. Add the peas and the lettuce and cook for five minutes over strong heat. Add the milk and serve at once.

Cabbage and Pepper Slaw

- 4 Cupfuls of cabbage (finely shredded)
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of chopped green pepper
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of chopped mixed pickles
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of sour cream
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of vinegar
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of prepared mustard
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt. Pepper

Combine the cabbage, green pepper and pickles. Mix the vinegar, mustard, salt and pepper with the sour cream and pour the mixture over the vegetables. Blend carefully and serve immediately.

Salad Squares

- 1 Tablespoonful of gelatine
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of cold water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of boiling water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of grapefruit juice
- 1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice
- $\frac{3}{8}$ Cupful of sugar

Soften the gelatine in cold water and dissolve in boiling water. Add the sugar and stir until dissolved. Add fruit juices, and pour into a shallow pan so the jelly will not be more than one inch thick.

- 1 Tablespoonful of gelatine
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of cold water
- $1\frac{1}{4}$ Cupfuls of boiling water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Bunch of mint
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of vinegar
- 1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of sugar
- Green coloring

Soak the gelatine in the cold water. Wash and chop the mint and add one cupful of boiling water in which the sugar is dissolved. Let stand in a warm place for an hour. Dissolve the soaked gelatine in the remaining hot water, add the vinegar and lemon juice and green coloring. Combine with the mint. Strain into a shallow wet pan and allow to set. When the jellies are set, cut in squares and arrange alternate green and yellow squares on lettuce. Serve with mayonnaise and garnish with sprigs of mint. (If fresh mint cannot be obtained, make the jelly from prepared jelly powder mint flavored.)

Pear and Mint Salad

Place a half pear, cut side up on a leaf of lettuce, fill the centre with chopped mint jelly and pipe softened cream cheese around the cavity. Serve with fruit salad dressing. Canned pears are used for this and the jelly which remains from the above may be chopped and used.

Spring Fruit Salad

- 1 Cupful of diced pineapple
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of diced grapefruit
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of diced orange
- 1 Cupful of diced marshmallows
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of chopped walnuts
- Mild fruit dressing

Drain the diced fruit, combine with the nuts and marshmallows. Add mild fruit salad dressing to taste. Serve on crisp lettuce cups. Garnish with green maraschino cherries, or (if available) fresh mint. Serve with cream boiled dressing made by adding one-quarter cupful of boiled dressing to one-half cupful of unsweetened whipped cream.

Pineapple Fluff

- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of diced pineapple
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of diced marshmallows
- $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of table cream

Drain the pineapple (use either fresh cooked or canned), add the marshmallows, pour over the cream. Mix thoroughly, let stand in a cold place three to four hours, or overnight. Serve in sherbet glasses, either plain or with unsweetened whipped cream.

Where could you find two easier ways to make them hungry?

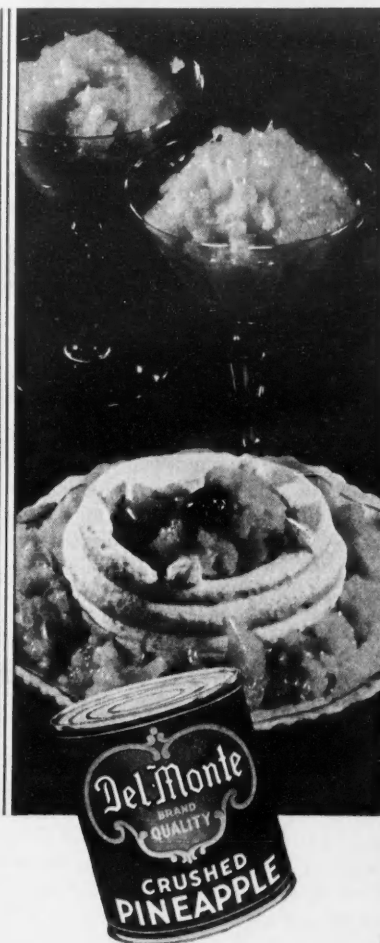
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Sometime when you want to serve a dessert that's a little bit different—maybe for dinner to-night—just *try* DEL MONTE Crushed Pineapple. Try it in whipped gelatine, for instance, or in a pie, or as a sauce for cottage pudding. In fact, it opens up a whole new array of dishes.

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DEL MONTE

Bartlett Pears

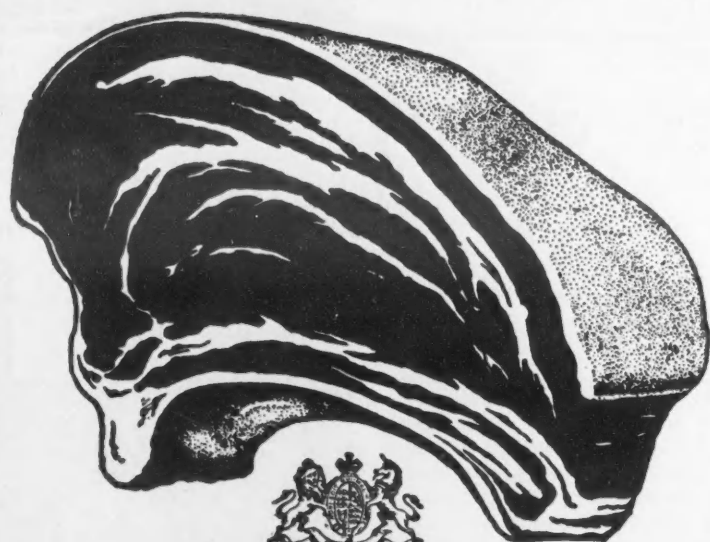
Maybe you haven't thought much about Pears—except to serve them just as they come from the can. Then here's a suggestion: Pear halves on crisp, green lettuce leaves, with a dash of paprika and your favorite dressing. It is one of the smartest and tastiest salads you'll find anywhere. And Pears filled with pimiento cheese is another.

As for desserts—if you want to see appetites perk up, just introduce the family to Pear fritters, or to Baked Pears. To mention just two of the many tempting pear desserts. Only remember to insist on DEL MONTE Pears when you buy. Then you're certain of getting highest quality, every time.



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beginning to murmur and cast dark looks at Prince Bon-bon. But the Queen said gaily, "My dear Prince, you may accompany the others into the anteroom, and success attend you!"

While the others did contortions, made silly faces, asked riddles, repeated humorous rhymes, performed conjuring tricks, and recited scores of epigrams, Prince Bon-bon stood aside with his huge paper parcel. They were very soon tired, and felt rather foolish, especially as the Princess had not paid the least attention to their antics. At length Bon-bon advanced and knelt before her, looking straight into her face.

"O Princess!" he said. "O most unamiable Princess! Most hateful, most ungracious Princess!"

The eyes of Water-Ice opened very wide, and grew wider as the Prince proceeded. "No doubt, Princess," he said, "you are not accustomed to hearing yourself addressed in this fashion. But it is true. Never in my life have I seen such a thoroughly bad-tempered, disagreeable young person as yourself. My only object in coming here was to tell you the truth, and to show you that there is at least one man who does not tell you lies—" (Here he tore the first wrapper off the parcel) "—one man who does not call you by sweet, flattering names, for the sake of your money and what goes with you in marriage!" He tore off the next layer of paper. "You are not even pretty," he said, removing the next wrapper and a good deal of ribbon. "But you might be pretty, you know, if only your mouth curled up, not in scorn, but in a smile, if you wrinkled your nose, not in contempt, but in a merry laugh; if only your eyes lighted up, not with anger but with gladness." He was unwrapping as he spoke.

"Ah!" said the Prince at length, "this is the last wrapper. I may tell you, Princess, that I have lands and monies in plenty in Marzipandia, and there are at least five Princesses, each willing to marry me for the asking. Now that I have told you why I came, and shown you that I don't care a fig for you or your dowry, shall I return to my own land at once, or shall I remove the last wrapper and show you my gift?"

The Princess raised one eyebrow, and said coldly, "As you please; only do stop talking, for you make my head ache." But she peeped sideways at the parcel through her lace kerchief.

Prince Bon-bon smiled a quiet smile, and very, very slowly he unfastened the last piece of paper, which was bound up with yards of ribbon and fastened with mountains of sealing-wax. He disclosed a small paper box, and when he took the top off, in his hand he held a small and very much alive white rabbit.

Princess Water-Ice, as you may imagine, gazed and gazed at the rabbit, which sat up very straight and wobbled its nose at her. Her eyes grew very round, and her mouth opened very wide, and something very new and strange began to happen to her face. The little rabbit sat down and let one ear droop backward, while the other stood straight up; and all of a sudden, Princess Water-Ice burst into such a merry peal of laughter, that it was as though on a cold dark day you were to hear a great chime of bells.

The entire court was, of course, listening breathlessly at the door; and when they heard the wondrous sound, they all burst

into the room, and they formed a circle and did a wild dance round the couch where the Princess lay, rolling in laughter. And everyone talked at once, and no one listened to anyone else. But at last the Queen managed to make herself heard above the merry clatter, and she roared out at the top of her voice, "A feast, ho! A feast, a feast!"

AND then what a hubbub there was! While the Princess was recovering—and you never saw anyone so changed as she was!—people were hurrying off to the pastrycook's, the butcher's, the poulterer's, and the confectioner's, fetching fiddlers and extra chairs and candles and gay flowers to deck the palace. From cellar to attic was in an uproar of preparation; every chimney did its very best to pour out more smoke than all the other chimneys together. And in the midst of it all, down came poor old King Karamel in his carpet slippers, just awake! But the Queen seized him by both hands and whirled him about so fast that he kicked one slipper out of a window and the other into the fireplace.

In less time than you could think, the feast was ready and smoking on the table. The Queen took the King's arm, the Princess took the Prince's arm, all the ladies-in-waiting took the arms of all the gentlemen-in-waiting; the fiddlers struck up a lively march, and in they all trooped to the banquet hall, where the air was quite hazy with the smell of the good things on the table. In the centre, on a purple cushion, sat the little white rabbit, wobbling his nose very hard at the sight of so much to eat.

If you had been at that feast, you would never be tired of telling of the merry time you had there. You would remember how the Prince asked the hand of the Princess in marriage, because, he said, there was certainly no sweeter lady anywhere than she was now; and how the Princess made a graceful little speech, saying how very grateful she was for Prince Bon-bon's frank words, for they had brought her to very great happiness.

You would also remember how Queen Toffea proposed a toast to the little white rabbit, who was, in a way, the cause of it all; and how she said, "I propose that, in honor of this happy occasion, a white rabbit shall be made sacred to Easter Day, and I will have a law made about it."

After this they had a dance, and it is true when I tell you, that many a pair of shoes was worn through that night.

Princess Water-Ice and Prince Bon-bon were married next day in the great minster. It was a gay, fresh spring day, with a damp wind laden with the scent of hyacinths, blowing toward the misty blue hills. The Prince and Princess drove off in a white and gold coach, the King and Queen following in a green and gold one. And it was a pretty sight, to see them driving through the country lanes, with the tiny leaves shining in the trees, and all the town and country folk running beside them, waving gay scarves, their arms full of daffodils and all sweet spring flowers.

In Marzipandia the little white rabbit was given a golden hutch; and if you were to go there today, you would see him, wobbling his nose with pride, for by now he is a great-great-grandfather. It is a great pity that the way to that country cannot be found; for I for one should like to be jogging along it. And that is why rabbits are for Easter.

Things That Get on a Husband's Nerves

Continued from page 18

resultant neglect of herself, until at last she protests. And that does it.

There is only one thing that gets on a man's nerves more than having his wife protest just because he wants to read and she doesn't. That one thing is to have to sit still without a soul to speak to, while she, entirely oblivious to his presence, buries herself in some absurd book.

These, then, are some of the things that get on a husband's nerves. I suppose, if we tried really hard, we could cure our wives of

them, and yet for some reason we don't. We just bluster and protest and make ourselves look very foolish for a few seconds, and then drop the matter.

Our wives think this is because we don't really object to their little ways, but must grumble over something. Which, of course, is the sort of thing women would think. It is an idea which should be dispelled at once, and nothing would give me greater satisfaction than to do the dispelling.

But the pity is it's so uncomfortably true!

given as much water to drink, in frequent and small quantities, as he will take. This will cause the skin to act more freely, thus helping to throw off some of the poisons in the system. If he has not much appetite for his ordinary food, he should not be forced to take it. A little fasting at this time will do no harm, and in any case it is often as well to make the food, if he is fed by hand, a little less strong. The digestive organs, in common with all the rest of the body, are not in a very healthy condition at this time, and it is not desirable to give them more work than is necessary. The old adage "Feed a cold and starve a fever," is frequently taken to mean exactly the reverse of what it should mean, the correct translation being that if you feed a cold you will soon have a fever to starve.

Baby's chest and back and the soles of his feet should be well rubbed with some warm oil, camphorated oil being one of the best for this purpose, night and morning. A baby's lungs are reached even more easily from the back than from the front, so that the rubbing of the back and over the shoulders should never be omitted. The rubbing should be brisk, with the hand held rather stiffly and well opened. In this way a great deal of heat can be generated.

In many cases, when a baby has taken a chill, the ordinary symptoms of running of the nose, and so forth will not be present, but there will be an attack of diarrhoea instead. Or such an attack may be in conjunction with the ordinary head symptoms. As diarrhoea, in any form, is always a more or less serious malady for a baby, the importance of using every available method for the prevention of colds is apparent.

In cases where the cold has spread to the throat or lungs, so that there is a cough, the condition is an even more serious one, and, on the principle that "a stitch in time saves

nine," it would be well to consult a doctor without any further delay. In isolated cases, where the services of a doctor are not easily obtainable except in emergencies, a good remedy is to make a little sleeveless jacket of absorbent cotton to cover the back, chest and shoulders, as far down as the waist, sewing it into position. This should then be covered with a similar jacket of oiled silk, which can be procured from any drug store, and should be kept on until the cough and cold have disappeared and then be gradually removed, a little piece each day. Baby should not be placed in the bath while he is wearing this jacket, but the chest and back oiled gently underneath it. This is particularly good in cases of bronchitis, to which many infants are very susceptible, and the materials—the absorbent cotton and the oiled silk—might well be kept at hand for emergencies, when residing at a distance from medical aid.

After baby has quite recovered from an attack of bronchitis or a chest cold, the weakened parts may be strengthened and a future attack avoided by sponging the chest and back quickly, every morning after the bath, with cold water. This preventative may also be used, with very satisfactory results, in the case of adults as well as of infants.

It would be well to bear in mind that the first symptoms of measles are those of a severe head cold—running of the eyes and nose—so that if baby has been subjected to any possible infection, developments should be carefully watched and the chest frequently examined for the appearance of a rash.

In conclusion, let us always remember that prevention is better than cure, and stop all colds before they have a chance to develop.

Housekeeping Below Zero

Continued from page 12

As the sun was set only about two hours, there was no real night, but, like children after a happy day playing, we were always ready to turn in and rested peacefully after the long day on the sunny river. The boats were open, but our outfit was all covered with canvas and lashed down so it couldn't get wet, and whenever we had a shower we would simply don our oilcoats and sou'westers and ride undisturbed through it.

When we got beyond the frequented part of the river we began to see moose, caribou, bear and other wild animals, and we were serenaded at all times by the warblers, song sparrows and white-throated sparrows and robins.

After travelling thus for two weeks we reached the distant spot in the wilderness that was to become my home. The boats were unloaded and the tents pitched to live in, while the cabins were being built. The men started at once to clear the ground and fell the spruces to build with, while I explored the immediate vicinity. I didn't go very far alone, for I had not yet learned to use a gun and the wilds still awed me considerably. I loved to wander along the river out of sight but within calling distance of the men, and to sit down and drink in the loveliness and serenity of the scene—so different from the noisy world I had known so many years.

BUT I also had my share in the making of our home. After the logs were laid, one upon another and chinked with moss in between, I went inside and chopped off all the loose bits of bark and moss so that the interior walls would be smooth and clean. Then I had plenty to do painting and making curtains and draperies.

The only furnishings that we could bring with us were stoves and bedsprings, everything else we had to make out of trees or packing boxes. The gasoline came in five-gallon tins, two tins in a wooden case. These

cases were well built and uniform, and by placing them one on top of another with curtains around they made the nicest kind of dressing tables and shelves. The tins we also used for all kinds of purposes, from water buckets and wash-boilers to work baskets and flower boxes.

The bed frame was made of spruce, with poles running up to the roof and hung with curtains of unbleached muslin edged with blue. Yellow voile curtains hung at the windows to soften the glare of the snow and assimilate sunshine on the short winter days.

We made several tables and stools and painted them blue, and with blue and yellow covers and cushions the interior of our cabin presented a homelike and attractive appearance hardly to be expected so far away from civilization.

Although this country in which we were making our home abounded in fish and game, it was not a farming area, and so we had to bring with us everything that we would want in the way of groceries, vegetables, etc., until we could return to Fort Yukon the following summer to replenish supplies.

Of course travelling so far in small boats, the weight of everything had to be very carefully considered, and the lightest possible foods chosen. Green vegetables, fruits and canned goods are heavy and have to be kept from freezing, so we chose sparingly of these. 300 pounds of potatoes, 100 pounds of onions, a case of eggs, a few dozen oranges, a case of tomatoes, and several cases of assorted fruits and vegetables were all we could allow. All these had to be kept in the cellar under the cabin so they wouldn't freeze.

Besides these we took 25 pounds of flaked eggs for cooking, 60 pounds of granulated potatoes which required only boiling water poured over them to make them ready for the table, 50 pounds each of dried peas,



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CHAT. 3



WATCH THAT COLD!

Never neglect it, but stop it before it has a chance to develop.

By MARGARET LAINE

(A Canadian Nurse)

ALTHOUGH an ordinary cold, or catarrh as it is more correctly named, is usually looked upon as being a very minor ailment, it has within itself the possibility to develop into other and more serious diseases, and for this reason should never be neglected. Probably most people have known, within their own personal experience, of certain cases which, commencing as ordinary colds, have developed into bronchitis, pneumonia and tuberculosis.

When there is a tendency to suffer from colds very frequently, or when a cold "hangs on" beyond the usual time, the indication is that the physical condition of the sufferer is below par, and the general health should be attended to. The germs of coughs and colds are continually surrounding us, because we are constantly in the vicinity of other sufferers, but unless our own constitution has been weakened, these germs cannot obtain any hold upon us and so infection is impossible. This weakening of the constitution can come about in many different ways. The usual physical causes are insufficient sleep or inadequate clothing, combined with a diet that is deficient in either nutriment or some of the essential vitamins or mineral salts. Certain mental or emotional states may also contribute to the frequency with which some people take cold, for those who are overworked or who indulge in worry, anxiety, fear or anger are never in a perfectly healthy condition.

If it is so important to guard against colds in adult life, it is even more important to do so in babyhood. A baby has not the same strength to fight against disease that a fully grown person has, or should have; and therefore it is doubly necessary to safeguard a baby's health in every possible way. Some mothers do not clothe their children warmly enough, thinking that if they accustom them to very scanty clothing, they will become hardened. Unfortunately, many babies die during this hardening process, because an infant's body has not the same powers of resistance and cannot adjust itself to the changing atmospheric conditions as quickly as an adult can. During the hot days of summer a baby should, of course, wear as little clothing as possible, although some

extra garment should always be added as the noonday heat changes to the cooler temperature of evening, but such clothing is obviously insufficient as a protection against the cold of a Canadian winter. It also requires a large amount of common sense to guard against colds during the springtime, most people being only too ready to discard all winter clothing at the first sign of spring and before the body has become thoroughly adjusted to the new conditions.

A baby should always, except in very hot weather, wear a little vest of either wool or silk and wool, having long sleeves and a high neck. His feet and legs should also be protected by woollen socks or stockings. Provided, of course, that baby's diet is scientifically balanced and properly prepared, this protection of the skin against any sudden chill should reduce the tendency to take cold to a minimum.

Sleeping in cold rooms, provided that the body is warmly clothed, is beneficial rather than harmful, but whether the room is cold or warm, it is very necessary to have it well ventilated, with a plentiful supply of pure, fresh air, if colds are to be avoided. While quite a large amount of very frigid air will produce no undesirable effects, a very small amount of draught will most certainly do so; therefore if baby's cot is near a window, or between a window and door, some arrangement should be made to protect it from draughts.

IF, IN spite of every precaution, baby should be unfortunate enough to develop a cold, no time should be lost in attending to it. A well known London specialist, practising in Harley Street, was once asked how long an ordinary cold should last, and his reply was that if left to itself it usually lasted a fortnight, but if treated by a skilful physician, it could be cured in fifteen days! Notwithstanding the above statement which seems to indicate that no remedies can prevent a cold from running its course when once it has taken hold, very much can be done to prevent the development of any more serious complications. Baby should be kept very warm, not necessarily in bed, but in an even temperature, and should be



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Keeping Young

Continued from page 26

sizes. Sometimes, for instance, our hips are larger in proportion, or perhaps it is the brassière which we require larger. The separate brassière and girdle seem to solve that problem for us, and the girdle comes down low enough to give a smooth, unbroken line over the hips. On the other hand, that intervening space between brassière and girdle is apt to develop an unbecoming bulge of its own if it isn't watched carefully. There is a new garment that seems to solve the difficulty with women who like the feeling of freedom given by separate brassière and girdle. Its brassière, of the finest firm silk, buttons in the front in the most discreet manner to the top of its girdle, which is made of that porous elastic I spoke of; but is left entirely free at the back. Other garments are boned slightly, in certain places, to suit the requirements of certain figures—at the diaphragm, for instance, to rectify fullness there.

There is a very interesting new material being used for girdles and all-in-one garments, and even indeed for panties. It is a mixture of rubber and cotton and is in the form of a mesh which is extraordinarily elastic. It has a two-way stretch, both vertical and horizontal, and a garment is worn about six inches smaller than one's actual measurements. You can imagine how firmly and snugly it holds in the tummy and hips. The material, being semi-cotton, is porous.

There is so much to talk about in our spring campaign, but before leaving figures and tackling the affairs of our faces, I want to mention one thing—posture. Far too many of us walk around with shoulders humped, flat chests, and protruding tummies. Then, naturally, our necks poke forward and we are well on the way to possessing a singularly ungraceful carriage. So let's pull in those abdomens, so that they stop sagging, push down our hips, lift our chests, and tuck in our chins.

HEAVINESS around the jawline, and a chin that insists upon duplicating itself, are conditions that can be rectified by massage and exercise. I don't think there's a better exercise for an obstreperous chin than the "lifting-biting" exercise. Throw your head back, and open and close your mouth as if you are biting an apple. Feel the muscles of the neck become taut and firm, as you do it fifteen or twenty times. The other is one we used to do at school without realizing what it was for. Drop the head down on your chest; then roll to the left shoulder; back; right shoulder and forward

again. Do each movement thoroughly, letting yourself feel the pull on those muscles. Repeat about five times.

A form of massage uses the clenched fists underneath the chin, both hands together, the chin resting upon the doubled-up fingers. It is a kneading movement you want, pressing and lifting the hands gradually away from each other. Be careful to pat on a nourishing cream first, though. Massage of any sort should never be done without first oiling the skin. Another double chin massage is as follows: Place your thumbs just below your ears, so that your fingers meet beneath your chin. Then draw the fingers firmly back toward the ears.

The entire line of the jaw is helped with this treatment. Place the cushions of the fingers against the side of the jaws and rotate them, pressing upon the upward movement and relaxing on the downward. Gradually work up the line of the jaw until you reach the temples. Be careful not to pull the skin down; the whole idea is to lift those sagging muscles.

If your throat is inclined to be too thin, be sure to rub in a rich nourishing cream every night before you go to bed. Pat it in with the cushions of the fingers, using a rotary movement.

The special patters that are sold everywhere now are invaluable aids to chin-reducing and to a general toning up of the facial muscles. Cover the patter with absorbent cotton, dip it in a good skin tonic or astringent, and pat around the neck, under the jaws and upward on the face. If you don't possess a patter, pat briskly beneath the chin with the backs of your hands. There are creams and lotions to be had for every condition of the skin and facial contour. Special muscle oils and creams for wrinkles; rich, nourishing creams to renew the oils in overdry skins; skin tonics for toning up the skins, and stronger astringents for restoring flabby, sagging muscles.

The basic proceeding of skin care is what I have often mentioned. First, cleanse with cleansing cream, remove with tissues. Then wash with lukewarm water and a pure, mild soap, using the palms of the hands. Rinse with cold water. Pat on the skin tonic or astringent, as the case may be. Then at night pat on a nourishing cream; pat it around the eyes and on the neck only if the skin is oily. In the morning, instead of the nourishing cream you will need of course a foundation cream or lotion—a cream if your skin is normal or dry, and a lotion if it is inclined to be oily. Always be

Whether your skin is dry, normal or oily, always pat nourishing food around the eyes each night. Be careful not to stretch and pull the skin as you do it, and let the movement of your fingers be outward on the upper lid and inward beneath the eye.



do 1932 Débutantes choose TINTED nails or NATURAL?



Gowns from Mary Walls, New York

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The deep question that every smart young thing today (and every smart old thing, too, for that matter!) is pondering... is which of five shades of nail polish is best to wear with which dress.

Will she lure more men from the stag-line if she wears the white satin dress with Coral nails, or with Rose nails? Or the red crêpe de chine with delicate Natural finger tips?

If you're not bright enough to work out your own finger tip color scheme yourself, you can look it up in the chart on the right.

BUT WHATEVER YOU DO, don't be seen with the same color nails 7 nights in a row!

In other words one nail polish is no longer enough. To be smart in any kind of youthful way you've got to have at least two shades... a lighter one and a deeper one.

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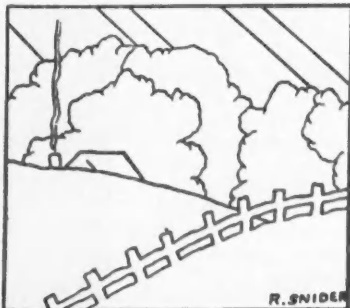


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GRAY
HAIR"**

Don't endure the unfairness of age-telling gray, faded or streaked hair. Tint it instantly to its natural youthful shade and lustre—any desired color from lightest blond to midnight black. Just comb thru clean, harmless, odorless Brownatone. No fuss, no muss. Immediate, guaranteed results. At all dealers, 50c. Or send 10c. for trial bottle.

Kenton Pharmacal Co., Dept. EE-16, Windsor, Ontario.

BROWNATONE
TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE



lima beans and baking beans, and 100 pounds of dried fruits, including raisins, prunes, figs, apples and apricots.

As I would have to bake all my own bread, cake and pastry—and these form a goodly part of the diet of sturdy frontiersmen—we allowed a generous supply of flour. This was 500 pounds, including hard and soft wheat, whole wheat, Graham and prepared pancake flour and 50 pounds each of rice barley, corn meal and rolled oats, for when a variety in meals is more or less limited a choice of breadstuffs is a great help.

For beverages we took 40 pounds of tea, 25 pounds of coffee and 12 pounds of cocoa. 300 pounds of sugar, 6 cases of evaporated milk, which had to be kept in the cellar with the rest of the canned goods, 2 cases of condensed milk for use on the winter trail with the dog team, and 12 pounds of powdered milk for cooking or emergency.

No outfit in the North is complete without bacon, and of this we had 75 pounds, besides 3 or 4 hams and a dozen cans of corned beef for variety's sake.

With 2 cases of butter, 50 pounds of lard, a generous assortment of seasonings, spices and flavorings, we were fairly well provided for.

This may seem like a great deal of food for three people, but it had to last nearly a year and we felt it was better to have too much than too little, in case for some unexpected reason we should fail to get our necessary amount of wild game for meat.

MOOSE and caribou are the chief food animals of the North, but as moose were more plentiful in our country we depended chiefly on them. The moose is the larger animal, yielding about 700-800 pounds of meat when dressed. Its flavor is not at all gamey but in fact very much like beef. We used practically the whole animal, including the heart, liver, kidneys and tongue which are all most delicious. The tougher and less desirable parts we put through the meat chopper with bacon and seasonings, and made hamburger steak, meat cakes, and a very good substitute for sausage. What was not fit for the table we gave to the dogs, so that none of it was wasted.

The cold which so many people think must be such a hardship in the North, is in reality an advantage and a great help in preserving foods. From November to April the weather is practically below freezing all the time, and even in September and October there is frost at night, so that food can be kept perfectly if protected from the sun in the daytime. Even in the summer one can always make a perfect cold storage vault, merely by digging down into the frozen subsoil, and anything put into such a vault at any time will quickly freeze and keep so indefinitely.

In the fall the men would go hunting and get as much of the winter's supply of meat as possible, and place it in this vault without any danger of its spoiling. In this way we were able to keep the wild geese and ducks that we got as they passed in the fall, besides a quantity of fish we caught with nets in the river. Thus with the different cuts of moose meat, the ham and corned beef we had brought, and an occasional rabbit, we had a fair variety of meat foods.

I found it a great advantage to prepare the ducks and geese, moose and caribou hearts and stuff them, ready for the pan when we got them, and then freeze them afterward. This saved the time and trouble

of thawing them and then stuffing them later when I wanted to use them, and also prevented all the juices from running out as they naturally would if they were thawed. After being placed in the oven frozen, they would start to cook on the outside first and then the juices would be cooked in them.

I also took advantage of the cold to preserve my breadstuffs—I usually made a dozen loaves of bread, six pies, about 75 doughnuts, biscuits or small cakes, and three or four layer cakes at a time. As soon as they came out of the oven I would put them out of doors to freeze, thus keeping all the moisture in them. When I wanted to use the bread or layer cakes I let them thaw slowly in the natural temperature of the cabin overnight, but the smaller things I would put in the oven a few minutes to thaw and make them hot and crispy as though just baked.

Besides the cooking and baking, I had the cleaning, washing and mending to do, just like the frontier women of all times.

We used wood for fuel, and this the men cut in the fall in the woods surrounding the cabin and hauled it in by dog team after snowfall as we needed it.

We had no well, and the water had to be carried from the river. My husband made a yoke out of a curved willow tree and put handles on two gasoline cans so he could easily carry ten gallons of water at a time and keep me well supplied. In winter when the river was frozen over, we had to chop a hole through the ice to get the water and I often melted snow for my laundry work.

I had heard much about the "long Arctic night," but I will have to go farther north than I was then to find it. We didn't know exactly where we were but we believe we were a little bit north of the Arctic Circle. The days shortened until there were about three weeks when the sun did not rise at all, but there was no day within that time when we didn't have five to six hours of sufficient light to read or do any fine work without artificial light. When it was dark we simply lighted the gasoline lamps which give a light equal to electricity, and continued with our occupations as we do anywhere else after sunset. There was no period when we were forced to sit and twiddle our thumbs or grope around in the darkness, as so many people imagine.

Of course it got cold, too. The lowest I saw the thermometer that winter was 68 degrees below zero. But we had plenty of wood to keep the cabin warm, thick blankets, eiderdown quilts on the beds, and we wore woollen underwear and put on caribou skin parkas when we went out of doors, so that the cold had no terrors for us.

Although I had plenty of work to do, it was the kind of work that a real woman loves, keeping her house in order and caring for her family. I also spent an hour or two out of doors every day, snowshoeing or with the dog team. I had leisure for a little painting, a little writing, a little photography, a little study of the birds and trees around us, and a little time for reading.

They say that life is what one makes it. If this be true anywhere, it is doubly true in the Arctic wilderness. There, life is just what one is capable of making it. If a woman has anything of the pioneer spirit in her, let her go to the wilderness of the Far North, and there she will find the life more abundant than we all desire. If she loves a challenge, it is on the Last Frontier where she will find it.



Dark Eye Shadows

are invisible under the enchanting film of seductive beauty imparted to your skin and complexion. They need no longer age your appearance or detract from the charming youthful beauty you may so easily possess thru

**GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL
CREAM**

White, Flesh and Rachel Shades

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. **To remove wrinkles quickly** use daily one ounce Powdered Saxolite dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel. At all drug stores.

CORNS



Instant Relief!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads end corn pain instantly. Their soothing, healing medication gives you this quick relief. Their cushioning, protective feature removes friction and pressure of shoes, prevents blisters. Corns never come back if Zino-pads are applied at first sign of soreness from new or tight shoes.



100% SAFE!

Zino-pads are safe—sure. Using harsh liquids or plasters often causes acid burn. Cutting your corns or callouses invites blood-poisoning. Zino-pads are small, thin, dainty. Made in special sizes for Corns, Corns between toes, Callouses and Bunions. Sold everywhere—35c box.

**Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads**
Put one on—the pain is gone!

"More searching than your mirror ... your husband's eyes"

Over 20,000 beauty experts for that reason insist that clients keep skin radiantly young by using an olive and palm oil soap. Palmolive is the only large-selling soap made of these oils.

"IF ALL the women who seek to hold their husbands would first hold their good looks, editors of beauty columns wouldn't get such a large mail... and there would be greater chances for happiness." That's the warning addressed to women by leading beauty specialists.

* * *

Neither a great amount of time nor large sums of money are necessary to keep looking your best. But intelligent home care, every day, is necessary. Don't think that means hours of primping. It means the best natural skin cleansing you can obtain. And beauty experts are unanimous in their recommendation of Palmolive facial cleansing.

Two minutes. That's all it takes. A simple washing of face and throat with the lather of this olive and palm oils soap. Then, powder, rouge, if you wish. But foundation cleansing, first.

Won't you try this method, endorsed by more than 20,000 experts, as the wisest step toward keeping that schoolgirl complexion?

Use Palmolive... twice every day... faithfully. Then see what your mirror reveals. See what your husband's eyes reveal.

MADE IN CANADA

Retail Price
10c



"When you are in doubt as to the claims a soap makes, look at the label. Can you tell what's in that soap? Then why take chances? Use Palmolive—which is recommended by those who KNOW."

Carsten, one of Europe's Distinguished Beauty Experts.



Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

MAKE-UP SUGGESTIONS



in
harmony
with
your
NEW
CLOTHES

Never was make-up so important as it is this season. The new costume colors require special thought in the selection of harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick. Elizabeth Arden makes it possible to wear the new colors with confidence, and gives you these valuable rules to follow in applying all make-up:

First of all, your face must be perfectly clean. Never apply new make-up over old make-up. Remove all powder and grime with Cleansing Cream, and then freshen the skin with Skin Tonic. Be sure every trace of cream is removed. Otherwise the make-up may smudge.

FIRST...THE FOUNDATION • A good foundation does more than create a smooth base for powder. It helps to bring the skin to a condition of normal loveliness. If your skin is dry you must use Ultra Amoretta. An oily skin is benefitted by Lille Lotion. For the average skin...a truly lovely base is Amoretta Cream or Crème de France (diluted with Skin Tonic or Lille Lotion).

THEN THE ROUGE • Cream rouge is the most universally popular of tints. Skilfully applied, it looks completely natural and lasts throughout the day. If you are very fair, try Light Amoretta or Light Rosetta. Medium Amoretta suits the average skin. Darker shades available in Miss Arden's cream rouges are American Beauty, Dark Amoretta and Dark Rosetta. While your skin is still slightly moist from your powder base, apply your rouge. With the tip of your finger dot your cheek bones. Blend the color smoothly.

PUFF...PUFF...PUFF • Powder from your neck upwards...smoothly, lightly. Look out for accumulations around eyes and nose...or the hairline. Finally, go over the cheeks with a very gentle downward stroke. With eleven subtle shades in the exquisite Poudre d'Illusion and seven shades in the popular Flower Powder, there is a perfect tone for every skin.

NOW...YOUR EYES • Even if you don't make your eyes up in the daytime, your brows and lashes must be carefully brushed. Just a suggestion of Eyelash Grower will make them silky and lustrous...Eye-Shado will bring out the color and depth of your eyes. If your lashes are pale or uninteresting the new Venetian Eyelash Cosmetique will make them dark and lovely and will help to turn them prettily upward at the same time.

FINALLY...YOUR LIPS • Be sure your lip paste tones in with your rouge, and be sure that both rouge and lipstick complement your costume colors. Miss Arden's Ensemble Lipstick Set makes it possible to give your lips just the right accent, since each of the six lipsticks has been definitely created to harmonize with certain colors.

Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations
are on sale at smart shops everywhere at these prices:

Venetian Cleansing Cream, \$1, \$2, \$3, \$6 • Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic, 85c, \$2, \$3.75, \$9
Ultra Amoretta, \$1, \$2 • Lille Lotion, \$1.50, \$2.50 • Venetian Rouge Amoretta, \$2.50. Refills, \$1.50
Amoretta Cream, \$1, \$2 or Crème de France, \$1.25 for tube; \$2.50 for jar • Poudre d'Illusion, \$3
Venetian Flower Powder, \$1.75 • Venetian Eyelash Grower, \$2 • Venetian Eye-Shado, \$1.50
Venetian Eyelash Cosmetique. Box with brush \$1.25 • Lipsticks...set of six, \$7.50. Each \$1.50

Write for Elizabeth Arden's "Quest of the Beautiful" for instruction on skin care and make-up

ELIZABETH ARDEN

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© Elizabeth Arden, 1932

sure to use plenty of skin food around the eyes at night, for the eyes are one of our most vulnerable spots. Never pull or stretch the skin when putting it on. Massage lightly with the cushions of the fingers from the inside of the upper lid out, and around under the eye.

You can exercise the eyes, too, just as you can other parts of the body. And they need it to keep them clear and the lids firm. Raise your eyes so that you are looking right up; then lower until you are looking straight ahead. Lower until you are looking directly down, and bring back to centre. Then look up and to the right and down to the left; back to centre and up to the left and down to the right. Bathe your eyes, also, each day. There's nothing like a good, old-fashioned eyewash of boracic solution to keep them young and clear.

If you have deep wrinkles around the eyes, there are special wrinkle creams for the eyes that would be even better to use than a skin food.

Frown lines and railway lines across the forehead can be stroked into submission with the aid of skin food and the cushions of the fingers. With the thumbs resting behind the ears, stroke firmly from the centre of the forehead outward to the temples. Then, beginning at the top of the nose, smooth firmly upward.

Massage for the lines that creep around the mouth begins from the chin up. Take an exactly opposite route from that of the lines. Press and lift—don't pull or stretch the skin—across the cheeks up to the ears; then, from the nose, across the cheeks to the corners of the eyes.

Now to conclude, I want to give you the recipe for a special mask that consists simply of one egg. You'll find it a splendid 'pick-me-up,' when your skin is feeling tired and drab. It is, however, only a very special tonic, and shouldn't be used any oftener than once a month, or the skin will refuse to react to the treatment.

First, cleanse the face and neck with cleansing cream and remove with tissues. If your skin is inclined to be dry, pat on a little nourishing cream before you apply the mask. On the other hand, if your skin is a trifle oily, pat on a skin tonic so that the skin is slightly moist when you apply it.

The treatment takes quite a long time—an hour at any rate—but some time when you've got an afternoon free, try it and see how firm and fresh looking it makes your skin. The effects are often more apparent two or three days after the treatment than immediately afterward. Don't take it, though, if your skin has any eruptions.

The yolk is separated from the white and is spread all over the face, with the exception of the eyelids. It should be fanned so that it dries quickly, and a second application of the yolk spread on. Fan dry, and leave this on for half an hour. Then apply the white of the egg, fan dry, and apply a second coating of white. Fan and leave on for half an hour. Remove the mask with absorbent cotton and cold water.

I have tried to cover every phase of our spring campaign, but there are sure to be individual problems that I haven't touched upon. If there is anything at all you would like to know about your skin or your figure, I hope you will write to me for personal advice. Let's meet spring youthfully!

YOUR QUESTIONS

Perhaps you will find the answer to your own problem here. But if not, why not ask *Annabelle Lee* about it? She will reply personally to every letter enclosing a stamped envelope

WHAT is good for large pores and blackheads; also for a few freckles? I have heard of many different treatments for freckles, but none will guarantee that they will not return again.

I AM afraid it is impossible to get rid entirely of freckles. They lie too deep for any treatment to have a lasting effect without injuring the skin. But you can fade them by bleaching so that they scarcely show. Never use too strong a bleach, though, or it is possible to lay up worse blemishes for yourself than freckles. There are some very effective bleaching creams made specially for this purpose. Or a good home-grown bleach is a slice of lemon rubbed over the face. Cucumber, also is good, and so is buttermilk. If you cannot get buttermilk, use a cupful of milk in which the juice of one lemon has been mixed. Lemon tends to dry the skin, while milk and buttermilk contain nourishing fats. So, if your skin is inclined to be oily it would be best to use lemon. Your nightly creaming will counteract any dryness it may result in.

Get into the habit of using a daily routine of toiletry. At night, first use a cleansing cream; wipe off with cleansing tissues and wash with mild, pure soap and lukewarm water, using the palms of the hands. Rinse with cold water, and while the skin is still moist pat a mild skin tonic on to the skin with absorbent cotton. This will check oiliness and reduce the pores. Pat nourishing cream around the eyes and on the neck at night, but don't use it anywhere else on the face. In the morning, wash in the same way and use the skin tonic. Use a make-up lotion—it is more satisfactory for your particular skin than a cream—and powder.

When you squeeze out blackheads, see that your skin and fingertips are scrupulously clean. Squeeze the blackhead between scraps of cleansing tissue, and after each has been done, dab the spot with a little peroxide.

I READ your interesting article in the January Chatelaine and find it very helpful. Would you be so kind as to help me with my difficult problems? I am five feet five, am quite slim, have large bright brown eyes and light brown hair. My face is oval.

Would you please tell me how I should wear my hair—long or short, wavy or fluffed out? What colors are most becoming to me? And should I wear hats that have brims or are brimless?

And what about a long and narrow-faced person, with black hair, brownish green eyes?

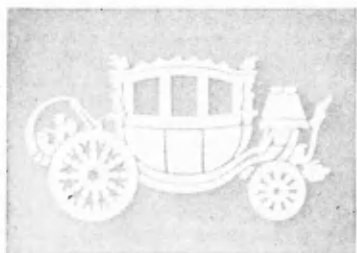
YOU really shouldn't have any difficulty, with your distinctive features, in finding a style of hairdressing to suit you. The style I have in mind is a long bob. It is taken right off one ear and waved back, being drawn over with the rest of the hair to the other side. You must have thick hair for this style, but you can best understand its appearance by noticing the style Norma Shearer so often adopts. I feel sure that this would suit you, and it is a particularly smart way of doing the hair.

Colors which harmonize with your general complexion will suit you best. The tint of your skin is, of course, all-important. Raspberry red, saxe blue, Burgundy red, gold and maize, dark brown and beige, should all be becoming.

I wish I knew more about the coloring of your friend—I mean whether her skin is olive, creamy or fair, and whether she has plenty of color or is pale. I imagine from the color of her eyes that she is inclined to the olive tint of skin. In that case warm tones of beige and biscuit, deep rich red, turquoise and nigger would suit her; no yellowish browns or tans. No black should be worn next to the face.

Your friend should use a little paste rouge and blend it carefully so that it appears to widen the face. Start just beneath the cheek bone and blend well over toward the ear, and toward the nose. When you blend downward, don't let the rouge go as far as the lip line. Keep it high and wide.

A COACH FOR CINDERELLA



Turn the great book of Time to the page of our days and you will find as a major entry—"The Emancipation of Woman." Freed after untold centuries from the narrow restrictions of a purely domestic life, she has emerged, like a radiant Cinderella, into a broader, finer, more beautifying existence.

Entering this larger sphere her influence has acquired a greater scope. Commerce, science, arts . . . indeed every occupation . . . feel the effect of her presence.

Industry is no exception. Content, as a rule, to leave its operation to men, she nevertheless controls it to a great degree . . . because, to a great degree, she is its market.

Fisher was quick to realize what part "The New Woman" was destined to play in the future of its business. The automobile was still in its beginnings when she became an important factor in the purchase of the

family car. Then came the invention of the self-starter, and it was immediately evident that women would become more and more the actual drivers.

And so, for years Fisher Bodies have been built with feminine tastes in mind. Even the first simple elements of comfort which Fisher brought to automobile bodies were especially meant to be pleasing to women.

It is fairly safe to assume that not nearly so much thought and effort would have gone into such considerations as seat cushioning, noise prevention, ventilation and temperature insulation . . . but for the realization that these matters are important to women.

Certainly body-styling, the uses of color, the attention given to upholstery, interior trim, fittings, and equipment conveniences have had the demands of feminine censorship as their standard.

Fisher is pardonably proud of what it has achieved, and equally proud to acknowledge its inspiration.



A gay little apron, 85 cents.



This laundry bag, 60 cents.



Handwork for the Home

Designed by MARIE LE CERF

BECAUSE springtime thoughts inevitably turn toward brightening up our houses, this month we are showing some essentially "homey" articles to work on.

C 91. Apron—Full 36 inch size. This very gay little design is made up of the two simplest and quickest stitches—lazy daisy and French knots. The material is finest English apron cotton, and the price 55 cents. Cottons for working come to 15 cents, and bias binding can also be supplied at 15 cents.

C 92. Laundry Bag—A new and very good looking design in this always necessary article. Stamped on strong English jaspé, 36 inch size, the price is 50 cents, with 10 cents additional for the cottons to work.

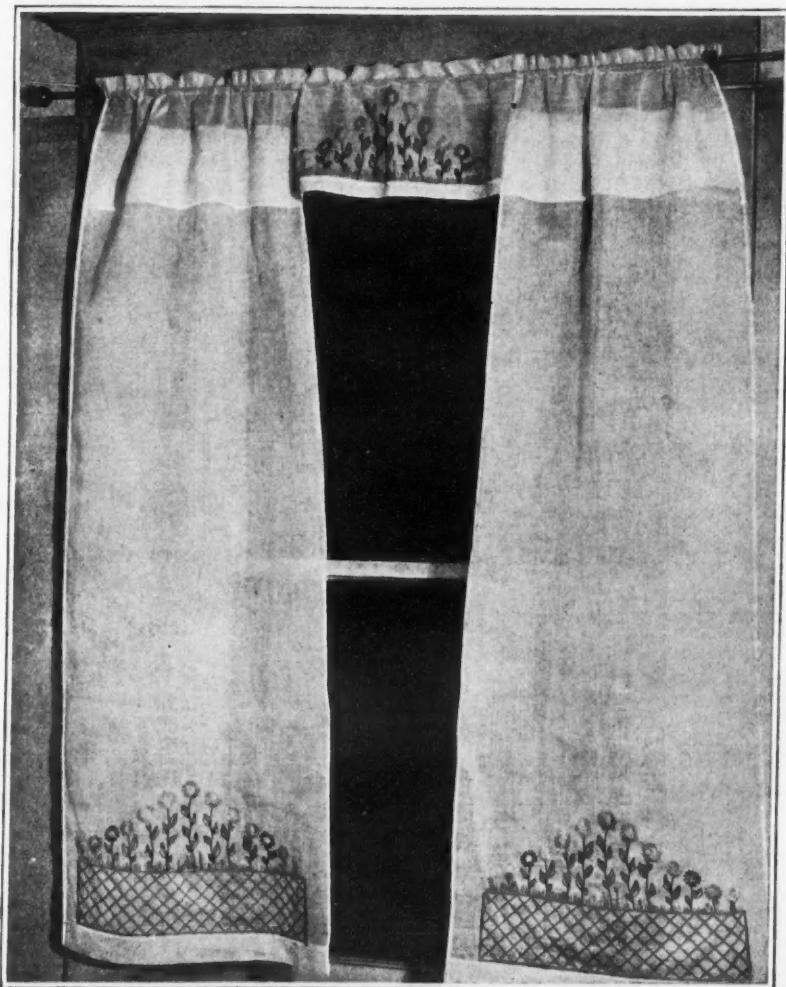
C 93. Curtains—Flower boxes for your windows. We cannot always have flowers

blooming in our gardens, but with these curtains at our windows we will not miss the flowers quite so much. Fine white lawn is used, size 2 yards by 20 inches, with inset 12 inches deep and 20 inches wide—price, \$1.25 per pair. Cottons for working, 20 cents.

Instructions for working are sent with all articles.

Please Note—Articles from previous issues can always be supplied by Marie Le Cerf. All prices include postage. Please send remittance by postal note or money order, or if in cash, please send it by registered mail. If sending cheque, kindly add 15 cents, which is the amount charged by banks for exchange.

Send orders to Miss Marie Le Cerf, The Chatelaine, 153 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.



A dainty pair of curtains for the kitchen or breakfast room, \$1.45.

"You won't make good, Tom, unless . . ."



HE WAS IRRITABLE IN THE OFFICE . . . TEMPER HAIR-TRIGGERED . . . UNABLE TO GET ALONG WITH OTHERS. AND THE BOSS SPOKE TO HIM.



FOR HE WONDERED WHAT HAD CHANGED TOM FROM A CHAP WHO HAD ALL THE PROMISE IN THE WORLD, TO A GROUCH THAT EVERYONE HATED TO WORK WITH.



HE WONDERED WHAT STRANGE THING HAD SO COMPLETELY CHANGED TOM'S PERSONALITY . . . WHAT SHADOW WAS MENACING HIS CHANCE FOR SUCCESS.

THE ANSWER

THOUGH HE DOESN'T EVEN SUSPECT IT, POISONS ARE CIRCULATING THROUGH HIS BODY . . . RUINING HIS NERVES . . . SPOILING HIS DISPOSITION . . . MEDICAL AUTHORITIES CALL THEM **FATIGUE POISONS**. IF HE ONLY KNEW THAT STIMULANTS INTERFERE WITH THE REST WHICH THE BODY NEEDS . . . THAT THEY ENCOURAGE THE DEVELOPMENT OF FATIGUE POISONS. IF HE ONLY KNEW THAT THOUSANDS OF MEN AND WOMEN HAVE AVOIDED STIMULATING MEALTIME BEVERAGES CONTAINING TANNIN AND CAFFEINE AND TURNED TO POSTUM.

WHEN you are constantly tired and over-worked, Fatigue Poisons often accumulate in your system. They are so definitely poisonous that they often cause bad temper and nervousness, sometimes even leading to complete breakdown.

With the aid of sound sleep, proper diet and exercise, Nature can throw off these dangerous poisons. But if you continually whip tired nerves and muscles into action with beverages containing the drug whips tannin and caffeine, you go beyond the safe limit of your endurance, find yourself unable to relax, exhaust your reserve strength. Then the poisons of fatigue can do their destructive work.

Let Postum help you fight Fatigue Poisons. Postum will help you because it contains no drugs such as tannin or caffeine. It cannot falsely stimulate you. And it is so good that it will completely satisfy your craving for a delicious mealtime drink. Instantly made in the cup at a cost of about half-a-cent. Or

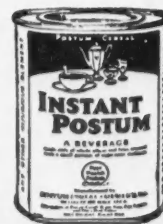
Postum Cereal made by boiling or percolating 20 minutes. Sold by your grocer.

A Word to Mothers

Many children do not like the taste of milk. They like to have the same drink as the "grown-ups". It is good for them to have a hot drink. Make Instant Postum for them using hot milk (not boiled) instead of boiling water. They'll like the taste immediately.

Splendid Free Offer—Make a 30-day test of Postum. You'll sleep better—feel better. We'll start you on your test by giving you your first week's supply free.

Write Consumer Service Dept., General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario.



Postum

PI-32M

BLACK

BLUE

BROWN

• RED •

GREEN

Avoid risk—use only DIAMOND DYES for these COLORS

THE test of a dye is the *quality* of color it gives. Every woman knows that there are blacks—and *blacks*; blues—and *blues*. Poor dye can make even expensive material look shoddy. » » Diamond Dyes give a depth and richness of color that you usually find only in brand-new materials. No dullness, no off casts, no spottiness or streaks with Diamond Dyes. » » The reason they give this superior *quality* of color is that they are richer in pure anilines—the highest quality of aniline dye matter that can be obtained. » » The new season's colors are deep, dark, rich. Have the full beauty of these colors in your wardrobe, your home furnishings. Renew your worn dresses, your winter drapes with Diamond Dyes. » » Don't risk using dye of which you are not sure. Have the rich, true colors that Diamond Dyes give so easily! (Made in Canada.)

BETTER BECAUSE RICHER
IN PURE ANILINES

Women and their Work

Month by month, *The Chatelaine* mirrors activities of women working for the development of their communities



Miss Bertha Fraser



Mrs. T. W. Meek

MISS BERTHA FRASER, the "right-hand-man" of the inspector of schools in Antigonish-Guysboro, is the dean of Nova Scotia's staff of helping teachers. Appointed in the fall of 1927, after a successful career as a public school and high school teacher in her native Guysboro and other parts of Nova Scotia, she brought to the position a fund of knowledge, tact and common sense. Her appointment was in the nature of an experiment. In rural Nova Scotia there were many inexperienced teachers. Drawing low salaries they were unable, granted the ambition, to reach up to any extent on modern ideas and methods. As a result, they "kept school" in the old-fashioned way. The superintendent of education felt that an efficient helping teacher could dispel much of this stagnation, and instructed Miss Fraser to carry on. At the end of a year her work was voted an immense success.

Other helping teachers have been appointed since then in Nova Scotia and these have adopted Miss Fraser's programme of work.

THE manner in which the school and the Women's Institutes may be linked up, has been excellently demonstrated by Mrs. T. W. Meek, of Alton, Ontario. For nine years Mrs. Meek has been a member of the school board of the town, and for the past twenty-five years, a member of the Women's Institute. She was thus able to enlist the interest of the local branch in the public school, and she arranged that the branch should visit the schools on the last Friday in each month, when a concert is given and a brief social hour enjoyed. Parents and teachers draw close under such conditions, and many a kindly deed has been wrought on behalf of school and pupils by the branch.

For five years Mrs. Meek has been chairman of the Central Institute convention, and for several years was one of the summer lecturers. She is a native of Peel County, having been born at Snell's Lake, Ontario. She taught for several years before her marriage, and has a delightful family circle to which one grandson, now in his third year, has been added.



Mrs. David Watt



Madame A. A. Brillon

THROUGHOUT the Province of Manitoba and in fact all over Canada, wherever there is an organized Women's Institute Society, the name of Mrs. David Watt, of Birtle, Manitoba is known and greatly respected. When the Women's Institute was first organized in Birtle in 1910, she became first secretary-treasurer and later president until 1918. In 1919 she was appointed president of Manitoba Institutes and in 1923 became Dominion president of Women's Institutes. When the Federated Women's Institute of Canada was first organized she was vice-president and later president until 1927. She was appointed president of the Birtle Women's Institute for the year 1931.

Mrs. Watt is besides, an outstanding educationist and social welfare worker in Manitoba. She is the only woman of three judges in the Community Progress competitions inaugurated by the Canadian National Railways. For her work among the women of the province, an honorary degree was conferred upon her by the Department of Agriculture of the University of Manitoba.

ONE of the leading figures in the life of her district is Madame A. A. Brillon. Madame Brillon was born in the Province of Quebec. Some years were spent in the States, where she worked six years for the great national society, "L'Union St. Jean Baptiste d'Amerique." Since 1912 she has lived at Gravelbourg, Saskatchewan. She is the mother of four children and is grandmother of twelve.

Gifted with a flair for organization, she has put her talents to good purpose for the progress and development of the community in which she lives. Madame Brillon has always been prominent in church work, and has been president of the Gravelbourg, Saskatchewan, Homemakers' Club for the last ten years. The activities of this organization cover child welfare, home industries, school problems, help to the destitute, the blind and the sick, social affairs, the planting of trees, garden seed distribution, and all phases of welfare work. In 1925-26 Madame Brillon was nominated and acted as second vice-president of the "Homemakers' Provincial Convention at Saskatoon.

times abroad—that all-over look beginning to dawn in men's eyes."

Back in the hotel, Fenella made her way through the lounge, seeing no one, until she found her way blocked by a square figure in tweeds—tweeds of a country cut, and a man's shirt, and sensible square-toed shoes, wash leather gloves and a hand-bag with no nonsense about it.

"Fenella, why did you not inform me of your arrival?"

Fenella's first instinct was to fly, but it was no good flying. Lady Farquhar had her firmly by the arm. Lady Farquhar piloted her to a secluded corner and a comfortable chesterfield. Fenella, stricken dumb by this development, sat down and stared at her mother-in-law helplessly.

And suddenly she was aware of a change in Lady Farquhar. The keen square face was alive as ever, but had gone thinner. There was a pinched look about the cheeks, and the whole had fallen into a score of folds and wrinkles that had not been there before, in the days she had warned Alistair so passionately against marrying Fenella. Age, the only enemy that had ever had any power over Lady Farquhar, was getting her down, and Fenella found herself, strangely, full of a queer pity. She did not want Lady Farquhar to change into something pitiful. She preferred her domineering, even disapproving.

"It's been a terrible time for both of us," said Lady Farquhar, "but we must make the best of it together. You should have let me know when you arrived, and I would have met you. I suppose you came on to make arrangements."

Fenella stared at her, her jaw dropping slightly.

"You must pull yourself together, my dear. You mustn't let it depress you too much. It's a terrible grief, of course, but the treatment may be successful and then he will be his old self again, they say. He'll need you more than ever. You mustn't let it shake you like this."

Fenella, staring at her stupidly, thought: "She doesn't know. She hasn't an idea. He hasn't told her."

Alistair had evidently been ill. That was the tragedy she spoke of. She did not know anything about Wa Lee, anything about the missing money, anything about how nearly her prophecies had all come true. Fenella, looking at her, realized with cold terror that there were tears in Lady Farquhar's eyes.

"The spinal cord is definitely uninjured. And as long as that's the case we can go on hoping. We shall have to sell up the property to meet the expense of it all and give him the very best possible care."

Bit by bit she pieced it together. Alistair had been shot in the back. Lady Farquhar had no idea that Fenella did not know all about it. Alistair had told her nothing. Alistair was on his way home, might arrive any day the following week.

Synopsis of Previous Installments

FENELLA MARCHMONT, the beautiful young daughter of an English gambler, marries Alistair Farquhar and goes to India, where through her extravagance she gets deeply into debt. Her husband believes that she accepted a bribe from Wa Lee whom he has been prosecuting for drug peddling. Fenella had received the money anonymously. When Alistair accuses her she is faced with disaster, but the following morning a letter comes from the solicitors of an old family friend, telling her that he has died and bequeathed to her a considerable sum of money. On the strength of this she leaves her husband and takes the next ship to England. On board she meets a man, much older than herself, to whom she is attracted very strongly. Meantime, unknown to her, Alistair lies dangerously ill, after Wa Lee has attempted to take his life.

"Do they know yet who did it?" Fenella faltered.

"A Chinaman—I have the name in one of his letters. You may know it—Wa Lee."

So Wa Lee had shot Alistair. That was the end of the story. It explained why she had had no word from him at Colombo, Port Said, or Marseilles. That was why he had never written to her at all. She knew Alistair well. He would not ask her to come back to him, now that he was sick and helpless. He had probably told his mother some plausible story to account for her return alone. He had been loyal to her, because she was his wife. One of that family the Farquhars all played for. Just as Gerald, after his own fashion, was loyal to his wife.

Lady Farquhar went on, "You mustn't worry too much. You are looking wretched, my dear. You must rest."

She patted the girl's shoulder clumsily, as she rose to go.

"You must stay with me at my flat. Have your things moved over at once from wherever you are staying."

Fenella stood in the sitting room. She thought, "She doesn't know a thing. She thinks I am as poor as ever."

She saw what it meant clearly enough. Reconciliations, and sick rooms, and responsibilities, jam-makings, and lavender bags, and double beds. Lady Farquhar stood, before her, her square-toed shoes firmly planted on the carpet, determined everyone was going to do their duty. Determined in the face of every difficulty, every setback, to found a family, to carry on what the women before her had begun.

The telephone tinkled.

"A gentleman to see you in the hall."

THE music had begun to play in the Savoy Hotel. Soft strains crept up into the lounge, where on gold chairs, people were already gathering together in twos and threes and fours.

Sir Gerald was sitting by himself. She saw him at once, his eyeglass screwed in, pretending to read a paper. Her heart leapt at the sight of him. She thought, "I shall never again love anyone like this."

She had made up her mind, but she wavered when she saw him. Surely, it was worth anything to be with him if only for a little while. To love him and go away with him. Something might happen to make it all right. She checked herself quickly, and went over and stood beside him. He laid down the paper, and looking up, met her eyes.

"Fenella?" he whispered.

Gently she shook her head.

"So," he said, "that is the answer."

"I've got a job," she said.

"You're going back to him."

She nodded mutely.

"You'll never again be able to say of me I behave like a—"

His hand closed over hers.

"Don't," he said.

She said, "It would have been lovely, and then it would have been over and you would forget me. I would start drifting around like Alicia. You said women were better off with plenty to fill their spare time." She smiled at him, her eyes brimming with tears. "I think you're right. I'm going to do my own job."

He looked away from her, saying nothing. What would happen, she wondered, if one began to cry quite uncontrollably, in the Savoy Lounge at twelve-thirty?

"I suppose," she went on, "the stay-at-home woman hardly ever realizes how lucky she is, and just imagines she is dull. It's hurt me, Gerald, so much."

He stood up.

"God bless you, my dear." For a moment he seemed about to say more, but then he turned and left her. She watched him through the lounge, tall, distinguished. Other women turned to look at him, wondering who he was. She watched him through a blur of tears, thinking, "I shall never see him again;" thinking it would have been so much better never to have known him at all. For she knew in a little

Continued on page 66

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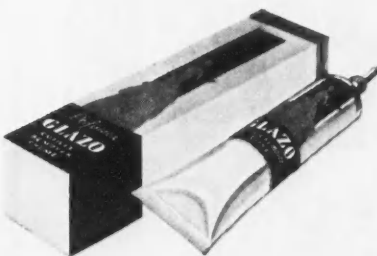
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Below—Glazo Cuticle Remover Crème brings a new and superior method of removing excess cuticle. In a convenient tube, 50c.



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The Women Men Forget

Continued from page 18

always polite when we meet. She keeps my house, and has brought up our children. How can I throw all that aside, just because it suits me now. A man has obligations, my dear."

"And I was but a bit of amusement by the way," she said bitterly. "I did not realize you had so poor an opinion of me."

He stopped and faced her, sudden pity softening his face.

"My child, you modern women are all alike. You want the freedom of street women; you want to dress like them, paint like them, behave like them, and yet be treated with that consideration men must always keep in their hearts for the stay-at-home woman who does her job and says nothing about it. I am sorry if I hurt you. I have hurt myself, too, considerably."

She pressed her hand to her heart. Oh, yes, it hurt.

"And now we've done it, and fallen in love with one another quite seriously. Oh, Fenella, why not think it over? Love is a wonderful thing. You do not find it in every drawing-room. Can we afford just to throw it away? We cannot throw it away without having ineffable regrets, both of us. Fenella, won't you think it over? We would hurt no one. You have left your husband. My wife asks nothing of me but that I keep the letter of our contract, as she does, and consider her dignity. Not a soul need ever know. Won't you think it over, Fenella?"

She nodded, dumbly. He tilted her face in both his hands, and stooping, kissed her. "Oh, little flower face," he said, "I cannot let you go."

She knelt quite still before the dying fire, and all the clocks of London began to chime across the chimney pots the hour of midnight. She knelt there, and her brain worked unskilfully in jerks, like a machine all out of gear, and she thought, London is full of just this. Doors closing behind people who are going for ever.

And he had been married for fifteen years. He had children, quite large children. When she had been a little girl doing school lessons, he had been making love, having children. He wasn't hers in any way. He had obligations and responsibilities. He had offered her not his life, but an inconspicuous corner of his spare time. And she loved him.

That was what you got when you tried to be free. They were prepared to love you a little and give you a corner of their spare time, but when it came to marriage, they wanted a stay-at-home woman. Marriage she thought, what do we want it changed for? It's a wonderful thing for women. It goes on even after you are old, and dull and tired. Even if they don't like you, decent men stick to it, and go on helping with the luggage and taking an interest in the children.

Home, children, jam-making, double beds, church on Sunday, and ripe gooseberries in the vegetable garden, and family prayers—these were the real solid lasting things that went on and on, long after you were twenty and thirty and forty. Making a bulwark against time, giving you something to think about; giving you no time to drift around like Alicia, wondering what you wanted to do next, and discovering, when you had done it, that you did not want it very much, after all.

She had lost her chance of all that. What was there left for her now, if she did not go with Sir Gerald? She looked this way and that, and could see nothing whatever. Except, from every direction, her own family gathering round her for what they could get.

What a mess she had made of everything!

WHEN the cold morning sunshine filled the streets, Fenella walked aimlessly down Piccadilly toward Hyde Park Gate, a slender well-dressed woman, among innumerable, slender, well-dressed women all

going nowhere in particular. And suddenly her eye caught the sign-board on a passing bus, which said, Kensington Gate. Alicia lived in Kensington Gate. Fenella boarded the bus. If she did not pay Alicia the promised visit now, probably she never would. Better get it over.

Alicia's house had wine-colored carpets, and white walls with wine-colored curtains. A man servant, who looked as if he had sorrows enough of his own, showed her into a long, low drawing-room furnished with plump chairs, a luxurious divan with a distinctly Eastern air and masses of crimson and gold cushions.

How spotless it was, how tidy! You could tell at a glance, thought Fenella, there was no man about the place. Never a pipe on the mantelshelf, or a disgruntled newspaper flung on a chair. Everything orderly, plumped up, unruffled. Fenella thought suddenly, That's why it seems so still, so soulless and dead. Home is a pipe on the mantelshelf, a pair of holed slippers trodden down at the heel, a newspaper flung down on a chair.

She turned as Alicia came in.

Alicia fitted her house. She looked like a model of a mistress in a model of a house, at an exhibition of ideal homes. She wore a gay printed silk affair of a chintzy kind—so spick and span, so well groomed and well polished.

"I can't think how you do it," grumbled Fenella, "I always seem to be creased and crumpled."

"It's too marvellous, having all this just for myself," Alicia said. "But tell me what's happened, Fenella. I am longing to hear all about it. Then I'll tell you my little romance. Such a charming man, not very young, of course, but a dear. We met at a dance. He's a stockbroker. But I want to hear about you, first. Of course, he's come back."

"He's come back. He wants me to go away with him, Alicia."

"Didn't I tell you? It was just his way of making you really keen. What a romance!"

"No, it's just a rotten, sordid story. He's married."

"Married? You surprise me. A woman can usually tell and I certainly put him down as a bachelor. He had that unmarried look. But still, I don't see—Of course you'll go?"

"What is there for me if I don't go? But I don't want to. I never meant to get mixed up in anything like this. I've been an awful fool. I think most of us are awful fools."

"Darling, where did you get that amazing inspiration?"

"Mainly from observing myself. All the rot I talked and believed. I've come to the conclusion there are two kinds of women. Those who make a good job of life and those who make an appalling mess of it. And to the last category I belong."

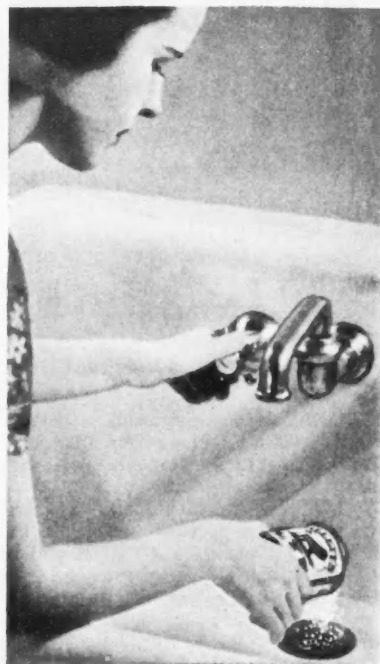
"And, by inference, this child also."

Fenella said hotly, "You know jolly well it's not what you expected. You know jolly well half the time when you've done what you thought you wanted to, you find you didn't want to, after all. Don't tell me. And the worst of it is, once you've started being free, you can go on being free. Nobody cares. There are too many of us for anyone to care. London is full of them—the women nobody wants."

"What are you going to do, then, since this strange mood has seized you?"

"Go with him. What else is there for me to do? Only I know what it will mean. I know, but I don't seem able to save myself. He will love me for a little while, and then gradually we shall see less and less of one another, and then it will be over, because I shall have no hold on him—not even on his respect. You will, meanwhile, go through exactly the same with your stockbroker. I've watched it a dozen

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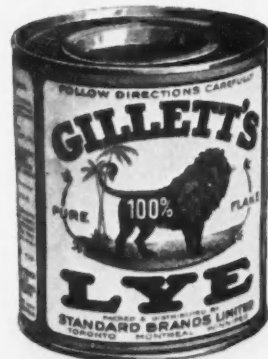
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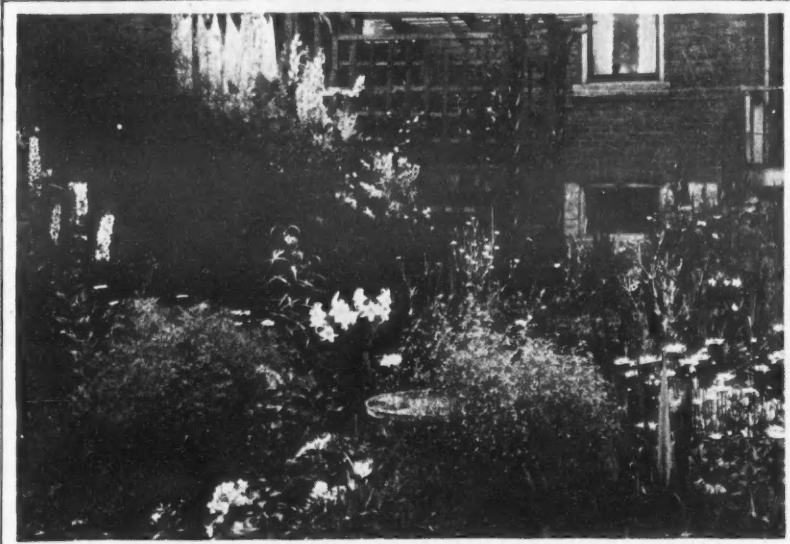
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Amateur Gardeners Attend!

Here are some "tricks of the trade" that will make your garden a thrilling success

By ADA L. POTTS

MANY people, whose attempts at growing flowers have met with either poor results or even failure, imagine as I did some years ago, that there is a special knack possessed by those who succeed in growing them. Nothing could be farther from the truth! The actual fact is that the germ of life is in every good seed, and only conditions which would bring it into living and growing are required to make it do so. But in that expression "good seed" lies a world of meaning. Let us illustrate:

Those of you who have grown potatoes know that those which have been produced in your own district, or one with a similar climate, will give better results than those brought from an entirely different district. Nor will a farmer wanting wheat or other grain for his main crop, send to a warm, moist climate for his seed. Our government horticulturists, notably Professor Leslie, of Morden, Manitoba, and Dr. W. T. Macoun, of the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, are working steadily toward the production of a hardy apple that will be satisfactory for the colder prairies. Yet many people never think that a lot of the flower seeds offered for sale to the northern growers are produced under entirely different climatic conditions from those under which we can grow them. These seeds are doomed to failure almost before sown, and the grower or attempted grower, seeing his work produce no results, imagines he does not possess the "knack" of growing flowers.

To prove the truth of this statement, get some seeds from someone you know who has grown the plants and ripened the seeds, follow a few simple rules and watch the results.

Of course, the foundation stone, if I may be allowed the expression, of the garden building, is good soil. However, the poorest soil can be improved by deep digging and additions of needed material, which can go on while you are growing your garden each year. A soil which mats into a hard lump, without humus or fibre, is too compact for air, light, moisture and incidentally roots to penetrate. This kind of soil would be lightened by strawy manure, sand, leaf mold or (a valuable thing which is often destroyed) the vegetation, leaves and stalks of former years which can be piled in a corner and allowed to decay for the express purpose of enriching the soil. Sandy soils need rotted manures, mold, wood ashes and commercial fertilizers, if you prefer, to bring them to a good producing state.

Deep cultivation is essential, deep digging, preferable although deep ploughing would be satisfactory. The soil should be deep enough to coax the roots down into the soil, where they will not suffer so much during the dry spells. The soil should not be dug nor worked when it is so wet that when a handful is squeezed it mats into a sodden mass. It should fall apart, to be properly dried enough to dig. Once it is dug, the top surface should be pulverized immediately, so no lumps will dry into too hard balls to break up. These interfere with the free growth of tiny seedlings.

Seeds should be sown according to their size. Tiny seeds are liable to be entirely lost to yourself and posterity if they are planted deep. A safe rule is only to plant them just as deep as their own circumference, and when you look at some of the fine (dust fine seed, some of them) such as the poppies,

Continued on page 55

LET'S MAKE OUR GARDEN DREAMS COME TRUE!

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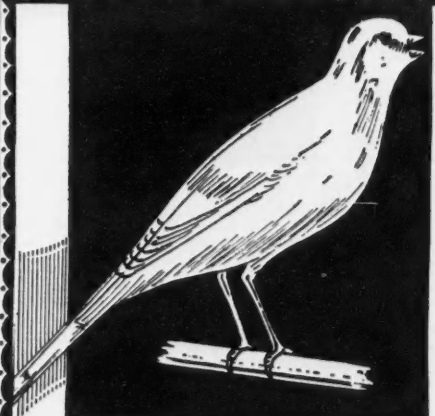
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Recipes used in Meals of the Month

THE problem of keeping the Lenten menu varied and satisfying is one which concerns the thoughtful homemaker every year.

In order to supply nutriment similar to that of meat, she chooses from such foods as fish, eggs and cheese, and for variety in some meals she makes use of nuts and legumes (peas, beans and lentils), with generous quantities of milk to help balance the Lenten meals.

The choice of such foods to replace meat, assures plenty of good quality protein and provides ample opportunity for variety. Many and delicious are the dishes that result from the unusual combinations and methods of preparation that are possible in the use of these products.

Most of the recipes that we have chosen to accompany "The Meals of the Month" in this issue are for Lenten dishes, while the others give new ways of treating familiar foods for serving on "non-fast" days.

Spanish Steak

- 2 Pound piece of round steak,
one inch thick
- Salt and a dash of cayenne
- Bacon or thin slices of
salt pork
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of water

Pound the piece of steak until quite thin, sprinkle with salt and a few grains of cayenne. Cover the surface of the steak with slices of bacon or the thin slices of salt pork. Roll and tie securely. Place in a baking pan, pour the milk and water around the meat, cover and bake for about two hours in a moderate oven, basting occasionally during the cooking.

Bean Loaf

- 1 Cupful of dried white beans
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of mashed potatoes
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of chili sauce
- 2 Eggs
- 1 Small onion (minced)
- 1 Cupful of cracker crumbs
- 1 Tablespoonful of butter
- Salt and pepper

Soak the beans overnight, and cook in boiling water until tender. Drain and force through a sieve. Add the potatoes, chili sauce, beaten eggs and minced onion. Add the melted butter to the cracker crumbs and combine with the first mixture. Season to taste, form into a loaf, and bake in a well greased pan at 350 degrees. Serve hot with tomato sauce or cold with salad dressing. Six servings.

French Fried Potatoes

Wash and pare potatoes and cut into lengthwise pieces. Soak in cold water until ready to fry. Dry thoroughly with a clean towel, place in the wire frying basket and plunge into deep hot fat. The temperature of the fat should be 400 to 410 degrees. If a thermometer is not used, test with a cube of bread which should brown in 40 seconds. The frying basket should be in the fat when the tests are made. Fry the potatoes until tender and nicely browned. Drain on brown paper and sprinkle with salt.

Tomato Bouillon

- 1 Can of tomatoes
- 1 Quart of meat stock or
bouillon
- 1 Tablespoonful of chopped
onion
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped
celery
- 1 Small bayleaf
- 5 or 6 Cloves
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- Pepper

Combine all the above ingredients and boil gently for twenty minutes. Strain and serve in bouillon cups with croutons.



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Page 52 of This Issue

At the Movies

Continued from page 17

Horn," there have been many pictures purporting to be filmed in darkest Africa. One of the most interesting of these is "Tarzan" another picture by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer who produced "Trader Horn." Johnny Weissmuller, the champion swimmer, has the rôle of Tarzan, with Maureen O'Sullivan as his leading lady. In speaking of her rôle, Miss O'Sullivan said that there were some occasions when it got too much for her. "For instance," she said, "in one scene I am picked up by Johnny Weissmuller and carried over his shoulders like a sack of meal, while he swings through the trees on long vines. A great many of the scenes required us to work in the tops of trees almost eighty feet from the ground. Although every precaution was taken for our safety, most of the time I felt like hanging on to everything in sight, rather than acting!"

There are some thrilling jungle and animal sequences in "Tarzan" and if it is a success, will probably be followed by a number of other Tarzan stories. It will be a good family picture.

Barrymore fans are looking forward to the joint appearance of Lionel and John in "Arsene Lupin," another M-G-M picture. This is, of course, the first time the brothers have appeared together. Lionel is cast as a grim police inspector, on the track of the notorious robber, Arsene Lupin. John plays the light-hearted Duke Charmerace, while Karen Morley, one of Hollywood's newest blondes, is the girl of the piece. Throughout the play the audience is uncertain until the final climax, who Arsene is—the police inspector or the Duke. The thousands of detective story fans should enjoy this picture particularly.

A COUPLE of days after the first half of this magazine went to press, I had an opportunity of seeing a private screening of "Carnival," the new British picture. I

was astonished at the developments and improvements in British pictures—"Carnival" is one of the really good productions of the season. The lighting effects, the dialogue and sound sequences are of the best; and the acting is top-notch.

"Carnival" has been filmed in Venice—and the scenes on the canals of that glamorous city are beautifully done. The music is supplied by an orchestra of real gypsies. Matheson Lang, Dorothy Bouchier, and Joseph Schildkraut play the leads. Herbert Wilcox directed the film.

The story is of an actor and his wife who are starring in "Othello." During their run in Venice, the great carnival is staged—and the scenes of this are very real and brilliant. The wife is a young and capricious young beauty, and her middle-aged husband spoils her completely. On the night of the carnival Matheson Lang, as the husband, is called away, and his disappointed wife follows an impulse and goes to the carnival with another man. Dramatic events sweep to one of the most convincing and thrilling climaxes I have seen in the movies. Mad with his jealousy, the husband finds the part of Othello too strong for him in the final scene where Desdemona must be killed for her treachery.—Watch for "Carnival"—it's one of the best British pictures to date.

ANOTHER change came in too late to correct on the first pages of this article. The title of the film "The Man I Killed" has been changed to "The Broken Lullaby."

This seems too ironical to be true; but probably Hollywood felt that the former title was too strong for popular consumption. At any rate, when "The Broken Lullaby" is shown at your theatre, remember that it is a fine sermon on peace, and well worth making an effort to see.

The Stowaway

Continued from page 19

this where we eat?" The kitchen door burst open, and there was Godfrey, actually smiling, and looking—yes, with actual amusement at a thin boy in a faded cotton shirt and overalls too large; a boy with countless freckles, bright blue eyes, and an astounding mop of tangled red hair.

"Say, is that there your wife?" He pointed a grimy forefinger. "Is that the lady you said lost her kids and might like to see me? She don't look awful pleased," a trifle dubiously, although his eyes lost none of their almost defensive boldness.

Godfrey continued to smile, although his eyes were troubled, and slightly apologetic as they gazed over the bright head. "Kit's too busy for a boy," he explained. "And I said he could come here a bit. Fatten him up and try and find where he belongs."

Martha drew back, and her face was flushed. The boy watched her curiously. "I don't belong," he volunteered. "My pa died and the preacher wanted to put me in a home, so I beat it. My name's Andy and on the train the guys called me wildcat, but I had to be. I guess you can shake if you want to," he held out a filthy left hand, "because I'm a visitor, ain't I?"

Martha ignored him utterly. Her glance was frigid. "Godfrey, if you will please take that—that—" with a motion of the head, "on the back porch and wash him, I'll bring some food out there. And then you can kindly take him back to Kitsons Siding as soon as possible."

But Godfrey could be stubborn, too, and he put out a hand as the boy drew more closely to him. "Indeed we'll have supper in the ordinary way." His voice was curt. He touched the boy's shoulder. "Come, son, we'll scrub up. Those hands and feet surely need it."

"Gosh, you guys have done nothing but give me baths ever since I come." His voice was a little weary, and then he pointed an accusing finger at Martha's rigid form. "You said maybe she'd like me. You said maybe she'd like to have me stay awhile. I never had to come. I never asked to. I can jump another freight and get to some place else. I don't care. I'm pretty big now, and if I go on long enough I'll grow up, and then it'll be all right!"

Godfrey's grip tightened about the thin shoulders held in that moment so stiffly with defiance, and his face had grown a little white. "Martha, don't you see—" But Martha would not see or listen to the odd note of appeal in his voice. She turned back to the stove in silence.

"Come, Andy." Godfrey was decisive all at once. "Let's get a wash-up, shall we? Come along with me."

"You bet." And the boy followed willingly enough, although perhaps a trifle slowly. Martha heard her husband's voice, steady and reassuring, the splash of water, and the child's ready laughter. She set the table almost viciously, with angry clash of dishes. The very sound of a child's voice was torture now.

The boy ate hungrily at first, almost fiercely, then quite suddenly pushed back the plate half finished. "I don't want any more," in answer to Godfrey's glance. "Maybe I ate too fast. It was real good at first. Missus, can I please have a drink?" Martha pointed to the tap in silence, and the boy drank thirstily. "I guess I'll go outside a while," he volunteered, "and look around. I guess maybe you guys want to talk about how to get rid of me. But you don't have to worry. I guess I can look after myself good enough, anyway."

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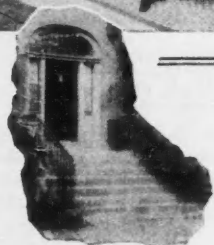
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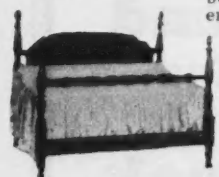


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Conducted by ANNE ELIZABETH WILSON

SOME time ago I received from you instructions concerning staining and waxing some pieces of furniture. Please accept my very tardy thanks. It is exactly what I require. I am coming again for information on more ancient furniture. This time it is about two hand carved walnut chairs with upholstered seat and back. I would like to make re-upholstery of needlepoint or cross-stitch, but know very little about the work. The enclosed sample of canvas is cut from a corner of a piece of my mother's work. Is it similar to that used for needlepoint? The piece of work mentioned is about twenty inches square and the pattern is a bouquet of flowers on a green background, wreathed by colored leaves and that again on a black background. I thought of having it framed as the work is beautifully done. Could you advise about a frame and a suitable place to hang it? Up the stairway, which goes up out of the living room, is a fairly large wall space. Would that be a suitable position?

Lastly, I am in possession of an octagon-shaped walnut table, possibly about ninety years old at least. It and the two chairs all need refinishing and I should like to do them myself if possible.

I AM so glad that my other suggestions for doing over your furniture were successful. I often wish that correspondents to this department would let me know how "things turn out."

Now about your other furniture, the two carved walnut chairs and the octagon table—as the chairs are carved, I should advise that you send the whole three pieces to an experienced furniture finisher for the work. They undoubtedly are of the type which need an "egg-shell" finish, and that is beyond the home tinkerer. It is fine furniture, and I think it should have expert handling. As to the needlepoint, that is an excellent idea.

I am enclosing a sample of the canvas you sent me which is procurable in needlework departments of big stores for the purpose. You can either get a piece already stamped which will fit your chairs, or copy a design from some needlework pattern, counting the stitches. The latter is a little bit difficult for a beginner, so if you can find a stamped piece, suitable in period to the chairs (which I suppose is Victorian) you will be well advised to do so. The stitch I have made for you is the tapestry stitch, a slanting one done from right to left. To fill such a stitch or pad it, simply whip over one or two strands of wool as you go along, holding the loose filling thread down with your left thumb. This stitch will be admirable for your background and design stitch too. Or you can use the tapestry stitch for background, and the cross-stitch for the design. Cross-stitching doesn't need any filling.

The most effective way to frame and use your old piece of needlepoint is to have it framed under glass and made into a fire-screen. It is most decorative and does full justice to the work in the room scheme. The pedestal should be fairly high and adjustable.

A Man's Bedroom

WILL you be good enough to give me some suggestions as to re-decorating my son's bedroom? There is one window and a door leading into an unused room. I have a good single bedstead of metal, a bureau of dark varnished wood and a small table. I want to make this room cheerful with new paper, curtains, rug, and anything you can suggest suitable for a young man twenty-one years old. As the room is flooded with sunshine in the afternoons, I do not want a color that will make it warm looking in the summer time.

I WOULD suggest a modernistic shadowy design for the paper, taking in russet and blues. Then I would slip-cover the ends of the metal beds (see an August copy of the magazine, in which I have an illustrated article on slip-covers) using blue covers piped with orange or henna, and a cover or spread in henna piped with blue. Use blue curtains of the same material as the bed-slips piped with henna, and use a plain henna rug.

If the furniture is presentable, I should leave it as it is; otherwise, it would be attractive enamelled coffee color.

A modernistic bookshelf painted the blue of the slip-covers on the outside and inside would be effective.

Use a blue bureau cover, piped with henna.

A Feminine Bedroom

I WONDER if you could help me to decorate my bedroom, which is on the southeast of the house, with two windows facing east and south. The furniture consists of a walnut vanity dresser, chest of drawers and a full-sized bed along rather plain lines. The curtains are new, ecru frilled marquisette. I should like the room to be papered, painted, with new rug, dresser covers, and bedspread.

I ALWAYS like some suggestion of a correspondent's tastes or ideas before giving advice. However, as you give me carte blanche, here is a scheme for a bedroom of your exposure:

Get an invisible stripe lavender paper. Have over-curtains of palest water green background with a lattice pattern in lavender and a little rose. Your bedspread and dresser scarves in pale green. The rug plain lavender or mixed with green.

Decorating the Spare Room

I HAVE four bedrooms upstairs, in one of which I have a walnut bed, dresser and washstand. I should like this for my spare room. Could you give me your advice about the whole room? Should I paint the set? What color should the floors and woodwork be painted?

I F I were you I should paint the woodwork white or cream, and get a bright chintz paper taking in yellow, a little mauve and apple green. Then you could use the yellow scrim which you have for curtains. Little rag rugs for the floor in the prevailing colors would be attractive. You might paint the furniture apple green, and have a yellow bedspread in candlewick.

A Problem of Walls

I AM having my living room, hall and den altered—a partition taken out, French doors put in the hall entrance to the living room—and I want to have the walls all done over. This will make a large living room and I fancy it papered and panelled. Are they using a drop ceiling or does the paper go right to the top?

I BELIEVE you could very reasonably and successfully have your room panelled. The wall, if it is in good condition, will take a flat paint successfully, then you can get the panelling effect by laying on narrow molding in large panels throughout. It is effective to have slightly different tones in the background and the molding. For instance, if the wall is done in cream or ivory, have the panelling in oyster or putty color.

Papering and panelling (with paper borders) is not one of my favorite methods of treating walls. However, if you do this, it is not necessary to "drop" the ceiling.

She almost dreaded showing that letter to Godfrey. But he merely handed it back with a brief "I see. Well, we'll be able to send him down in about three weeks now, won't we?" And that was the only time he mentioned the subject.

And then Andy was up again, a little taller, pale and thin at first, but with an appetite that rose by leaps and bounds. Hands that dropped dishes, feet that scraped up floors, and an ever restless, moving presence. But she suffered his clumsiness almost in silence. She kept him clean, clothes mended, gave him good meals, and more than that, as best she could, ignored him utterly.

"Say!" He faced her in the kitchen in the fifth week of his stay. "I guess you want me to go soon, don't you? Where they can put me in a home, I mean."

She paused in her work. He leaned against the kitchen table, blue eyes momentarily solemn in a face already taking on new freckles, his red head high. There was something about his straight young glance in that moment that just for one fleeting instant let her see what it might mean to Godfrey to have him there. But she caught herself with a jerk.

"Yes." She found herself looking down into the level eyes. "I'm going to take you to the coast myself next week. So then I'll see you get there safely."

"You mean—go down as a passenger?" His eyes opened wide.

"Of course, as a passenger," with a touch of impatience. Perhaps she had been expecting to see some shadow steal across his face. "You don't think you'd go as a stowaway again, do you?"

"Oh, I don't know," a little vaguely.

She told Godfrey of her resolve that night. "You've been wanting me to get away for a bit, and I'll stay with Ada Ross. She's been asking me for ages. Then I'll see to him. That will be by far the best thing, Godfrey."

He nodded in silence.

And she was doing right. Of course she was. She knew that, when on her second day in the city she had seen Andy safely settled in the Cameron Home for Boys. For it was by no means the ghastly place the boy might have been picturing. A rambling house, once privately owned, set in a wide garden on a hill, with a far stretch of the harbor beneath. A cooler sunshine, and a fresh, clean sweep of air. She had seen the Reverend Conliffe who had smiled at her quite kindly, thanked her for her trouble, and pointed out that Andy would be perfectly happy.

So she had every reason to write home with a clearer conscience. "And so it's not a proper institution, Godfrey, but a really lovely home, and several of the boys have parents who pay what they can. Bright rooms and good attention. They teach the boys, and as they grow older they begin to learn trades. Most of them are nice children, and will eventually have a home to go back to—"

She stopped at that abruptly, seeing the queer whiteness of Godfrey's face as he had waved them both good-by, the way the boy had stared ahead of him straight in his seat for over an hour, not turning once to look out of the window. Nor would she forget Andy as she left him at the Cameron House, saying good-by awkwardly, boylike without a word of thanks. And then oddly, as she went down the steps he had run after her and caught her arm. "And say, I hope sometime you get another real kid of your own." His voice had been a trifle breathless. "I think maybe he misses them more than you think. And gee, he was awful good to me!"

A week later, before she left for the interior, she went back to see Andy—just to satisfy something in her heart, and know, for Godfrey's sake, that he was happy.

That brought the sharpest pain of all—the realization that Andy was happy there. Andy out digging in the garden with three or four boys in neat blue shirts and khaki trousers. Laughing and bright faced, he turned to her: "Why, gosh, hello there, Mrs. Godfrey. I wasn't expecting to see you again."

He continued to smile, but asked no questions as they walked down to a quiet corner of the garden.

"Well, Andy, and do you like it?" She spoke with unaccustomed kindness as she sat on a rustic bench in a small summer-house, and he stood at a respectful distance, quietly.

He nodded. "Sure."

"And they're good to you?"

"Oh, sure they are."

"And I'll tell Godfrey—Mr. Bilton—that everything's all right, shall I?"

His head was tilted swiftly to that attitude she had come to know so well. "You bet! Tell him it's swell and that I wouldn't want to run away, and I like it fine. Honest I do!" with rather surprising emphasis. "I mean it."

Of course he meant it. He would be foolish if he didn't. But again that sharp sting caught her unwillingly. Would that hurt Godfrey more, knowing the boy could settle down again so swiftly?

"And isn't it pretty here?" she added hastily, for want of something definite to say.

He looked around, half vaguely. "Oh, sure."

And then something, strangely enough, incited her swift glance and question. "It's prettier than Hodders Flat, isn't it?"

"Say!" His glance was scornful, as she had known it would be. And then she was astonished for all time. "Say, I guess there isn't a prettier place anywhere'n Hodders Flat with the river there, and all them hills far away, and houses close and friendly. Gee whiz, I guess it was the prettiest place I ever seen. But of course," hastily, "this is fine here, and you can tell him so."

"But, Andy," and there was utter amazement in her glance then, "you wouldn't want to go back to a place like Hodders Flat after this?" She waved a hand toward the outer world. "Would you?" a trifle more urgently as he did not speak, but only stared in silence.

"No." He shook his head at last, and studied the ground intently, his foot tracing a narrow semicircle before her. "Not—when you didn't want me there."

For a moment there was a deeper silence quite unbroken. She had a sudden realization that this was the boy whom she had nursed through weeks of illness, who had tracked dirt into her house, had broken dishes, whistled, shouted, tried in his own clumsy way to help, had done the hundred and one things that boys will do to keep a house alive. And because Godfrey had wanted to make some other youngster happy, all at once it seemed a dreadful thing that she had done to him. On an impulse, something that set her heart pounding made her reach out and catch his hand. "Andy!" a trifle breathlessly. "Just supposing though, that we—or that I—did want you. Would you want to go back then?"

He raised his eyes to hers reluctantly, and she caught an odd quiver of his sturdy little face. "Aw, don't talk about things you don't mean just to see what I'd say. Maybe if you liked people because they'd been good to you, and you didn't belong—"

All at once she reached out her arms and caught him tight, as she knew in that moment for weeks she had longed to hold a child again. "Andy, do you want to belong to us, for always?" It was not strange, now, that she should ask him that. It was the only simple, natural thing in all the world to do. And Andy must have known it, too, for, after one startled moment his arms shot round her tightly, holding her briefly as if afraid to ever let her go.

And in that moment Martha knew that there was sweeter solace in the touch of other children than in years of poignant memories and vain regret.

And greater solace even, in the hard grip of Godfrey's arm on the station platform, the fair head close. "My dear, if you only knew how good it is to have you back again." And that was even before he felt the sharp tug on his arm, or heard the high, clear voice. "Hey, Mister Godfrey, listen! Do you know I'm hers and yours for always now? Honest I am. And gosh, but we're glad to be home again!"



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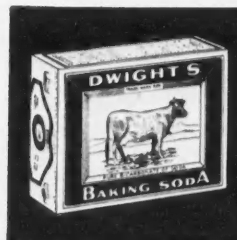
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ribs, the fingers spread out, pointed toward the head and away from the spine. Now swing your body forward, keeping your arms straight, allowing your weight to rest on the patient's back; then swing back, taking all your weight off the patient. Do this fourteen to sixteen times per minute, slowly and with rhythm as in breathing, for this imitates breathing. When you put your weight on the patient, you press his chest together and force the air from the lungs. When you release the pressure the chest springs back into place, and the lungs expand and draw air into them. Recovery may be very slow, but don't give up trying. Keep up your good work for at least two hours.

Compel bystanders to stand back, as the

patient needs all the fresh air he can get. Someone should remove patient's clothes, but this should not interfere with the operator who is causing artificial respiration. If necessary, as in drowning, he should be dried with a towel, and then covered with a warm blanket. When the patient begins to breathe, and not before, he should have his legs and arms rubbed toward the body—the heart. This should be done under blanket.

The patient will not breathe well at once, so help him at first by continuing treatment every little while, especially if he stops breathing at any time. After he is breathing well, put him to bed, treat as for shock, open the windows wide, and allow him to sleep quietly.



Amateur Gardeners Attend

Continued from page 49

portulacas, petunias and snapdragons, you will see they scarcely need covering at all. I have had excellent results with poppies by sowing them just at the start of a rain, scattering them on the ground and letting the rain spatter enough earth over them to start germination. Larger seeds can be sown deeper with excellent results.

A very good way to plant seed, so as not to destroy the seedlings in cultivation, is to make little furrows, planting the seed in the bottom and covering with just sufficient soil for the purpose, leaving the furrows well defined. Then, when hoeing, you can watch these rows and so miss killing the seedlings in your enthusiastic cultivation, as so many of us did when we first started gardening. (I speak, you will notice, from the fullness of experience. I would hate to know how many of my precious plants were slaughtered by my own work with the hoe, before I learned to know weeds from desired plants.)

Cultivation should be given often enough to keep a dust mulch on the surface and weeds down. After a rain it is sometimes just enough to run a rake lightly over the surface to prevent baking of the soil. But weeds should be scotched frequently and before they are more than two inches high if you want your plants to benefit by the rain, food and sunlight available.

AFTER the plants are large enough to handle, they should be thinned. A damp, cloudy day is fine for this, and an old case knife is a good implement for transplanting the "spares." Let each one have enough room to develop into a shapely little plant but don't set them so far apart that you have a lot of ground visible between them. This spoils any flower garden, and means extra work for the gardener in caring for the surplus soil.

Watering presents a big problem. If you are one of the lucky ones who can simply turn a hose on the garden, you may thank your lucky star! There are many of us, just as devoted to the love of flowers, who must solve our water problem to suit different circumstances.

Personally, I am opposed to the watering can, save as a means of eradicating some obstreperous insect who required feeding some exterminator through a spray. As a means of supplying water to plants, it is a fraud of the deepest dye. Sprinkling the leaves does not help a thirsty plant enough

to be worth the trouble. A plant, and this means any plant with roots, feeds through the fine roots which run out from the main root system. These feeder roots search through the soil for food, which must be soluble through moisture, so they can absorb it through the pores. No matter how much plant food there is in the soil, it is unavailable without moisture, and this moisture must be where the roots are, not on the surface of the soil. What actually takes place when you wet the top inch or so of soil is that the plant immediately, if it is in need of moisture, sends out surface roots to get it and these roots wilt and die in the same soil as soon as it dries out. The next time you soak the surface the plant sends out new roots, and a few such applications, with the resultant growth of surface roots, stops the larger and really useful root growth and your plants stunt, sometimes remaining in that condition the entire season.

So it is necessary to water thoroughly if you water at all, and results will be more satisfactory if you thoroughly water three plants than simply dampen three hundred.

There are several ways of applying water so it will reach the roots. I like the irrigation system best, with little paths between each second row of plants. These sunken paths, which are formed by lifting the soil and sifting it over the adjoining beds, also serve for irrigating, and the water soaks away into the soil to the roots where it is needed. Larger plants, such as roses, golden glows, delphiniums, etc., can have a hole put diagonally through the soil under them with a crowbar or some such implement. This can be filled with water, and a stone put over the opening at the surface to prevent evaporation. Cans with a lot of holes can be sunk in the soil between plants and filled with wash water, or any other available, and little mounds can be raised around each plant to be filled and hold the water until it soaks away.

Whatever method is used, it is better to water enough so the moisture reaches the lower roots, then cultivate, cultivate and cultivate, but mix your cultivation with caution. Don't hoe so close to the plants that you lop off underground roots, nor nip pieces out of the stem above ground.

I tried to grow flowers with absolute failure or indifferent success for fifteen years before I found these few secrets of successful flower growing, and what I have done, you can do. Try it and see!

DON'T REACH FOR THE RAINBOW WITH

^{ CHAPPED } Domestic Hands



A PHOTOGRAPHIC REPRESENTATION OF INFERIORITY COMPLEX CAUSED BY DOMESTIC HANDS
INTERPRETED BY ANTON BRUEHI

THOUSANDS of women reach for happiness with the great handicap of Domestic Hands.

No matter what story of loveliness their mirrors tell, if their hands are chapped and red and rough with toil, romance is further from their reach.

Roving eyes go first to a woman's hands. Unless these hands are white and soft and lovely they may give the wrong impression.

Why be miserably self-conscious, why suffer the pangs of inferiority complex over a condition that is so easily corrected?

A Blossom-white Lotion that Keeps Hands Soft and Young

To avoid the embarrassment of Domestic Hands, to keep your hands young and beautiful, all you have to do is smooth Hinds Honey and Almond Cream into them two or three times each day. Only a few seconds are required.

You see the improve-

ment almost at once. Within a very few days' time, even if your hands have been badly chapped and neglected they grow whiter and softer and more attractive.

Don't Take Chances with Questionable Lotions

Only cosmetic experts with the facilities of a great scientific laboratory can be trusted to produce a lotion that is safe for your hands. Don't run the risk of marring the texture of your skin by the use of questionable lotions.

For half a century Hinds has been supreme — its delightful, caressing texture comes from only the finest skin-softening emollients. Avoid

imitations, many of which simulate Hinds texture by the addition of gummy thickening agents that do not benefit the skin. Insist upon the original Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Your druggist has it.

Trade-mark registered in Canada



HINDS honey and almond CREAM

THE LAW

Of Good Living says,
*"Don't Overindulge,
 Eat too Much...
 Smoke too Much...
 Drink unwisely"*

SCIENCE SAYS, "If You Do Overindulge, Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is Probably the Quickest and Most Effective Way to Avoid Feeling its After-effects."

THE Law of Good Health says, "Don't overindulge—don't smoke too much, eat too much."

Science says, "If you do, the QUICK-EST, SIMPLEST and EASIEST way to avoid FEELING its results is Phillips' Milk of Magnesia taken this way:

"TAKE—2 tablespoons in a glass of water before bed.

"TAKE—2 tablespoons in a glass of water with the juice of a WHOLE ORANGE when you get up."

Or take six Phillips' Milk of Magnesia tablets the same way, which give an equivalent amount of Milk of Magnesia, for each Phillips' Milk of Magnesia tablet equals one teaspoonful of liquid Milk of Magnesia.

That's all. Tomorrow you'll feel great. Millions are learning this. Millions are doing it.

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is judged the most powerful NEUTRALIZER of the ACIDS that follow overindulgence known. It goes into your acid-soaked stomach, alkalizes its contents, sweetens them—takes the sting out, banishes the headaches and sour stomach that usually follow. Get Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in the familiar liquid form or the new, marvelously convenient tablets. All "Milk of Magnesia" is not alike in effect. So insist on Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia... the kind doctors endorse.

TWO FORMS NOW AT STORES

You can now get genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in tablet form, as well as ordinary liquid form. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of Milk of Magnesia. Carry the tablets with you wherever you go. They taste like mint candy.



PHILLIPS'
Milk of Magnesia

Neutralizes the acids that cause "Acid Headaches" and Sour Stomach within 15 minutes after taking!



Helping the patient to breathe by artificial respiration

IN AN EMERGENCY

The second article in our home nursing course,
 conducted by

EFFIE L. STEACY, R.N.

IN CASES of serious illness or injury, call the doctor at once. If an accident occurs on a crowded street, the first and most important thing to do is to "Keep the crowd back." Explain you have a knowledge of first-aid. Select such persons as are willing to go after the things needed by the surgeon, so there may be no delay. Do not get excited or flurried; it is seldom that great haste is necessary. Do not follow the general advice of bystanders. Advice coming from so many different sources is so varied and conflicting that a novice is confused and bewildered, with disastrous results to the sufferer.

What To Do Until the Doctor Comes

While waiting for the doctor, certain arrangements can be made to provide for the safety and comfort of the patient. Don't be in too much of a hurry to move your patient. Always be sure before doing so, that you are not going to cause further injury. If it is necessary to move the patient, do this with the greatest gentleness without jarring him. Place the patient on his back, head slightly raised, the limbs straightened out, so the heart may act as freely as possible. Loosen the collar and clothing. In slight injury, give sup of cold water at intervals and apply gentle friction to the limbs. Using a fan if weather is hot, or holding a handkerchief wet with Cologne to the nostrils will aid in restoring full consciousness. In severe injury, after loosening the clothing you may have to remove parts of the clothing from a badly injured limb. To remove a shoe, cut the leather freely; remove trousers by ripping the outside seam. In the sleeve, the seam is also ripped. In taking off a coat or shirt from a badly injured arm, the uninjured arm should be drawn out first. In putting on night clothing, however, put the injured arm in first.

In the Sick Room

If the injured or sick are to be conveyed home, they should be carried lying down on some kind of a stretcher. If conveyed by auto or other vehicle, have ready an improvised stretcher to meet them. The present day steel couch is light, and if provided with a comfortable mattress, the patient could rest on this until after first-aid has been given, and the effects of shock have somewhat worn off. Choose for the sick room a room that is easily reached. Remove all unnecessary furniture. Have the room warm and adjust window shades so that light will not shine in the patient's eyes. A single bed is better than a double one. Place the bed where attendants can move freely on both sides and so that the patient can be easily lifted into it. Make the bed and provide extra covers. In severe injury there is always a condition of shock, and an important way to combat this is by warming the bed thoroughly with hot water bags.

They are best removed from the bed before the patient is put in. Have a stand conveniently near, with basin, pitcher, soap, towels, cold and hot water arranged on it. Now the way should be cleared of all obstacles such as carpets or rugs that the bearers might trip over.

As shock and artificial respiration have an important part in first aid, I shall deal with those first.

Shock

Every serious and sudden injury is accompanied by what is called "shock." In this case, the ends of the nerves receive the blow and the nerves transmit the jar, or shock, to the brain. As for instance, you hit your funnybone against something, or your finger with a hammer. You feel sick for a moment and sit down; a clammy sweat breaks out; you are weak and hardly realize what is going on around you. This is "shock."

Symptoms: Severely shocked people are often unconscious. There is a prostration of bodily frictions, accompanied by cold, a weak pulse, faint breathing and a blueness around the nose and mouth. This may grow worse and cause death.

Treatment: Warm the body in every way. Lay patient flat on back; or better, if he is very pale, with head lower than his body, so that the heart can easily pump blood into the brain. Cover warmly, place hot water bags or bricks around the body, and be careful to cover them with flannel, so they will not cause burns. Now rub both legs and arms toward the body, but do not remove covering to do this. As soon as a shocked person can swallow, give one-half teaspoonful of spirits of ammonia in half a glassful of water, or a teaspoonful of brandy in a tablespoonful of water. In extreme weakness give stimulants, drop by drop, placed well back on the tongue, so as not to cause strangling. Keep patient warm and well covered until recovery is complete. Absolute quietude is necessary to induce sleep.

Always send for a doctor unless the shock is very slight.

Artificial Respiration

Breathing may be caused artificially through certain movements, until the patient finally recovers sufficiently to breath of his own accord.

Treatment: Send for a doctor at once. Lay the patient face downward upon the floor, with a pad below his chest. Stretch his arms above his head. Turn his head a little to the right side, flex the left arm, so that his forehead is resting on the back of the left hand. In this way, the air will not be blocked in entering the nose and mouth. Next, stand astride of the body, opposite his hips and facing his head. Put your hands on each side of back, below the shoulder blades. Your hands now rest upon the lower

More Mothers each year check colds without "dosing"

MORE and more mothers every year turn to the modern external treatment—Vicks VapoRub—for checking colds, coughs, sore throat and spasmodic croup.

Rubbed on throat and chest at bedtime, Vicks acts through the skin like a plaster; at the same time, its medicated vapors, released by the heat of the body, are inhaled direct to the air-passages.

Mothers were first to appreciate Vicks because there is nothing to swallow and, of course, nothing to disturb children's delicate digestions as "dosing" is so apt to do.

Today, the whole trend of medical practice is away from needless "dosing" and Vicks is a family standby for the colds of adults as well as children in over 70 countries.

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That Little Man

Continued from page 15

"Be careful, now," he said as the Ford truck's engines were started. "Keep the escort close to you, and don't go wandering off up valleys alone. Old Ibn Akarish is on the rampage, these days, and we don't want to have to rescue you just now."

"Ibn Akarish?" asked Durham. "Who is he?"

"Say!" breathed the young gentleman. "Didn't they warn you? Just like 'em. Ibn Akarish, good people, is our local packet of trouble. He's a pest, and he's given to being a bit of a brigand as well. Quite a decent lad in his uncultivated way, if there's no question of money concerned; but if there is—" he lifted his eyebrows. "Don't let him get a chance at you. That's all. He's perfectly capable of holding you gentlemen to ransom and being very unpleasant if he doesn't get it. And as for the lady—" He became significantly silent.

Professor Stanways leant out of the truck. "But I was assured that there was no danger," he said petulantly.

"There isn't," said the boy. "As long as you keep close to the escort. If you don't, Akarish is just as likely as not to pounce on you. That's all."

"Oh, come along," said Durham with impatience. "We'll look out—and if What's-his-name does try any tricks, he'll find he's got a handful to deal with. Eh, Julia?" He flexed his enormous biceps, and Cullen grinned toothily. The little Cockney was another who had no small opinion of his own valor.

Julia smiled on her protectors. "I'm quite ready to trust myself to these two," she announced. "Drive on, James!"

With a wave of the hand and a purring of engines the two cars moved off over the flat sand and gravel, leaving little Dodd staring after them.

"Now I do hope—" he said, and broke off abruptly. Then he went into the hut that was military and administrative headquarters, and began to turn over a highly confidential file dealing with Ibn Akarish and certain negotiations then in hand with that elusive gentleman.

Out in the bumping car, Durham grinned at Julia. "Nervous?" he asked. "If you are, I don't wonder. These little alarmists are enough to make anyone scared."

Julia laughed. "I don't take any notice of them," she said.

IT WAS two days later. The desert sun beat down mercilessly on the Jebel Mardin, turning its sheets of rock and narrow, stony valleys into furnaces.

Bull Durham and Julia stood at the opening of one of the long rocky clefts, gazing up into it through binoculars. Away at the far end, shimmering in the heat a good mile distant, there seemed to be something that interested them.

"There's carving on that cliff face or I'm a Dutchman," said Durham, peering. "Early stuff, too, by the look of it."

"You can't tell at this distance," Julia said. "Let's go up and have a look. It's not far."

Durham cast a glance over his shoulder at the expedition camp, just being pitched after a move. The two of them were quite far enough from it already, according to instructions—the sentries, the tents, the patrol of Sudanese looked very small. And this valley, the pocket of it, would be out of sight of help.

"Better whistle up the niggers first," he suggested. "We're not supposed to move without them."

"And have the Professor and Cullen come running? No, Bull, this is our find. Let's go ourselves."

Julia dragged enthusiastically at his sleeve. "Come on!" she said. "We can look after one another; and as for old Ibn What-you-may-call-him, you're bigger than he is, I'm sure. Let's go."

Durham scratched his chin, and fell. "All right," he said. "I'm on, Ju. It's all non-

sense, anyhow, this terrifying business. These niggers only want handling. They'll run if you look at them." He followed her as she danced over the incandescent sand.

An hour afterward, Durham bent over his inspection of the flat rock face. It was as they had hoped—early dynastic inscriptions of triumph and so forth; and he was busily copying the blurred hieroglyphs into his notebook, Julia being similarly occupied fifty yards away.

A sudden squeal from the girl made him look up, and he sprang to his feet with a curse. She was struggling in the grasp of three diabolical-looking fellows in dingy brown robes. As he took in the situation, she sank her white teeth into one of their hands, and Durham heard his astonished exclamation in Arabic.

"Hey! Drop that!" Durham roared, fumbling clumsily for the revolver he had very unwillingly been prevailed upon to carry.

He never drew it. A cloth descended over his head, his feet were neatly whipped from under him, and as he struggled and swore in the darkness, someone gave him a quietening tap on the skull with a rifle butt, and he lapsed into unconsciousness.

Round a buttress of the rock a little string of camels were waiting. Julia was roughly loaded on one, her hands tied, her face suddenly white. She saw Durham's limp body slung across the back of another. There was a muttered word of command, and then, without any further fuss or waiting, the cavalcade set out at top speed westward across the desert.

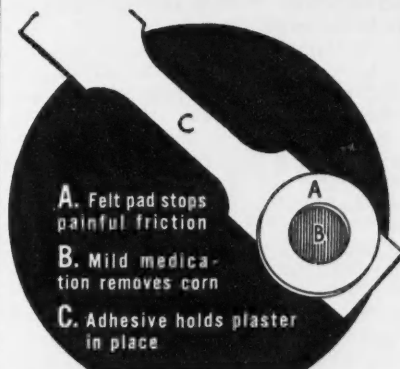
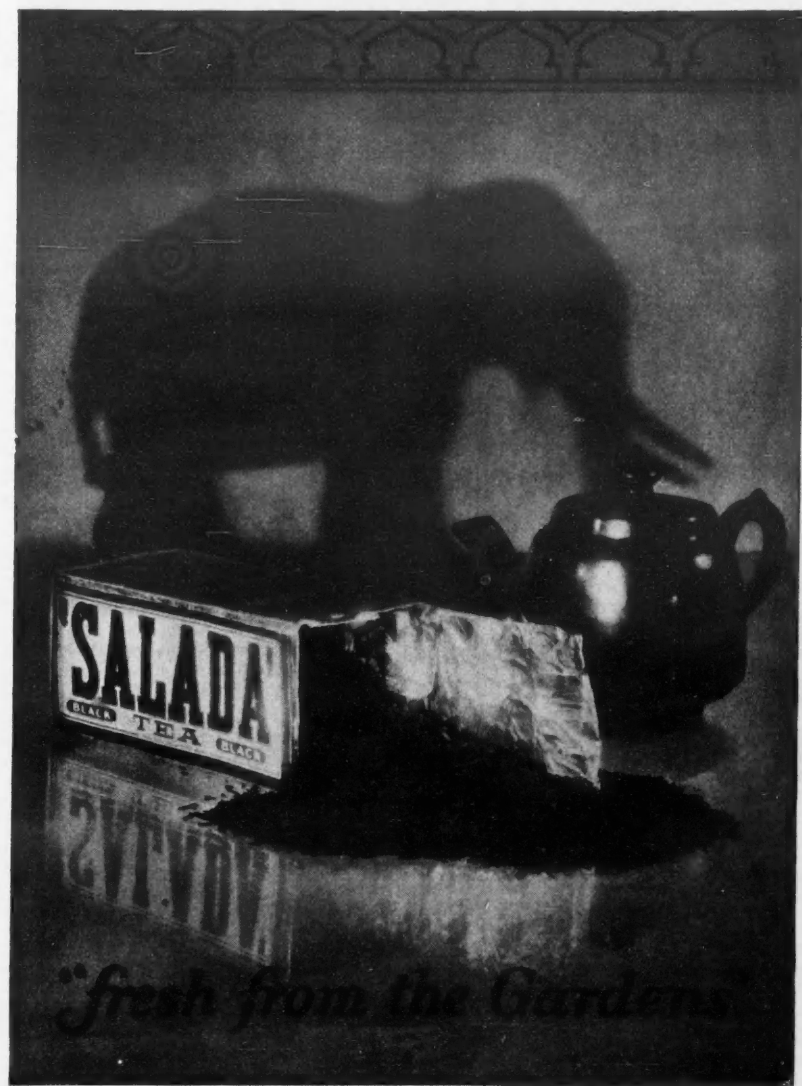
HARUN IBN AKARISH, the thorn in the side of the administration, sat on a beautiful rug under a date palm. The oasis, a green scar on the blistering desert, stretched about him for a mile or more, with the brown tents of his followers under the trees, scattered flocks of scrawny sheep and cattle at graze, and groups of fierce, bearded gentry armed to the teeth and spoiling for a fight, moving restlessly this way and that.

Beside Ibn Akarish on the carpet sat a small-built Arab, bearded, fragile, and travel-stained. The two were drinking coffee ceremoniously, and Ibn Akarish held in his hand a letter, written on fine sheepskin, and adorned with the flourishes, calligraphic and otherwise, characteristic of such. The man's headdress of green proclaimed him as a Hajji, one who had made the enjoined pilgrimage to Mecca; and the respect with which Ibn Akarish—a hawk-faced, thin-mouthed fellow of early middle age—treated him, demonstrated that he was a person of consequence even in this out-of-the-way spot.

In point of fact, the elaborate sheepskin declared, after reciting the names of Allah, the Compassionate, the Merciful, that the Haj Ibrahim came as an emissary from a highly influential Emir six days march to the south, and that the Emir desired to discuss with Ibn Akarish certain matters touching their common interest. Upon which the sheepskin became modestly silent, and left the Hajji to do his own talking, which he had just finished doing.

Now, Ibn Akarish was stroking his thin beard and pondering. Alliance against the British on the river was what the Hajji had just adumbrated, with miracles of circumlocution; and alliance against the British was a matter which touched Ibn Akarish very closely. He had notions, and for some time had seen himself another Mahdi—no mere tip-and-run raider or irritating thorn in the side, but a living sword to sweep the hated Ingrezi back down Nile. And this proffered alliance was just the backing he needed.

So he ordered the water-pipe to be prepared, and the two of them talked treason and the breaking up of laws, puffing placidly and wagging their beards in great amity. Haj Ibrahim's quiet brown eyes were



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Ordinary corn pads merely cover the corn. They cannot remove it as Blue-jay, the medicated corn plaster, does.

If you want to treat your corn in a safe, dependable way, apply a Blue-jay Corn Plaster and let the mild medication (note picture above) penetrate the corn and loosen it for easy removal. Blue-jay not only removes corns but gives instant pain-relief, because the soft felt pad prevents shoe friction on the tender spot.

Always ask for this medicated plaster—genuine Blue-jay, made by a noted surgical dressing house. All druggists, six for 35c.

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The pleasant hospitality of Chalfonte-Haddon Hall is a perfect background for such a vacation. For here service is developed to a fine point. Relaxation and recreation are our pride and our business. Our facilities and our unobtrusive service of such facilities, are highly developed.

Come for a long stay, or a short one. Canadian exchange accepted at par for hotel accommodations and meals. Rates are not expensive. Write for information.

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DIP IN DIP OUT and away goes YOUTH

Can crystal-clear, pure water destroy the youthfulness of your skin? Most assuredly—and especially in winter... Water removes the skin's natural moisture; washes away the softening, protective oils. The dried skin quickly roughens... becomes red and chapped in winter... Now in just two minutes, at a cost far less than half a cent a day, women who wish to preserve the youthful texture of their skin, may do so... Campana's Italian Balm is proving this every day this winter... banishing dry, chapped, red and rough skin forever from women's worries. Here is a quick-acting, quick-drying, thoroughly-penetrating skin softener. An internationally famous skin specialist invented it. A secret imported process blends its 16 scientifically selected ingredients. For more than a generation it has been the largest selling and most popular skin protector in the Dominion. It is good for the tenderest skins. Try it. Take home today a long-lasting 35c, 60c or \$1 bottle from your drug or department store.



**Campana's...
ITALIAN BALM**

MADE IN CANADA



Caution If you suffer with dry skin, note alcohol content of any skin lotion before buying. Alcohol DRIES skin. It does not soften. Campana's Italian Balm has but 5% alcohol, as little as may be found in any lotion.

CAMPANA CORPORATION
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A Charming Knitted Pullover

Two contrasting shades of wool are used to make this effective design

By ELSIE GALLOWAY

THE knitted wool blouse is one of the popular fashions of the day, and the pullover presented here is one of the most comfortable and pleasing styles of this very useful garment. It is made of three ply fingering yarn in a shade of sand color called camel, and trimmed with a rich brown—a delightful combination. It requires 6 ounces of camel and one ounce of brown for size 34. A larger size would require one ounce more of each color. This garment was made with No. 10 knitting needles, which gave 8 stitches and 10 rows to the inch. If your work is of the same tension, add 8 stitches to both front and back for size 36. The following measurements of the finished garment will enable you to decide as to whether you will require more or less stitches or rows for your own garment. The ribbing is $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep, and from the ribbing to the sleeve under the arm is 8 inches. From the ribbing to the back of the neck is 14 inches. Across the back between the sleeves is $13\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and at top of under-arm seams the back measures about $16\frac{1}{2}$ inches. It is 34 inches all the way around, and the sleeve is 17 inches long. These measurements were taken with the garment lying flat but being elastic it will give considerably when worn.

Begin at the lower edge of back using the brown yarn. Cast on 96 stitches and knit 2, purl 2 for ten rows, then change to the camel or lighter color and continue knitting in rib stitch for 63 more rows, or $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches from the beginning.

Then knit 1 row and purl 1 row for 36 rows, making $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches in stocking stitch, increasing 1 stitch in centre of first row, making 97 stitches on the needle.

In the 110th row, the openwork point is begun as follows:

Knit (k) 34 stitches (sts), throw yarn over the needle (ov), k 2 together (tog), k 26 sts, ov, k 2 tog, k 33 sts.

111th row—Purl all stitches.

112th row—K 31, (ov, k 2 tog) 3 times, k 24 sts, (ov, k 2 tog) 3 times, k 30.

113th row—Purl.

114th row—Knit plain.

115th row—Purl 27 stitches, then with the brown yarn purl 11 sts, then with the camel purl 21 sts, with brown purl 11 sts, with camel purl 27 sts.

116th row—Break off yarn and go back and purl across with camel.

117th row—Knit plain.

118th row—Purl.

119th row—K 24 (ov, k 2 tog) 8 times, k 18, (ov, k 2 tog) 8 times, k 23.

120th row—Purl.

121st row—K 19, (ov, k 2 tog) 11 times, k 16, (ov, k 2 tog) 11 times, k 18.

122nd row—Purl.

123rd row—Knit plain.

124th row—Purl 15 sts, with brown purl 27 sts, with camel purl 13 sts, with brown purl 27 sts, with camel purl 15 sts.

125th row—Break yarn and go back and purl across with camel.

126th row—Knit plain.

127th row—Purl.

128th row—K 14, (ov, k 2 tog) 15 times, k 10, (ov, k 2 tog) 15 times, k 13.

129th row—Purl.

130th row—K 9, (ov, k 2 tog) 18 times, k 8, (ov, k 2 tog) 18 times, k 8.

131st row—Purl.

132nd row—Knit plain.

133rd row—Purl 5, with brown purl 41, with camel purl 5, with brown purl 41, with camel purl 5.

134th row—Break yarn and go back and purl across with camel.

135th row—Knit plain.

136th row—Purl.

137th row—K 4, (ov, k 2 tog) 22 times, k 2, (ov, k 2 tog) 22 times, k 3.

138th row—Purl.

139th row—K 3, (ov, k 2 tog) 46 times, k 2.

140th row—Purl.

Continued on page 60



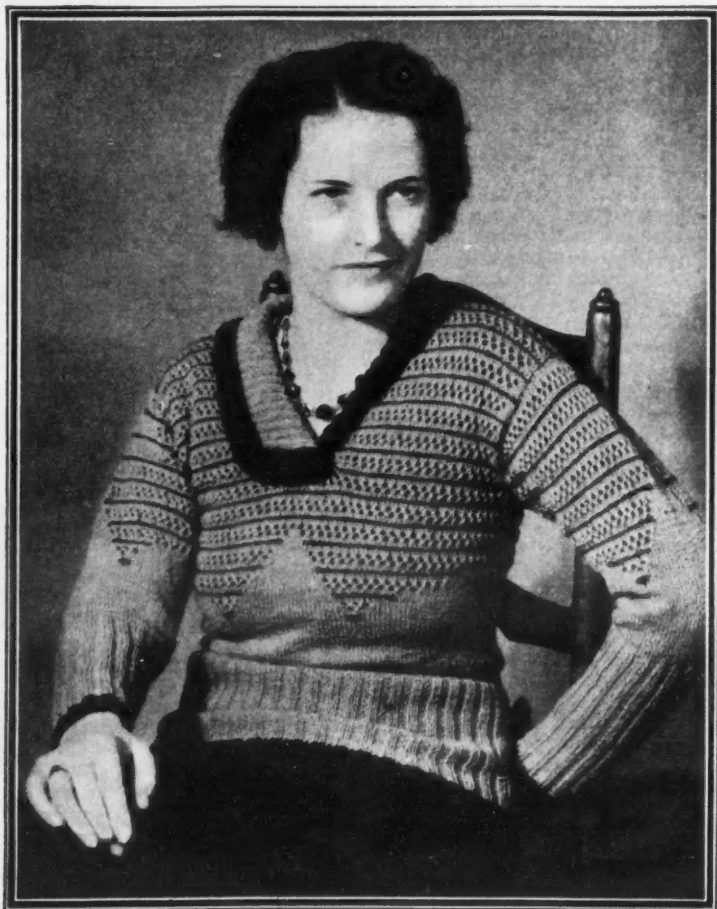
Announcing
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"ANCASTER" Spring Models are exquisitely designed and beautifully man-tailored. Originals are by Chanel, Bruyere, Regny, Patou, Lanvin, Schiaparelli and Mainbocher. Materials are diagonal boucle, corduroys, chenille stripings, jersey, angoras, and suede finish flannels in all the new Season's colours.

The three piece suit illustrated above is by Chanel. The coat may be worn closed or open to show the gay blouse beneath with its youthful white collar and cuffs.

"Ancaster" Models are sold by the leading Department Stores and Specialty Shops.

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"Ride for your lives! This is serious, Miss Crane, for once!"

The three camels were away into the dark, and Julia, as she clung frantically to the awkward saddle, suddenly recognized the speaker's voice.

LITTLE DODD came out of the administrative tin hut, whence he had been sending frantic wires back to headquarters with reports of Durham's and Julia's carrying-off. He was exceedingly angry, and not in the least inclined to be sympathetic with the wails of Professor Stanways who had arrived hysterically an hour earlier.

"Serves them right!" he said. "They were wandering about on their own. Told 'em not to. But you can't teach fools. Now, I suppose, we'll have a little war on our hands up here, and lose good lives, just because a couple of silly scientists thought they were clever. That's about what it'll come to—"

He broke off, staring across the western sand, a blinding surface under the afternoon sun.

"What in—" he began. "Who in Allah's name is this?"

The three spent camels staggered up to the hut and the brown-eyed little man threw himself off.

"Hullo, Dodd," he said. "Get me headquarters on the wire right away; there's a good chap. And you might look after these two. They're about done, both of 'em."

The professor fussed up. "Who are you, sir?" he demanded. "I—I protest against this method of speaking of my colleagues—"

Dodd had been regarding the new arrival with amused respect.

"This, sir," he said to the professor, "is His Excellency the Administrator of this District. He's my superior and yours, and what he says goes. I think you'd better go and sit down for a while. Very good, sir," he saluted Paget. "I'll get HQ right away. I've a wire to cancel, asking for troops to rescue these two. I suppose that's all right?"

Paget grinned. "Far from it, Dodd," he said. "Let your wire stand. I'll double the

number of men required. Ibn Akarish told me enough last night for me to be sure there's big trouble coming."

He passed into the hut, and Dodd cut the straps that still held Durham and Julia to the saddles.

BACK in headquarters they do things properly. A week later Paget looked up from his desk as his secretary came in.

"Those two scientists, sir."

"Ask 'em to come in, Maudsley." Paget, slim and immaculate in tropical khaki, rose with a twinkle as Bull Durham and the girl stood before him.

"Well?" he enquired genially. "Better now? I'm afraid you had a hard night of it."

Julia looked him square in the eyes. "I don't know about Bull here, Mr. Paget," she said. "But I've come to apologize—very heartily. We treated you scandalously."

Paget's brown skin flushed a little. "That was nothing," he said. "We all make mistakes sometimes. I've done it myself, plenty of times—misjudged people, I mean." And somehow or other it was Julia's turn to flush.

Paget changed the subject in his rapid decisive way. "You'll have to go back, as far as Cairo at least," he said. "This isn't going to be any place for scientists for a while. You, Mr. Durham, had better arrange with Professor Stanways to take your kit down by camel as far as the river. I've a place in a car going in tonight—Miss Crane had better take that, I think. And now, if you'll forgive me, I'm up to the eyes in work. Good-by—and good luck to you!"

He shook hands with Durham and then with Julia. She waited a second until Bull Durham's broad back was out of the door.

"Isn't there any chance of staying?" she asked in a very small voice.

Paget took her by the shoulders and ran her out of the room. "I'm busy," he said again. "Ask me that in Cairo—in three months. I only deal with that sort of question when I'm a civilian—and a shrimp!" he added mischievously.

And Julia went down to Cairo, to wait.

NEXT MONTH

The Wheel that Does the Squeaking!

A New Novelette
by

MARTHA BANNING
THOMAS

Judy decided this:—"The wheel that does the squeaking gets the grease. I need to skid out of the old grooves. My ideas require lubrication. My personality pants for recognition. I'm exceedingly rich and rude."

And so Judy set out to explore the world, and took the train from Montreal to Vancouver.

What happened makes one of the gayest novelettes you have read. Watch for it

In the
APRIL
Chatelaine



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unfathomable as he listened to the grandiose plans of Ibn Akarish, but he nodded with many a *Wallah!* of astonishment and gratification at what he heard.

Matters were thus between them, and the evening sun was drooping low, when the six camels with Durham and Julia straggled into camp. Their leader reported to Ibn Akarish, who in his turn called upon Allah to note his approval of this turn of things.

"Bring them here, O man," he commanded. "Haj Ibrahim, these be hostages!"

The Hajji nodded, his eyes on the two before him. They were a pitiable sight after ten hours on hurrying camels in the sun. Durham's head was still spinning dizzily from the crack with the rifle butt, and he was a good deal let down from the self-assertive personage who had left camp that morning. As for Julia, she could only stare at her surroundings with dilated eyes and gasp. This was something entirely different to her conception of an archaeological expedition.

Their captors led them before the two men on the carpet and stood back. Durham tried to put a brave face on things but somehow only succeeded in achieving half-hearted bravado.

"See here," he said in English, "what's the meaning of all this? Let us go at once, you fools. You'll have half the troops in Egypt down on you. Let us go, I say!" He tore at the leathers on his wrists.

Ibn Akarish inspected him coolly. Then he turned to look at Julia, without further words for Durham; and as he looked his eyes dilated.

"Ma' shallah!" he remarked. "A pearl, a lotus flower indeed, O Haj. Verily these Ingrezi women are houris..."

Julia shrank back, seeing his eye rolling on her. Durham continued to bluster, until the brigand sent for his interpreter, a wizened little man with spectacles.

"Tell him to be silent, thou!" he ordered. "Or—" he crooked a finger at a gigantic Nubian who stood behind him, leaning on a great crooked scimitar. The black moved forward, pantherlike; and Durham blanched and was silent. This was getting altogether out of his depth.

The Hajji suddenly arose. "This is a matter for thee, O sheikh," he said to Ibn Akarish. "Let me not interfere with thy judgments. I go to pray."

He stalked gravely into the hut behind him, taking no further notice of the trembling couple. Ibn Akarish put his chin in his hand and pondered. The only question that was exercising him was how to dispose of the man; for Julia he had already made up his mind. Finally he snapped out an order in Arabic, and Durham was dragged away and thrust without any particular consideration into a tent with a guard over it.

Ibn Akarish continued to stare, this time at Julia. "For thee, O *citt*," he said, "the matter is easy. There is a place for thee among my women, and we will not talk of ransom or of—other matters." He flicked a glance at the Nubian with the sword.

The interpreter translated, and Julia found herself, somewhat to her surprise, losing her temper. "Tell him," she said, "that he can kill me first! I won't obey him!"

Ibn Akarish arose and advanced to her. "A lady of spirit," he said. "It is well. Even thus would I have thee, O flower—"

He thrust his hot-eyed dark face close to hers, and Julia's rage finally got the better of her. Her hands were tied together, but that did not prevent her ripping two sets of finger-nails down Ibn Akarish's august countenance, and at the same time knocking his head-covering to the ground at his feet. The sheikh stood there before her, his bald pate gleaming in the sun—the final insult to an Arab.

For a moment he stood still, foaming with rage. Then he rushed at her and seized her by the throat with a hoarse exclamation of fury. Julia, once more rather surprised at herself than otherwise, fought back; there was a quiet voice in Arabic behind them.

The Hajji had emerged from the hut on hearing the tumult, and now laid a restraining hand on Ibn Akarish's arm.

"Nay, O sheikh," he observed. "Remember who thou art. Men do not fight with women."

Ibn Akarish dropped his hold, a trifle sheepishly. "True," he said. "True, O Haj. I was beside myself. Take her away!" he commanded. "Place her with the other unbeliever that I may consider—"

"And meanwhile," suggested Hajji Ibrahim, "resume thy seat upon the carpet, O sheikh, and be calm. It is written that women are the disturbers of the intellect—"

Ibn Akarish sank back on the cushions and cautiously felt his lacerated face.

"Children of Shaitan, rather," he observed angrily. "No matter; in a while she shall be tamed!"

IT WAS pitchy dark inside the tent, dark, stuffy and odoriferous. The two captives sat sleepless, wondering what might be coming to them with the daylight.

Durham had his head in his bound hands, and had been silent for hours. The courage seemed to have gone out of him dramatically with the approach of danger, and his bluster had vanished. He was a very crestfallen young man indeed.

Julia, on the contrary, had risen to the occasion as the peril grew more obvious. She was still in an exalted fury with Ibn Akarish, and was actively casting about for methods of escape from the fix in which they found themselves.

"This is simply silly," she said. "There must be a way out somehow, Bull. Come on, think it up. We can't let a lot of Arabs do what they like with us, you know."

"Don't see how we can stop them," Bull Durham groaned. "They've got us where they want us, and we've just been fools."

"Fools!" Julia said passionately. "Why? I suppose you'll be saying next that that little man was right a couple of days ago, warning us at the outpost. Or Paget—"

"Paget told us, anyhow," Durham said.

"Yes," said Julia bitterly. "And what did we say to him? What did you say to him, Bull? It isn't any use going back over that. Anyhow he was just a conceited little shrimp, and he can't help us now."

"Nor anyone else," Bull Durham muttered lugubriously. "We're done!"

"Oh, stop talking like that!" Julia snapped at him. "You're as bad as Paget—hopeless, helpless, idiots, the pair of you."

She broke off suddenly, listening. There was a very faint scrape and a rip, low down beside her.

"What's that?" asked Durham huskily. "Hush!" Julia breathed. The ripping went on, and finally a circle of the skin wall of the tent was cut away.

"Put your hands down here," someone whispered in English. "I'll untie them. Hurry!"

Speechlessly Julia did as she was bidden and felt the loops of leather released from her wrists. "Now untie your friend," came the order with the very faintest of chuckles. Julia did.

"Who are you?" she breathed. The voice did not reply directly.

"Now," it said, "listen to me. The front flap of the tent is open. Undo it, slip out, and round to the back. Quick!"

There was no moon, and the night was inky dark, with a suspicion of rain clouds blowing up. Julia leading, the pair stole round behind the tent, as ordered. A dark form met them.

"Come along!" it said. "Not a sound, now. Step across that fellow there."

The guard lay, a huddled heap on the sand. Julia crossed his body without a qualm, wondering at her own self-possession. The Arab—she could see his burnous—caught her by the hand. "Run!" he said.

Tethered under a palm tree a hundred yards away were three camels. Neither Julia nor Durham knew enough about such things to recognize the Bisharin breed—the racers of the desert; and neither of them knew anything of camel-back riding. In fact, their companion had to haul both of them up to the pads and lash them there for safety.

He mounted himself. "Now," he said.



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50th row—K 36, ov, k 2 tog, k 26, ov, k 2 tog, k 35.

Now purl 1 row and knit 1 row, for 36 rows, to correspond with back, then change to ribbed stitch and knit 2, purl 2 for 63 rows, knitting the 50th and 51st stitches together on the first row, leaving 100 stitches. Then change to brown and knit 10 more rows, making $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches of ribbing. Bind off on wrong side.

Sleeve

Holding right side of work toward you, with camel yarn, pick up 70 stitches between the third stitches from second brown row from each end of armhole.

1st row—Purl and pick up one stitch at end of row.

2nd row—Knit plain and pick up one stitch at end of this and following rows around armhole. This will not be mentioned again.

3rd row—Purl.

4th row—K 2, (ov, k 2 tog) 35 times, k 1.

5th row—Purl.

6th row—K 4, (ov, k 2 tog) 35 times, k 1.

7th row—Purl.

8th row—Knit plain.

9th row—Join brown yarn and purl across.

10th row—Purl across with camel also.

11th row—Knit plain.

12th row—Purl.

13th row—K 3 (ov, k 2 tog) 39 times, k 2.

14th row—Purl.

15th row—K 3, (ov, k 3 tog) 40 times, k 1.

16th row—Purl.

17th row—Knit plain.

18th row—Knit plain with brown yarn.

19th row—Purl back with camel yarn.

20th row—Knit plain.

21st row—Purl.

22nd row—K 2, (ov, k 2 tog) 44 times, k 1, and pick up the last 4 stitches of armhole.

23rd row—Purl and pick up the last 4 stitches on other side of armhole. There will now be 99 stitches on sleeve.

24th row—K 3 (ov, k 3 tog) 47 times, k 2.

25th row—Purl.

26th row—Knit plain.

27th row—Purl across with brown.

28th row—Purl across with camel also.

29th row—Knit across and decrease by knitting two stitches together at end of row.

30th row—Purl and decrease at end of row.

31st row—K 2 (ov, k 2 tog) 47 times, k 1.

32nd row—Purl.

33rd row—K 3 (k 2 tog) 46 times, k 2.

34th row—Purl.

35th row—Knit plain.

36th row—Knit across with brown.

37th row—Purl.

38th row—Knit plain, decreasing at end of row.

39th row—Purl, decreasing at end of row.

40th row—K 2 (k 2 tog) 46 times, k 1.

41st row—Purl.

42nd row—K 3 (ov, k 2 tog) 22 times, k 2 (ov, k 2 tog) 22 times, k 2.

43rd row—Purl.

44th row—Knit plain.

45th row—With camel purl 5; with brown purl 40; with camel 5, with brown 40 and with camel 5.

46th row—Break yarn and go back and purl across with camel.

47th row—Knit plain, decreasing at end of row.

48th row—Purl, decreasing at end of row.

49th row—K 7 (ov, k 2 tog) 18 times, k 8 (ov, k 2 tog) 18 times, k 6.

50th row—Purl.

51st row—K 12 (ov, k 2 tog) 15 times, k 10 (ov, k 2 tog) 15 times, k 11.

52nd row—Purl.

53rd row—Knit across. Break yarn and go back to the other end of needle.

54th row—With camel knit 13, with brown

knit 27, with camel 13, with brown 27, with camel 13.

55th row—Purl back with camel.

56th row—Knit plain, decreasing at end of row.

57th row—Purl, decreasing at end of row.

58th row—K 16 (ov, k 2 tog) 11 times, k 16 (ov, k 2 tog) 11 times, k 15.

59th row—Purl.

60th row—K 21 (ov, k 2 tog) 8 times, k 18 (ov, k 2 tog) 8 times, k 20.

61st row—Purl.

62nd row—Knit plain.

63rd row—With camel purl 25 stitches, with brown 10 stitches, with camel 21 stitches, with brown 10 stitches and with camel 25 stitches.

64th row—Break yarn and go back and purl across with camel.

65th row—Knit plain, decreasing at end of row.

66th row—Purl, decreasing at end of row.

67th row—K 27 (ov, k 2 tog) 3 times, k 24, (ov, k 2 tog) 3 times, k 26.

68th row—Purl.

69th row—K 30, ov, k 2 tog, k 26, ov, k 2 tog, k 29.

70th row—Purl.

71st row—Knit plain.

72nd row—Purl.

73rd row—Knit plain.

74th row—Purl, decreasing at end of row.

75th row—Knit plain, decreasing at end of row.

Now purl 1 row and knit 1 row for 36 rows, to match body of garment, decreasing at end of every 8th and 9th row. Then change to ribbed stitch and knit 2 purl 2 for $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches, knitting 40th and 41st stitch together on 1st row, and decreasing at end of every 4th and 5th rows, till there are only 52 stitches on needle. Continue without decreasing till there are 63 rows of ribbing. Then change to brown yarn and work 10 more rows of ribbing. Bind off on wrong side and knit the other sleeve the same way.

Then with a wool needle and brown yarn work over 3 stitches of 3rd row below last hole of each point on sleeves and body. Then work over 1 stitch of row below, working over the stitch below 2nd of 3 brown stitches. This makes the brown row at point and is less trouble than knitting it in.

Collar

Using brown yarn, cast on 256 stitches and knit 2 purl 2 for 10 rows. Bind off 28 stitches at beginning of 11th row, and change to camel yarn and knit 2 purl 2 across remainder of row.

12th row—Bind off 12 stitches at beginning of row. Then knit 2 purl 2 across needle.

13th row—Knit 2 purl 2 across.

Repeat these 2 rows 5 times.

24th row—Knit 2 purl 2 across.

25th row—Bind off 8 stitches at beginning of row and knit 2 purl 2 across.

26th row—Knit 2 purl 2 across.

27th row—Bind off 60 stitches at beginning, and knit 2 purl 2 across remainder of row.

28th row—Knit 2 purl 2 across.

29th row—Bind off 28 stitches at beginning, and knit 2 purl 2 across remainder of row.

30th row—Knit 2 purl 2 across.

31st row—Bind off 30 stitches at beginning of row, and knit 2 purl 2 across remainder of row.

32nd row—Knit 2 purl 2 across.

33rd row—Bind off 32 stitches.

Sew seven ribs which were bound off first to end of collar and sew collar to neck of blouse, having deep end of right side of blouse, and the 60 stitches which were bound off at once, joined to back of neck, and remainder to left side. Sew up seams and press.



To WOMEN who want to stay YOUNG

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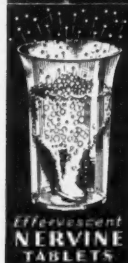
NO woman can retain her youthful look and pleasing disposition if she is subject to frequent nervous troubles. First come occasional nervous disorders—jumpy, twitchy nerves or blue irritable spells. These, if not soon corrected are followed by more serious nervous attacks—Nervous Headaches, Neuralgia, Nervous Indigestion, Sleeplessness and similar nervous troubles. When your nerves are all tense and refuse to relax—just try Dr. Miles' NERVINE. It is the prescription of a famous nerve specialist. The prompt way it quiets the nerves, relaxes nervous tension and brings back your normal poise and self-control will surprise you. You will find it a safe and harmless way to get prompt relief.

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A Charming Knitted Pullover

Continued from page 56

141st row—Knit plain.
142nd row—Leave the camel yarn at left hand of needle and begin at right hand side again. Knit across with brown. Do not break, just leave the brown yarn until it is needed again.
143rd row—Purl back with camel.
144th row—Knit plain.
145th row—Purl.
146th row—K 2, (ov, k 2 tog) 47 times, k 1.
147th row—Purl.
148th row—K 3, (ov, k 2 tog) 46 times, k 2.
149th row—Purl.
150th row—Knit plain.
151st row—Purl across with brown and repeat from 143rd to 149th rows.
159th row—Bind off 3 stitches for armhole, knit across, turn and bind off 3 stitches at beginning of next row. Leave the camel yarn, come back to right of needle and knit 160th row with brown. There will be 91 stitches.
161st row—Purl back with camel, binding off 1 stitch at beginning of row.
162nd row—Bind off 1 stitch and knit across.
163rd row—Bind off 1 stitch and purl across.
164th row—Bind off 1 stitch, k 2, (ov, k 2 tog) 41 times, k 2.
165th row—Bind off 1 stitch and purl across.
166th row—Bind off 1 stitch, k 2, (ov, k 2 tog) 40 times, k 2.
167th row—There are now 85 stitches on the needle. Purl across.
168th row—Knit plain.
169th row—Purl back with brown yarn.
170th row—Purl across with camel yarn.
171st row—Knit plain.
172nd row—Purl.
173rd row—K 2, (ov, k 2 tog) 41 times, k 1.
174th row—Purl.
175th row—K 3, (ov, k 2 tog) 40 times, k 2.
176th row—Purl.
177th row—Knit plain.
178th row—Leave camel yarn, come back to right of needle and knit across with brown.
179th row—Purl back with camel.
180th row—Knit plain.
181st row—Purl.
182nd and 183rd rows—Same as 173rd and 174th rows.
184th and 185th rows—Same as 175th and 176th rows.
Repeat from 168th row twice more and from 168th to 176th rows the third time. Then leave the camel yarn and with brown knit 33 stitches, bind off 19 stitches for back of neck, knit 33. Slip first 33 stitches on to a convenient stitch holder and proceed to knit the left shoulder thus:

Left Shoulder
1st row—Purl.
2nd row—Bind off 1 stitch and knit across.
3rd row—Purl.
4th row—Bind off 1 stitch, k 1 (ov, k 2 tog) 14 times, k 1.
5th row—Purl.
6th row—Bind off 1 stitch, k 1 (ov, k 2 tog) 13 times, k 2.
7th row—Purl.
8th row—Knit plain.
9th row—Purl back with brown yarn.
10th row—Purl across with camel also.
11th row—Knit across, increasing 1 stitch at neck edge by knitting both the front and back loop of second stitch, thus making 2 stitches.
12th row—Purl.
13th row—K 2, (ov, k 2 tog) 14 times, k 1.
14th row—Purl.
15th row—K 3, increasing as before on 2nd stitch, (ov, k 2 tog) 13 times, k 2.
16th row—Purl.
17th row—Knit plain.
18th row—Leave camel and knit across with brown also.
19th row—Purl back with camel, increasing at 2nd last stitch.
20th row—Knit plain.
21st row—Purl.

22nd and 23rd rows—Same as 13th and 14th rows.
24th and 25th rows—Same as 15th and 16th rows.
Repeat from 8th row, increasing 1 stitch every 4th row at neck edge, 12 times more making 15 increasings on neck edge.
When there are 8 patterns on the front and 45 stitches on the needle, increase 1 stitch on armhole edge every 2nd row, 4 times, beginning on next row after 8th brown row.
Now slip these stitches onto a stitch-holder, or extra needle, and knit right shoulder the same way. Then add 6 stitches at armhole edge on 9th brown row at right side of front, and on the next row after 9th brown row on left side, completing armhole. There should be 58 stitches on the needle on the 1st row of camel after the 9th brown row. Now place the two sides together for 15 stitches in the centre, and beginning at armhole edge of right side, knit 43 stitches. Then take 1 stitch from each needle and knit them together as 1 stitch for 15 stitches, then continue across remainder of left side and there will be 101 stitches on the needle.

Front

2nd row of whole front—Purl.
3rd row—K 1, (ov, k 2 tog) 49 times, k 2.
4th row—Purl.
5th row—K 2, (ov, k 2 tog) 49 times, k 1.
6th row—Purl.
7th row—Knit plain.
8th row—Leave camel and knit across with brown.
9th row—Purl back with camel.
10th row—Knit plain.
11th row—Purl.
12th and 13th rows—Same as 3rd and 4th rows.
14th and 15th rows—Same as 5th and 6th rows.
16th row—Knit plain.
17th row—Purl back with brown.
18th row—Purl back with camel also.
19th row—Knit plain.
20th row—Purl.
21st and 22nd rows—Same as 3rd and 4th rows.
23rd row—K 2, (ov, k 2 tog) 24 times, k 2, (ov, k 2 tog) 24 times, k 1.
24th row—Purl.
25th row—Knit plain.
26th row—With camel purl 5 sts, with brown purl 43 sts, with camel purl 5 sts with brown purl 43 sts, and 5 sts with camel.
27th row—Break yarn and go back and purl across with camel.
28th row—Knit plain.
29th row—Purl.
30th row—K 9, (ov, k 2 tog) 19 times, k 8, (ov, k 2 tog) 19 times, k 8.
31st row—Purl.
32nd row—K 14, (ov, k 2 tog) 16 times, k 10, (ov, k 2 tog) 16 times, k 13.
33rd row—Purl.
34th row—Knit plain.
35th row—Purl 15 sts with camel, with brown purl 29, with camel 13, with brown 29, and with camel 15.
36th row—Break yarn and go back and purl across with camel.
37th row—Knit plain.
38th row—Purl.
39th row—K 19, (ov, k 2 tog) 12 times, k 16, (ov, k 2 tog) 12 times, k 18.
40th row—Purl.
41st row—K 24, (ov, k 2 tog) 9 times, k 18 (ov, k 2 tog) 9 times, k 23.
42nd row—Purl.
43rd row—Knit plain.
44th row—With camel purl 28, with brown purl 12, with camel purl 21, with brown purl 12, and with camel purl 28.
45th row—Break yarn and go back and purl across with camel.
46th row—Knit plain.
47th row—Purl.
48th row—K 33, (ov, k 2 tog) 3 times, k 24, (ov, k 2 tog) 3 times, k 32.
49th row—Purl.

SLEEP TONIGHT



"I'm mighty glad we had this bottle of Sloan's in the house."
"I'm twice as glad! It certainly did the trick the last time."

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One stair at a time—on her hands and knees—that was how she had to do it. And when she did get to bed, her troubles were not over.

"Twelve months ago I could not sleep on account of the terrible pains in my knees, and I might say in all my joints. At night I could only crawl up to bed, one stair at a time. But since taking Kruschen Salts regularly, I have entirely lost all pains and stiffness, and, if needed, could now run upstairs two at a time. In fact, I feel 10 years younger. I shall never be without Kruschen Salts."—Mrs. A. E. D.

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Bake Yourself a Cake

Continued from page 20

teaspoonful of soda and one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

The most common liquid is milk, sweet or sour. In using powdered or evaporated forms, prepare according to the directions given on the container. Powdered milk may be sifted with the dry ingredients, then add the water alternately with the flour mixture to the creamed sugar and shortening. Occasionally, all or part of the liquid for a cake is fruit juice, or it may be water which makes a light cake but a somewhat less nutritious one.

Flavoring materials are important. Spices should be fresh and flavoring extracts of good quality. By the use of a variety of flavors you may often give fresh interest to an old recipe, and here is a chance to show your discrimination and originality in achieving variety. Don't keep always to the one flavor.

In the first article of the baking series published last month, stress was laid upon the importance of accurate level measurements. The directions will bear repeating, since no step in cake making is more important.

Sift the flour once, then lift it lightly with a spoon into a standard measuring cup, and level it off with a knife or spatula. Avoid shaking the cup or packing the flour in any way, or you will have more flour than the recipe calls for. This is often the reason why cakes hump or crack on the top while baking, so if you have had this difficulty, pay particular attention to measuring the flour.

Baking powder and soda should be measured by filling the spoon full, then levelling it with a knife. Take pains with this, for too much leavening material gives a coarse, crumbly grain, while too little results in an undersized cake.

When measuring shortening, be sure to pack it solidly and level it off. One half cupful may be easily reckoned by putting one-half cupful of water in the cup, then adding pieces of fat until the water reaches the top. Other fractions may be measured in the same way; for one third of a cupful, put in two thirds of a cupful of water; for three-quarters of a cupful, put in one-quarter of a cupful of water. If you are using print butter, measurement is simplified if you remember that one pound equals two cupfuls of butter. Therefore, when you slice the print in four, you have one-half cupful in each slice.

The cake maker's utensils consist of suitable bowls—rounded bottoms are best—standard-sized measuring units, a wooden spoon, a flexible spatula or broad bladed knife, a flour sifter, an egg beater of the rotary type for whole eggs or yolks, a wire whisk for the whites, an assortment of pans, a cake rack, waxed paper and scissors for cutting it, a portable oven thermometer if your oven is not equipped with an accurate indicator. A cake tester of fine wire, a slotted spoon for creaming shortening and a plate scraper for cleaning bowls are convenient accessories.

Now as to the procedure. First, decide upon the recipe and read it carefully. Collect the ingredients and necessary utensils, prepare the pans and attend to the oven. Measure the ingredients and combine them, following the directions exactly. Cream the shortening by mashing it, and beating until it is about the consistency of very thick cream. Then add the sugar, small amounts at a time, continuing the creaming after each addition until all the sugar and shortening are combined and the mixture is light and fluffy. Next, add the egg or the egg yolk, first beaten until thick and lighter in color. Beat all together thoroughly. If egg whites and yolks are to be added separately, the whites should be beaten just before they are used, after the other ingredients are combined.

The flour, salt and baking powder should be sifted together; do this three or four times. Add these dry ingredients alternately with the liquid to the creamed mixture,

blending by the use of a folding—down, up and over—motion. Over-manipulation at this stage impairs the texture of the cake, and is a frequent cause of "tubes" and "tunnels." Pour the batter into the previously prepared cake tins, spreading it rather higher around the sides than in the centre to ensure even rising. It is a good plan to cut through the centre of the batter at right angles to break larger air bubbles. Then tap the pan on the table once or twice to release any small bubbles. Place in the oven as near the centre as possible, making sure, of course, that the right temperature has been reached.

The perfect cake can be achieved only if the baking as well as the mixing is correctly done—at the proper heat for the proper length of time. Use a thermometer for accuracy—a portable one if your oven has no indicator, for it is very difficult to judge the heat in any other way. Place the thermometer beside the cake in a position where it can be read easily and quickly.

Many modern stoves have an oven regulator which controls the heat, holding it constant within a narrow range of temperature.

The time of baking may be divided into four periods of equal length. During the first, the cake begins to rise; in the second, it continues to rise and the top commences to brown. The rising and browning continue in the third period, and during the fourth the cake finishes cooking and draws slightly from the sides of the pan. Do not open the oven door during the first ten minutes of baking, but after that time you may look at the cake at the end of each period, and, if necessary, adjust the heat of the oven. If the cake is browning unevenly you may change its position without fear of failure.

There are certain tests for "doneness." The cake will be well risen and delicately brown. There will be no singing sound, and when the surface is pressed lightly with the finger there will be no imprint. A tester inserted in the cake will come out clean and dry.

After removing a butter cake from the oven, invert the pan on a wire cake rack. Let it remain thus for five minutes or so, then lift off the pan and remove the paper if it has been used for lining the tin. Allow a sponge cake to stay in the inverted pan until it has thoroughly cooled. The rack allows air to circulate around the cake while cooling and prevents a soggy crust. You may use your broiler rack for this purpose, or if you do not possess either of these a clean towel is the next best thing.

Cake failures can usually be avoided by care in every step of the process. But in spite of precautions the product sometimes falls short of perfection, to the disappointment of the cook. In a later article we shall discuss common faults and suggest remedies for the difficulties encountered. A good cake, unadorned or decorated with a suitable frosting, is a real treat which is worth the effort and patience required to master the art of its creation.

Standard Cake

- 1/4 Cupful of butter or shortening
- 1 Cupful of sugar, granulated
- 2 Eggs
- 1/2 Cupful of milk (sweet)
- 1 3/4 Cupfuls of flour (pastry or cake)
- 2 1/2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of vanilla

Cream the shortening until light, add the sugar gradually and continue creaming until the two are well blended and very light. Add the well beaten eggs. Sift the flour, measure and sift with the baking powder and salt. Add these ingredients alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Stir in the flavor-

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A Cook's Tour

Continued from page 22

Afternoon tea, that pleasant interlude in a busy day, should be light and tasty. What more pleasing accompaniment to the cheering cup than a lightly toasted cracker, plain or with a flavorful spread!

In the lunch box, the picnic basket, at camp or on the motor trip, biscuits in some form are a favorite standby. Indeed these versatile products have so many uses and provide nutritional balance to so many dishes that they maintain a rightfully conspicuous place on the list of staple foods.

Salmon Balls

- 1 Can of salmon (one pound)
- 2 Eggs
- 1 Tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce
- Salt and pepper
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful or more of biscuit crumbs

Remove the skin and bones from the salmon, flake it and combine with the beaten eggs. Add the sauce, seasonings, and enough cracker crumbs to thicken. Shape into balls or cakes, roll in biscuit crumbs and fry in dripping or other fat in a frying pan. If desired these may be fried in deep fat as croquettes.

Savory Rarebit

- 1 Can of tomato soup
- 2 Cupfuls of grated cheese
- 1 Tablespoonful of finely chopped onion
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of dry mustard
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- Dash of cayenne
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Tablespoonfuls of Worcestershire sauce
- Toasted soda biscuits

Combine all of the ingredients but the sauce and soda biscuits. Cook in a double boiler until the mixture begins to thicken. Add the sauce and serve piping hot on the toasted soda biscuits.

Creamed Stuffed Eggs

- 6 Hard cooked eggs
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of minced ham
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of biscuit crumbs
- 1 Cupful of thin cream sauce
- 1 Teaspoonful of mustard
- 1 Teaspoonful of chopped parsley

Cut the eggs in halves lengthwise, remove the yolks and combine the mashed yolks with the minced ham, biscuit crumbs,

mustard and chopped parsley. Refill the whites with this mixture and place them in a casserole. Pour the white sauce around them and place in a moderate oven to brown.

Krummel Torte

- 1 Egg
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of biscuit crumbs
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of chopped dates
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of chopped nuts

Beat the egg until very light, add the sugar gradually and continue beating. Mix the baking powder with the biscuit crumbs and combine with the chopped dates and nuts. Stir the egg and sugar mixture into this and turn into a shallow pan. Bake in a slow oven—275 to 300 degrees Fahrenheit—for three-quarters of an hour. Cool, cut in squares and serve with cream.

Canapés

Mix finely chopped hard cooked eggs with minced green pepper and moisten with mayonnaise. Spread on round or oblong toasted biscuits. Garnish with bits of pimento.

Cover lightly buttered crisp biscuits with finely chopped pickled beet to which a little minced onion has been added. Cross two tiny sardines in the centre and garnish with slices of pickled onion.

Add chili sauce to white cream cheese and spread crisp biscuits with the mixture. Border with white cheese forced through a pastry tube and garnish with slices of olives.

Mash canned salmon to a paste, season with salt, lemon juice and Worcestershire sauce. Spread the mixture on toasted or plain biscuits and garnish with pieces of pickled walnut.

Afternoon Tea Suggestions

Beat the white of one egg until firm, add powdered sugar and continue beating until stiff. Add mashed cooked prunes and chopped walnuts to form a thin paste and spread on biscuits. Place in a hot oven to brown.

Boil one and a half cupfuls of granulated sugar, half a cupful of milk and one square of chocolate until it forms a ball when a little is dropped into cold water. Remove from the heat, add half a tablespoonful of butter and allow to cool. Beat until creamy; to some add chopped nuts and to some add cocoanut. Spread on crisp biscuits.

Description of Chatelaine Patterns on page 72

No. 700—Wide box pleats are caught in With a girdle. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 35-inch material, and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 35-inch contrasting. Price 15 cents.

No. 567—Dainty brevities that fit smoothly. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 39-inch contrasting material. Price 15 cents.

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No. 403—This little romper-suit cuts entirely in one piece. Sizes 1, 2 and 3 years. Size 2 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 35-inch material with $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of edging. Price 15 cents.

No. 683—A practical little suit for the wee man. Sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 6 requires 2 yards of 35-inch material with $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 35-inch material for the blouse. Price 15 cents.

No. 696—She will love a bolero frock, and it's cosy too. Sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 6 requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 35-inch material for the sleeveless blouse. Price 15 cents.

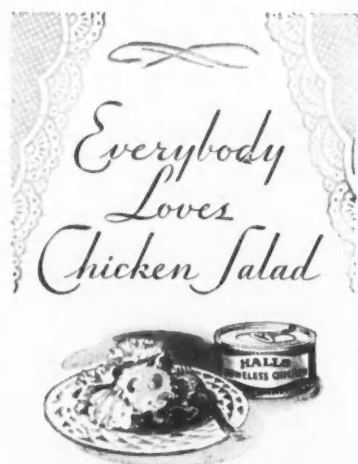
No. 610—Party days are here for the tiny tots too. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material with $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 39-inch contrasting. Price 15 cents.

No. 809—Just as smart as her big sister's is this two-color frock. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material with one yard of 35-inch contrasting. Price 15 cents.

No. 250—Warm pyjamas for sleepy-head. Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. Price 15 cents.

No. 898—A gay apron with a capelet collar. Sizes small, medium and large. Size medium requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material with 8 yards of binding. Price 15 cents.

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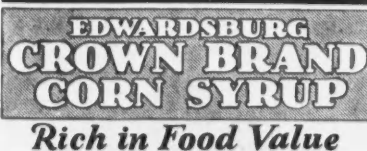
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A Directory of Food Products and Their Place On The Menu.

SYRUPS—by M. Frances Hucks

PANCAKES and syrup—what a welcome note in the call to breakfast!

Invariably a smile appears on the face of healthy hungry man as he pours a stream of golden syrup over the tender hot cakes. How fortunate, then, that by the simple expedient of keeping on the pantry shelf a goodly supply of different syrups to serve with these and other popular hot breads, one may begin any day in a happy way.

We have said "different syrups," for with this food as with all others, a change of flavor will be appreciated. Fresh Canadian maple syrup, so delicious in itself and lending its flavor to many food combinations, is deservedly famous. But the supply frequently falls short of the demand, so we must find other types to serve the many purposes for which they are so suited.

Corn syrup, economical and nutritious, has numerous uses in the daily round of meal planning and food preparation. It satisfies the taste for sweets in an altogether desirable way. For in the manufacture of corn syrup starch from the grain goes through various processes which are similar to those which take place in the digestive system when starchy foods are eaten. The clear golden colored syrup so popular for table use is a combination of the corn product, with pure cane syrup to add flavor and caramel to give color. It is a wholesome and energizing food for adults and children.

White corn syrup, with no flavor other than sweetness, has many uses in preparing foods. It does not "grain" or crystallize, and this property makes it invaluable as an ingredient in home-made candy, especially caramels and similar varieties where softness and elasticity are essential. Creamy bonbons, smooth fudges and tender gum drops all owe perfect texture to the presence of corn syrup. This same quality makes it desirable for use in icings and ice cream mixtures. Food drinks are smooth and nourishing when white corn syrup is the sweetener; sauces and many prepared dishes include it among the ingredients, while it emphasizes the delicious flavor of a fresh fruit dessert.

Cane syrup is another member of the syrup family and is obtained by refining and concentrating the juice of the sugar cane. This type is a favorite in England and enjoys a certain popularity here, where it sells at a somewhat higher price than the corn syrup.

Molasses—the thick, tangy syrup obtained from the manufacture of raw or brown sugar—is another product of the sugar cane. Different grades are sold in the stores, the choicest being, as a rule, of a light amber tint. In enumerating uses for molasses, we have visions of light tender gingerbread, spicy puddings, rich fruity cake, and many old favorites which derive much of their color and aroma from this flavorful ingredient.

These various syrups, which are poured hot into sterilized containers, then hermetically sealed, will keep for an almost indefinite period and consequently are always available when needed. This fact, along with the extensive uses and the recognized wholesomeness of syrup, puts them in the class of food which have an important place on the pantry shelf.

Honey, which also answers the description of a syrup—"any thick sweet liquid"—has other characteristics which will be discussed in a later article.

Fudge

- 3 Squares of unsweetened chocolate
- 3 Cupfuls of granulated sugar
- 1 Tablespoonful of corn syrup
- 1 Cupful of milk
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- Pinch of salt
- ½ Teaspoonful of vanilla

Cut the chocolate into small pieces and put in a saucepan with the sugar, corn syrup and milk. Place over the heat, stir until dissolved, then cook without stirring until a soft ball forms when a little is dropped into cold water—238 degrees Fahrenheit. Add the butter and cool the mixture without stirring. Add the salt and the vanilla and beat until creamy. Turn into a lightly greased flat pan and mark in squares.

Vanilla Caramels

- 1½ Cupfuls of granulated sugar
- 1½ Cupfuls of white corn syrup
- 1½ Cupfuls of evaporated milk
- ¾ Teaspoonful of vanilla

Put the sugar and corn syrup in a saucepan and cook together until transparent. Add the evaporated milk slowly so that the mixture does not stop boiling, and cook, stirring all the time, until a moderately hard ball forms when a little is dropped into cold water—242 degrees Fahrenheit. Add the vanilla and pour into a buttered pan to a depth of about one inch. When cool, cut in squares.

N.B. This candy will burn if it is not stirred constantly during cooking.

Gingerbread

- 1 Cupful of molasses
- ½ Cupful of brown sugar
- ½ Cupful of melted shortening
- 2 Eggs
- 2 Cupfuls of sifted pastry flour
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of soda
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1½ Teaspoonfuls of ginger
- 1 Teaspoonful of cinnamon
- ½ Teaspoonful of cloves
- 1 Cupful of boiling water

Combine the molasses, brown sugar and melted shortening, and add the beaten eggs. Mix and sift the dry ingredients and add alternately with the boiling water to the first mixture. Bake in a shallow greased pan or in individual tins in a moderate oven—350 degrees Fahrenheit—for thirty to forty minutes.

Butterscotch Pudding

- ¾ Cupful of corn syrup
- 2¼ Cupfuls of milk
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 5 Tablespoonfuls of cornstarch
- ¼ Cupful of cold milk
- ½ Teaspoonful of vanilla

Scald the corn syrup and the milk together. Add the salt, and the cornstarch which has been mixed to a paste, with the cold milk. Cook over hot water until thickened, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Cook for twenty minutes, stirring occasionally, add the vanilla and turn into a mold. Chill, unmold, and serve with cream.

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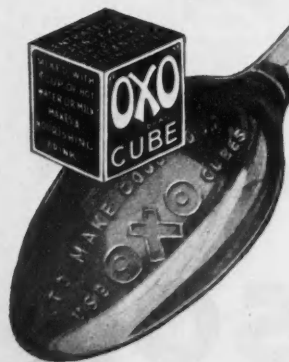
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ing, turn into greased and floured cake tins and bake in a moderate oven.

For a layer cake twenty-five to thirty minutes at 375 degrees Fahrenheit are required, and for a loaf cake forty to sixty minutes at 350 degrees Fahrenheit.

For a lighter cake separate the egg yolks and whites and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites last.

Many delicious cakes can be made by varying this recipe.

Cocoa Or Chocolate Cake

Add two squares of chocolate, melted over hot water and cooled to the creamed shortening, sugar and egg yolk mixture, or sift half cupful of cocoa with the dry ingredients. In either case increase the milk by quarter cupful to ensure a moist cake.

Gold And White Cakes

For gold cake use four egg yolks instead of two whole eggs. Increase the flour to two cupfuls and the baking powder to three teaspoonfuls. For white cake use three egg whites, beaten stiffly and folded in last, instead of two whole eggs, and increase the shortening to half cupful and the flour to two cupfuls.

Cocoanut Cake

Add one cupful of fresh grated cocoanut to the standard mixture, or the white cake at the last or just before folding in the beaten egg whites. Ice with a cocoanut icing.

Caramel Cake

Add three tablespoonfuls of caramel syrup to the standard mixture just before folding in the beaten egg whites. To make caramel syrup, heat one cupful of granulated sugar in a heavy frying pan, stirring continually until it is melted and has a deep golden brown color. Stir in half cupful of boiling water very slowly and carefully, heat and stir until smooth and bottle to use as desired. This cake should have a caramel icing and filling.

Nut or Fruit Cakes

To the standard recipe add three-quarters cupful of nutmeats or dried fruits at the last, or just before folding in the egg whites. Walnuts, pecans, almonds, or combinations of these and others may be used; they should be blanched if necessary, cut in small pieces and mixed with two tablespoonfuls of the flour. Raisins, chopped dates, chopped soaked prunes may be used in the same amounts and in the same way as nuts.

Spice Cake

Sift with the dry ingredients in the standard recipe, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, half teaspoonful each of allspice and nutmeg and quarter teaspoonful of cloves. Dried fruits as suggested above may be added to this cake if desired.

Marble Cake

Divide the standard cake batter into halves. To one-half add one square of melted chocolate and two tablespoonfuls of milk. Drop alternate teaspoonfuls of the light and dark batter into the prepared cake tin.

Sponge Cake

- 4 Eggs
- 2/3 Cupful of fine granulated or fruit sugar
- 1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice
- 1 Teaspoonful of flavoring (vanilla, almond, lemon or orange extract or grated rind of lemon or orange)
- 2/3 Cupful of flour (pastry or cake)
- 1/8 Teaspoonful of salt

Separate the egg yolks and whites, and beat the yolks until thick and light colored. Add the sugar gradually and continue beating. Add the lemon juice and flavoring, and the egg whites which have been stiffly beaten. Cut the whites into the mixture and when partly blended fold in the flour which has been sifted, measured and sifted three times with the salt. Turn into an ungreased tube pan and bake in a slow oven—300 to 325 degrees Fahrenheit—for about one hour. Invert the pan on a cake rack to cool.

Jelly Roll (Sponge Mixture)

- 2 Eggs
- 3/4 Cupful of granulated sugar
- 3/4 Cupful of boiling water
- 1 Teaspoonful of flavoring
- 1 Cupful of flour (pastry or cake)
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of baking powder
- Pinch of salt

Separate the egg yolks and whites and beat the yolks until thick and light colored. Add the sugar gradually and continue beating. Add the boiling water slowly, stir in the flavoring and cut in the stiffly beaten egg whites. When partly blended, fold in the flour which has been sifted, measured and sifted three times with the baking powder and salt. Bake in a shallow flat pan lined with waxed paper. Turn out on to a damp cloth, remove the paper trim off the crisp edges and spread with a tart jelly. Roll, and wrap in a damp towel. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and slice when cool. This may be baked in a sponge cake tin if desired.

Orange Cream Cake (Sponge Cake)

- 4 Eggs
- 1 Cupful of fine granulated sugar
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of orange juice
- Grated rind of one orange
- 1 Cupful of flour (pastry or cake)
- 1 Teaspoonful of baking powder
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of salt

Separate the egg yolks and whites and beat the yolks until thick and light colored. Add the sugar, gradually beating during the addition. Add the orange juice and rind. Sift the flour, measure and sift several times with the baking powder and salt. Beat the egg whites until stiff but not dry, and cut them into the egg and sugar mixture. When nearly combined, fold in the sifted dry ingredients. Bake in ungreased layer cake tins for about one half hour in a slow oven, 300 to 325 degrees Fahrenheit.

Invert the pans on a cake rack to cool, and put the layers together with:

Continued on page 68

Flour

Continued from page 21

many dishes which are as a rule eaten with such foods as meat, milk, eggs and cheese or with fruit and vegetables. They help to provide an economical, well balanced diet.

When we consider the frequency with

which grain in some form is served, and the prominence of these products in the day's meals, we realize the importance of Canada's wheat fields and their contribution to the nation's dietary.

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If you have discovered any new device which makes your work in the kitchen or home easier, why not pass the information along to other women?

The Domestic Workshop

a regular department for the ferreting out of new aids for the housewife will be glad to hear of it.

If there is any additional information you would like regarding any of the articles mentioned in these columns, we will be glad to tell you more about them on request.

A Bathroom Necessity
Cleans Toilet Bowls,
Removes Stains.



FLUSHO

A department which seeks out and investigates what is new and good in housekeeping helps

Conducted by VERA E. WELCH

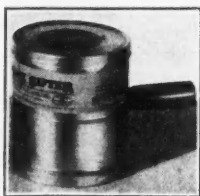
IT IS just about now, when we are contemplating our spring cleaning campaign, and the kitchen, to say nothing of the rest of the house, will soon be looking as neat as a pin, that we are apt to become painfully aware of the condition of our equipment. The surface of our kitchen can be made fresh and new-looking with the help of warm water and soap and a little paint, but when we come to look inside the "tool-shed," we find that many of the things are either worn out with long service, or else are hopelessly old-fashioned. When are we women going to realize that it pays to buy with the times?

It's no good saying, "Well, I've managed well enough all these years without this newfangled such and such a thing." But let us take a look at the article we've been using and then study the up-to-date commodity on the market, and we'll discover where we could have saved valuable time and effort.

There are two or three cooking appliances that I think you'd like to know about, in case you're thinking of replacing your old equipment with new. First, there is the Duplex Sifter, which operates on an entirely different principle from most flour sifters. You neither turn nor squeeze a handle. The sifter sits firmly on the table and sifts, double-sifts or triple-sifts your flour or dry ingredients entirely within itself. No dishes, papers or bowls are required, and there is no mess from scattering flour. This is how it works. The sifter is reversible. The handle, as you see, is placed exactly in the middle of the article, enabling it to be moved with equal ease whether the sifter is standing on its head or its feet. Over each end of the sifter there is a removable cover. To operate, you stand the sifter on its feet, remove the top cover, measure into it your quantity of dry ingredients and replace the cover. Then, to sift, you work the handle back and forth, and to resift you reverse the sifter, and again work the handle back and forth. Inside there is a strong wire strainer which is agitated on either side by the movement of a fan-shaped length of wire extending from within the handle.

Four or five cups of flour may be fluffed in four siftings, and of course, dry ingredients are mixed thoroughly in one sifting. Sugar, too, may be fluffed in the sifter if the recipe calls for it, at the same time as the flour and other dry ingredients.

FROM sifting to straining is not such a big jump. There's a new fruit and vegetable press on the market in which I think you will be interested. The important feature of this Androck press lies in the fact that the framework holds the bowl of the strainer up out of the food which is being pressed through. The virtue of this is obvious. The removable bowl measures five and a half inches across, and is made of heavy mesh tinned cloth. The wire frame is strong and sturdy, and the wooden handle is finished in green with bands of ivory.



It is an exceedingly useful gadget, for not only will it mash vegetables and fruits, and prepare babies' foods, but the strainer can also be used for washing and draining berries, lettuce, peas, and all general strainer uses. The pestle is shaped to fit the strainer, and it does its job thoroughly and efficiently. The roller is hardwood, and the handle and frame are made of heavy wire.

A THIRD "inspiration for good cookery" is the Chopette, illustrated on this page. This consists, as you see, of a solid piece of wood, about seven inches square, hollowed in the centre to form a shallow bowl. A thoroughly practical and convenient device, this, which does its work quickly and efficiently. It takes the place, of course, of both chopping bowl and cutting board, and with it comes a stainless steel chopping knife, the handle of which just fits nicely into the handle. The handle is finished in pale green.

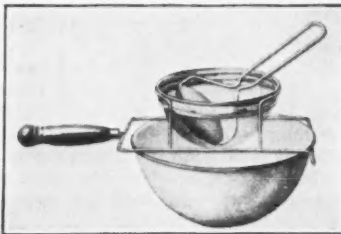
GREEN, incidentally, seems to be the favorite color for kitchen appliances, although yellow runs it a close second. Green utensils in a kitchen of sunshine yellow and cream, of course, is a combination that brings the lilt of springtime right into the workshop. I was in a kitchen yesterday, whose color scheme in cold print looks, to say the least, bizarre. And yet the effect was really very striking. The walls were painted a pale turquoise blue, with the woodwork a slightly deeper blue. The linoleum was one of those black and white checked affairs. The cupboard was a masterpiece, painted in the deeper turquoise, with dainty little stencilled designs upon the doors and on the drawers, done in Japanese red and black. When you



opened the door you discovered that the shelves, too, were gay with red paint, to match a dashing kitchen chair and table. Very wisely—for it is so easy to overdo these things—only the legs of the table were red, for the top was covered with spotless white oilcloth. The curtains at the windows were perfectly charming—Japanese red daintily sprigged with yellow and pale blue buds. And, of course, in this cheerful kitchen, which, needless to say, belonged to a matron of some six months standing, all the utensils, or the handles of utensils helped out the color scheme. The whole effect was utterly charming, but it is a scheme that could only be attempted by one who has an exceedingly good eye for color.

BUT to diverge from the kitchen for a moment, have you run across the new Safe-Bath Mat yet? It is a very good thought indeed, especially when one is bathing children. You know how slippery the bath tub can be and how easy it is for them to take quite a nasty fall.

The mat is made of good grade absorbent towelling, and is equipped with six rubber suction cups. These can easily be removed, and the mat washed when required.



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Pages 69-72

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Feen-a-mint
FOR CONSTIPATION

The Women Men Forget

Continued from page 47

flash of wisdom that she would never be able to forget him, and that he would remain until the end of time, a shadow on the brightest day, a heartache behind laughter.

IT WAS a relief to be taken in hand by Lady Farquhar and fussed over, after all those days of drifting around alone. It was marvellous to lie in the pretty bedroom full of flowers in her mother-in-law's flat, and be lectured and advised and nourished after all those days of no one caring whether she came home to tea or not. Lady Farquhar could not have been kinder, if Fenella had been the daughter-in-law of her heart.

"What would she say, now, if she knew?" thought Fenella idly, Gerald's farewell letter held fast in her hand under the pillow.

One could not have told her, even if one had wanted to. Fenella could not even tell her about the money. It would be so difficult to explain Maurice. She decided to leave it, and let Alistair do any explaining there had to be. She felt too tired. It was all too difficult. She had fixed her family up, through the solicitors, on condition they did not importune her for further funds, and now there was nothing to do but wait until Alistair arrived and see what was going to happen next.

Lady Farquhar said, "I shall not come to the train with you. You shall have your little reunion to yourselves. Of course he will have a nurse with him, but she will be tactful. Nurses are usually tactful. Alistair has no doubt told you how lucky he has been with his, and how charming she is."

Fenella listened, frozen. He was coming back. Each minute brought him a little nearer, and she did not know what she would say to him.

THE long train crept into Victoria Station. The crowds gathered round it, then cleared off in little groups. An ambulance drew up alongside the platform. From one of the carriages with drawn blinds, a pretty nurse emerged and stood talking to the ambulance men.

Fenella slipped past them into the carriage.

Alistair was lying on his back, one arm behind his head. He wore the suit he had bought with her for his honeymoon. They had often laughed together in Rangoon, because it was growing so tight for him. Now it hung in folds about him. He looked like a boy dressed up in some man's clothes—a boy, except for his eyes. His eyes were old. He looked through the open door at the passing porters, the policemen, the luggage barrows, and in his eyes was neither hope, nor interest, only resignation.

"Oh," she thought suddenly, "I'm glad I came." Something blurred her vision. She found to her surprise her eyes were full of tears. You could not live with anyone for more than a year in intimacy, without his having a hold upon you, deeper than you knew. Even if she did not love him any more so terribly, he was certainly her affair now that he was broken and sick.

"Alistair," she said.

"Fenella," his face lit up, "I never thought you'd come."

She shook his hand and stood beside him. She felt desperately shy, a little giddy, and so sorry for him that she could have cried. He went on talking, holding on to her hands.

"We made a hash of it, Fenella. It was my fault. I wonder you'll have anything to do with me. And now I'm probably going to be a real nuisance to everyone. A crock—"

"Rubbish," she said briskly, "We'll soon have you all right." To her own ears her voice sounded like a faint echo of Lady Farquhar's voice.

"Where are you staying?"

"With your mother."

"With—my mother!"

"You hadn't told her anything. So I didn't."

"You mean, you haven't left me for good."

"Not—for good—if you want me."

"If I want you. You don't suppose I haven't been desperate? You don't suppose I wasn't—"

"Well, then. Silly."

She bent through a blur of tears and kissed him. The pretty nurse came back in time to catch her. The pretty nurse had brought him all the way home, and sat with him o' nights when the pain had kept him from sleeping, and read to him by day when the hours seemed too long to be borne.

She knew, from the things he had said when he talked in his sleep, that something had gone wrong. Life had sent her lots of hard work and little romance, and for a while, perhaps, she had had her dreams.

But she discarded them when she saw the end of that kiss, the light in his eyes. Her eyes were wistful when she looked at Fenella, but she hoped she knew her duty.

HIS room looked out on to tree tops. They would not let Fenella see him again until the doctors had finished with him. She found him lying there ten days later, but with a smile on his face, for the news was good.

"In six months I'll be on my feet again. I shall be able to do some sort of a job one of these days, after all."

She sat down beside him. She only had half an hour, and so much to tell him.

"I want to get out of here as soon as possible," he went on. "We'll have to consider the expense—and these places are for rich princes and rich men only, dear."

She said, "How would you like to go home?"

"Home?"

"Yes, to Farways."

He said slowly, "Didn't mother tell you? We've got to sell it. I'm afraid there's no question of—"

She said, "I want you to read this."

She laid the letter from Maurice's solicitors on the bed. He lay very still, holding one of her hands. There had never been any joy in her inheritance as great as this, watching him, knowing just what it meant to him, seeing the changing expression on his face.

"Fenella!" he said, huskily.

The half hour was up, but the pretty nurse gave them another five minutes. She went away smiling to herself, as she closed the door. It was lovely to come across good news. You didn't often, not in her profession. She hummed as she prepared the tea tray for him.

Alistair, holding Fenella's hands, was dreaming aloud.

"We'll go on in the same way, Fenella, you and I. And maybe there'll be another little boy to keep pigeons in the pigeon house I built. Oh, Fenella, I can't believe we are going back there. It's too wonderful. I shall be on my feet again long before six months are over."

They were crowding round her—all the good solid things. All the honest, homely, unexciting things—love of home, and jam-making, and lavender bags, and nurses and herbaceous borders. Things you had got to do, and none of that awful trouble of trying to please yourself. She knelt beside his bed, half smiling. She was back in harbor. She was dropping her anchor.

Alistair's voice went on, boyish, excited. "We've got to stick together, Fenella—always. It was more than just ordinary liking, you and I. Whatever misunderstandings there are, we've got to come together again. We belong, you and I. Darling, it wasn't just chance that I came out on the terrace at Freshfield that night and found you. I think it was meant. Our job in life—you and me."

She buried her face in his pillow.

"You and me," she said. Her heart was very peaceful. It wasn't going to be nearly as difficult as she had expected.

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No. 107—The new cavalier blouse is quite one of the smartest innovations of the spring. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. Size 34 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material for the blouse, and 2 yards of 39-inch material for the skirt.

No. 117—Very new and different is this light-weight wool frock, collarless and with full raglan sleeves. A colorful scarf would be a dashing accessory. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material.



120

104

Price 15 cents

No. 120—Paris has decreed that the dressmaker suit is to be worn. Here is one which combines many of its most attractive features. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. Size 34 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material for the jacket and skirt, and $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 35-inch material for the blouse.



No. 104—Blithe as a spring breeze is this jaunty frock with effective sleeves and clever diagonal lines, so flattering to the figure. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 39-inch material for the collar.

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20

Bake Yourself a Cake

Continued from page 64

Orange Filling

- 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of cornstarch
- $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of granulated sugar
- $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of boiling water
- 1 Tablespoonful of butter
- 2 Egg yolks
- Grated rind of one orange
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of orange juice
- 1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice
- 1 Tablespoonful of gelatine
- 1 Tablespoonful of cold water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of whipped cream

Combine the flour, cornstarch and sugar, and add the boiling water gradually. Cook, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens, then cook over hot water for twenty minutes, stirring occasionally. Add the butter and pour the hot mixture over the slightly beaten egg yolks. Return to the heat long enough to cook the egg yolks. Add the orange rind, the orange and lemon juice, and the gelatine which has been soaked in the cold water for five minutes. Cool and fold in the whipped cream. Set aside to chill for at least one hour. Ice with:

Orange Icing

- Grated rind of one orange
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of orange juice
- 1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice
- 1 Tablespoonful of butter
- Icing sugar

Heat the orange rind, fruit juices and butter just enough to melt the butter. Then add sifted icing sugar until of the right consistency to spread.

Angel Cake

- 1 Cupful of egg whites (eight or nine eggs)
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Teaspoonful of cream of tartar
- $1\frac{1}{4}$ Cupfuls of rolled and sifted granulated sugar
- 1 Teaspoonful of vanilla
- 1 Cupful of sifted flour (pastry or cake)

Beat the egg whites and the salt until frothy. (A large platter and a wire whip are desirable, as more air is incorporated when they are used.) Add the cream of tartar and whip until stiff but not dry. Add the sugar a little at a time and fold into the egg whites. Add the flavoring, then fold in the flour which has been sifted, measured and sifted again several times. Pour into an ungreased angel cake tin and bake in a slow oven—300 degrees Fahrenheit—for three-quarters of an hour. Increase the heat to 325 degrees Fahrenheit and bake for quarter of an hour longer. Invert the pan on a cake rack until the cake is cool. Half of this recipe may be used for a small cake. Reduce the baking time to forty minutes.

Fruit Juice Cake

- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of shortening
- 1 Cupful of granulated sugar
- 2 Egg yolks
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of fruit juice
- 2 Cupfuls of flour (pastry or cake)
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Egg whites

Cream the shortening, add the sugar gradually and continue creaming. Add the well beaten egg yolks and mix well. Sift the flour, measure and sift two or three times with the baking powder and salt. Add alternately with the fruit juice to the first mixture. Lastly, fold in the stiffly beaten

egg whites. Bake in greased layer cake tins for about one half hour at 375 degrees Fahrenheit. Put together with filling made from the fruit juice and ice as desired.

Raisin Spice Cake

- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of shortening
- $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of brown sugar
- 2 Egg yolks
- $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of milk
- 2 Cupfuls of flour
- 3 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Teaspoonful of cinnamon
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of allspice
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of cloves
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of nutmeg
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of mace

Cream the shortening and add the sugar gradually, continuing to cream until the mass is light. Add the beaten egg yolks. Sift the flour, measure and sift two or three times with the baking powder, salt and spices. Add alternately with the milk to the first mixture, beating after each addition. Bake in a greased square cake tin in a moderate oven—350 degrees Fahrenheit—for forty-five to fifty-five minutes. Cool and spread the top with:

Raisin Nut Filling

- $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of brown sugar
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of water
- $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of seeded raisins
- $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of broken walnuts
- Rich milk

Cook the sugar, butter and water until a soft ball forms when a little is dropped into cold water—236 degrees Fahrenheit. Remove from the heat, add the raisins which have been cut in pieces and the walnuts which have been lightly toasted in the oven. Add rich milk to make of the right consistency to spread. Cover the cake with this mixture and spread with *Brown Sugar Icing*.

Tutti-Frutti Cake

- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of raisins, seeded or seedless
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of chopped dates
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of chopped walnuts
- 1 Cupful of boiling water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of shortening
- 1 Cupful of granulated sugar
- 1 Egg
- 1 Teaspoonful of soda
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Teaspoonful of cinnamon
- 1 Teaspoonful of cloves
- $1\frac{1}{4}$ Cupfuls of flour
- 1 Teaspoonful of lemon juice or extract

Wash and chop the raisins and dates. Add the nuts, sprinkle with the soda, cover with the boiling water and let stand. Cream the shortening, add the sugar gradually and continue creaming. Add the well beaten egg and combine thoroughly. Sift the flour, measure and sift two or three times with the salt and spices. Add the dry ingredients and the fruit to the first mixture, add the lemon and bake in a greased loaf pan in a moderate oven—350 degrees Fahrenheit—for forty-five to sixty minutes. When cool, ice with mocha icing. The tutti-frutti cake batter is quite thin when ready for baking.

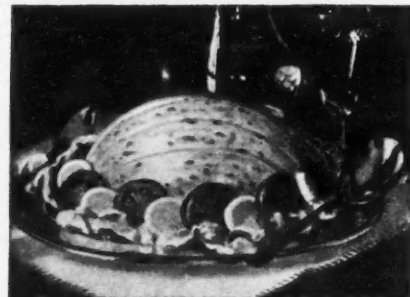
Mocha Icing

- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of butter
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of icing sugar
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of cocoa
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of strong coffee (hot)
- 1 Teaspoonful of vanilla

Cream the butter until very light. Add the icing sugar and the cocoa sifted together and the strong coffee. Cream together thoroughly. Add the vanilla and spread roughly on the cooled cake.

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"I'm saving money on food—but you'd never guess it if you had dinner at our house. Such delicious desserts! Such good, wholesome salads! Such wonderful dishes—many of them made from left-overs, if you please! My secret is an open one—Knox Sparkling Gelatine and the Knox Recipe Books. I can use Knox Gelatine with practically any food. I don't have to worry about the flavoring or sweetening being right because I add them to each dish to suit our own tastes. I always use Knox because I know it is pure gelatine only—not sweetened, colored or flavored. From each package of Knox I can make four entirely different dishes, six generous servings of each."



MEAT LOAF

(6 Servings)

- 1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water
- 1 cup stock, well seasoned
- $\frac{1}{2}$ onion, peeled and sliced
- 1 stalk celery
- 1 tablespoonful lemon juice
- 1 cup chopped cold cooked veal, ham, beef or chicken
- 2 tablespoonfuls pimentos, cut in thin strips (if desired)
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonful chopped parsley

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Add onion and celery to stock, bring to the boiling point, let boil three minutes, strain and pour over soaked gelatine. Add lemon juice, cool, and when mixture begins to stiffen, add meat, pimentos and chopped parsley. Turn into wet mold, and chill. Remove from mold, and cut in slices for serving.

If beef is used, season with $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonful Worcestershire sauce and omit lemon juice. Use the lemon juice with veal, garnishing with sliced cooked eggs and sliced tomatoes. Lamb may be used, seasoning with a little minced mint. Garnish with lettuce, green peppers, asparagus, first dipped in French dressing, or with small stuffed tomatoes.

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STEPPING BLITHELY INTO SPRING

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108

115

Price 15 cents

No. 108—Sharp color contrasts are very smart this season, and this style lends itself admirably to two-color treatment. Silk and wool, or all wool material would be effective. Sizes 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. Size 34 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch contrasting material.

No. 115—Never was the bolero more popular than now, especially when it is used to display a vivid dash of color beneath, as in this jaunty frock. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. Size 34 requires $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards for the jacket and $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards for the frock, with 2 yards of contrasting, all 39-inch material.

No. 103—This graceful little frock has a charming simplicity all its own. And it is one of those frocks that can be slipped on for any occasion. Sizes 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. Size 34 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material, with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards each of light and dark ribbon.



103



106

118

No. 106—A jacket like this is one of spring's most useful garments—it can be worn over so many things besides the skirt which accompanies it. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material for skirt, collar and belt, and $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material for the jacket.

No. 118—Very feminine with its circular peplum and tied belt is this graceful frock. The skirt and blouse are separate. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 34 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material for the blouse and 2 yards of 39-inch material for the skirt.

GRACEFUL FROCKS WITH SLIMMING LINES



No. 627—Very skilfully shaped is this attractive frock for street wear. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material with $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of contrasting 39-inch material.

No. 116—Gracefully falling collar revers and pointed hip-yoke tend to slenderize the fuller figure. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 35-inch contrasting material.

No. 101—Very flattering are the lines of this smart frock, which may be made with contrasting yoke and upper sleeves if desired. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 248—The deeply scalloped cape collar gives a fashionable breadth to the shoulders. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 35-inch light and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 18-inch dark material for the scarf collar.

Price 15 cents

No. 102—This style makes a charming slenderizing frock for house wear. Long sleeves may be added if desired. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material with $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of contrasting 39-inch material.

A TOUCH of COLOR

LIKE A RAY OF LIGHT!
STRANDSHEEN
EMBROIDERY
THREAD

A veritable bazaar of colors, to be found in Clark's "Anchor" Strandsheen embroidery thread, will add lasting beauty to the art of needlework. Who could resist the fascination of blending together into splendid designs these glorious shades? What a joy it is to know that by using Clark's "Anchor" Strandsheen, all your careful stitches will remain lovely through long years of wear.

Strandsheen is most suitable for all decorative needlework on silks, satins, or where a fine thread with a bright lasting lustre is needed. It blends perfectly into the finest materials and reproduces the sheen of the fabric itself.

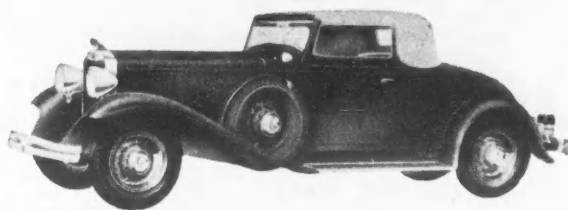
Ask for Clark's "Anchor" Strandsheen. Then you will know that you are receiving the very best. Guaranteed tub-fast, it is made of 4 strand durable artsilk thread in 5 yard skeins. It is silky, smooth and easy to work and a wide variety of light and dark shades enable you to match any material.

**CLARK'S "Anchor"
STRANDSHEEN**

MADE IN CANADA

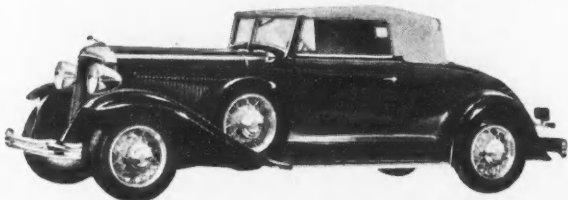
BY
THE CANADIAN SPOOL COTTON CO.,
MONTREAL

Makers of Coats' and Clark's Spool Cotton



BUYING A NEW CAR

by J. B. JOHNSON



Two new convertible coupes—above the Dodge Eight and below the Chrysler Six.

THERE are so many interesting points about the new cars this season. Styles in automobiles change as surely as do women's fashions. Just now, for instance, their "figures" are all showing a definite "stream-line" trend. Stream-lining has only in recent years reached us over here, but European cars have adopted it for some little while.

Never before have such good values in cars been offered. Freewheeling has reached a pitch of perfection, and then there is that thing known as "ride control," which means that a turn of the knob on the dash will adjust the car to take a stretch of bad road more smoothly. The entire General Motors group of cars, which, as you probably know, include Chevrolet, Oldsmobile, McLaughlin-Buick, Pontiac, and Cadillac-La Salle, are equipped with the new "Wizard Control." This gives all the advantages of freewheeling combined with an automatic clutch which brings you an added security of instantaneous positive control. Very handsome are the new McLaughlin-Buick models. The windshield slopes, the slender radiator is designed on oval lines, fenders are long and racy, and the outside visor has been discarded in favor of an inside sunshield for closed cars.

Even the instrument board has changed its style in the 1932 cars. The Pontiac, for instance, carries an attractively designed panel which may be lighted either directly or indirectly. Then you know how awkward it is sometimes when tools are required from the front-seat tool box. Chevrolet models now have adopted a two-piece cover, enabling one to extract the tools without unseating both the driver and his passenger.

An interesting innovation in the 1932 Cadillacs is a reading lamp which is mounted just above the ignition lock.

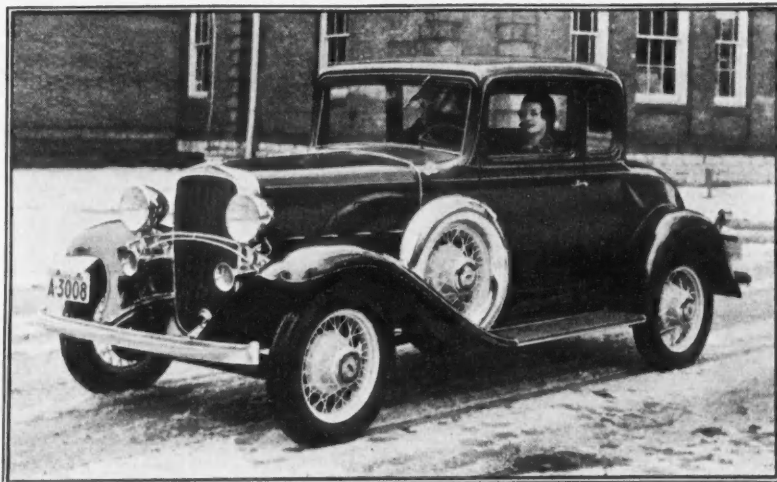
IN TUNE with the times, all Chrysler models for 1932 give an appearance of increased fleetness and power. Sloping windshield, graceful stream-line contours, and tasteful, well appointed interiors, all indicate a definite advancement this year toward a new sense of beauty and comfort.

Perhaps you have heard of the new "Floating Power" development the Chrysler group are emphasizing. All their new models are equipped with it. Women are more interested in results than in the whys and wherefores of a thing. So we'll content ourselves with explaining that Floating Power claims to overcome vibration and give a remarkable sensation of smoothness and ease of motion at any speed.

Chrysler, Dodge, De Soto and Plymouth, in addition to this Floating Power feature, have also concentrated on more silent cars. They are equipped, too, with automatic clutch control, which does away completely with the old left-foot manipulation. A control button on the dash will lock out both the automatic clutch and freewheeling, if desired.

Zippers are apparently invading the car industry, for one of the Chrysler Eight models—the convertible coupe with rumble seat—is equipped with zipper fasteners at the sides of the back curtains, which effectively seal out bad weather.

The low centre of gravity on the new Dodge models, besides enhancing their good looks, also gives greater safety, since it enables the car to hold the road under difficult conditions. The Chrysler people claim for their new Plymouth, the smoothness of an Eight in a four-cylinder car. Both this and the De Soto Six make use of the new Floating Power development, along with many of the other new Chrysler features.



Chevrolet is presenting a special five-window coupe.



"Oh, Beth,
I asked
Mrs. Dobbs
at the
beauty
shop what to do
about my rough
dishpan hands"



"What did
she say?"



"You'll be
surprised!
Just to use
Lux instead
of ordinary

soap! She says it gives your
hands a regular beauty treat-
ment right in the dishpan!"

A HINT FROM 305 FAMOUS BEAUTY SHOPS

Here is a way to turn your dishwashing into *beauty care*! Experts in 305 famous beauty shops say — "We actually *can't tell the difference* between the hands of a woman who uses Lux in the dishpan and those of a woman with maids to do all her work. Lux is so gentle it gives the hands a real beauty treatment."

And how little this precious care costs! *Less than 1c a day*—for the big box of Lux does 6 weeks' dishes!

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto.
Soapmakers by appointment to their Excellencies
the Governor-General and Countess of Beasborough



Full descriptions
on page 62

Chatelaine Patterns
are all 15 cents



Choosing a Pattern and Making Adjustments

by HELEN GERRARD

WHEN one is about to choose a dress, the first consideration is the use to which it is to be put. Very often the woman with a limited income must wear a dress not only for one type of occasion but several. It is well to remember that it is always best to be underdressed rather than overdressed. For instance, if the dress is to be worn to teas but also for travelling a simple garment will do for both, whereas the fussy dress will not. It would be better to be seen at the tea plainly dressed than to appear on the train in an elaborate gown. It is done, of course, but this always shows lack of judgment.

Having decided on the type of dress needed to fill out the wardrobe, one goes in search of a pattern. If the dress is to be of wool—and a fine wool material is splendid for general utility—it must be borne in mind that it is most suited to the tailored type. The wool dress must never be bulky because, if so, it is heavy and is not only uncomfortable but adds width to the appearance of the already heavy figure.

The wool dress, or any dress for that matter, will keep its shape best if it is made as much as possible on the straight grain of material. This would eliminate flares but at present many flared effects are got by means of several narrow gores joined together. The centre of each gore is on the straight grain, which will not stretch, and the seam will prevent stretching where it is cut off the grain. If we really want durability in the garment the straight lines are best; so choose pleats rather than flares for the wool dress.

For the dress of service weight silk the same type of pattern may be used as for the wool dress. One may not be afraid of flares this time, though, but if it really is to be a service dress one must show a little restraint. Like the wool dress, that of heavier weight silk may also be bulky if the wrong type of pattern is chosen.

For the dress of soft and sheer silks, such as chiffons and georgettes, one must choose a pattern that requires a lot of material, otherwise the dress will look skimpy when finished. At the chiffon counter this summer, the clerk would frequently be asked the amount of material necessary for a sleeveless dress. When told "About six yards, madam," a look of amazement and often horror would appear on the customer's face. She would perhaps insist that she could make it of three and would go off with that amount, but I am afraid the dress would look quite scant and homemade and be a great disappointment, for the beauty of chiffon is quite lost if it is not allowed to hang in soft folds.

IN CHOOSING clothing, a woman's ambition is to make herself look her very best, or as nearly like the perfect form as possible. Most of us have a pretty good idea of the perfect form, but do all of us know where we differ from it? It is well to study ourselves occasionally and try to discover our defects. It is easy enough to see whether we are too fat or too thin, but short legs, short waists, or the reverse are not always so noticeable, yet if one ignores them in choosing a costume a very poor effect may be achieved.

A good rule for the stout person to remember is that a perpendicular line carries the eye upward and gives a feeling of height. The horizontal line does the opposite, and broadens. She should choose the dress, therefore, the general lines of which are perpendicular. The crusaders took this idea home with them from the East, and so we find the perpendicular line very prominent in the Gothic cathedral, the style and architecture of which were inspired by them. Their desire was to direct the people's thoughts heavenward. The "short stout" must remember, too, that anything added to the outline or silhouette produces a horizontal line, and for her an undesired effect.

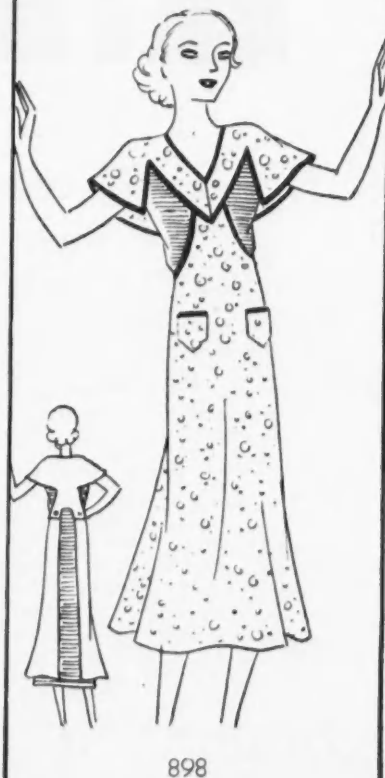
The woman with the short legs can apply this principle to the choice of her pattern. The large busted woman quite frequently has small hips. The hips, which could bear a little decoration, she often encases in a very tight plain garment, while the bust she adorns with lace, vests, revers, beads and what not. In this case would it not be better to draw attention to the hips rather than the bust? Many of the present-day patterns have the centre of interest placed there by means of peplums, seamings on gathers.

A perfect neck is very seldom found. Usually it is either too short or too long. For the long neck, a collar that stands up a bit should be chosen; for the short neck a flat collar or none at all.

To choose a round neck line for the long face and a V-neck line for the round face is the generally accepted rule. This holds good unless the face is too long or too round. In these cases, it is my opinion that the contrasting lines merely draw undue attention to the deformity. The lines should be modified slightly.

Patterns are designed for the normal person but by a careful selection one can usually find what is desired.

For the average amateur dressmaker the best results are obtained when the dress is made just as the pattern directs. Unless one knows something of designing, an alteration of the design of the pattern may bring incongruous results. Most pattern firms employ a good designer and it is well to trust to their judgment rather than our own.



OLDSMOBILE



A NEW STRAIGHT EIGHT and a FINER SIX with a HOST OF NEW FEATURES

Now on display... the greatest Oldsmobiles of all time... a brand new 87-horsepower Eight... a finer, faster 74-horsepower Six. Both offer advantages never before provided in such moderately priced cars... Both combine these advantages with Oldsmobile's sound basic design and time proved trustworthiness... adding definitely to the comfort, safety and exhilaration of driving and riding.

Included among the advanced features of the new

Oldsmobile Six and Eight are: Ride Regulator and Double Action Hydraulic Shock Absorbers... Free Wheeling with improved Syncro-Mesh Transmission... Roomier, sound-proofed Fisher Bodies... Engine Decarbonizer... Full Automatic Choke... and Engine Oil Temperature Regulator.

Check these features... by driving the new Six and Eight personally... at the invitation of your neighbourhood Oldsmobile dealer.

PRODUCED IN CANADA



Your Oldsmobile Dealer is listed under "General Motors Cars" in the classified section of your telephone directory

Meals of the Month

Thirty-one Menus for March

Compiled by M. Frances Hucks of The Chatelaine Institute staff.

BREAKFAST		LUNCHEON or SUPPER		DINNER	
1	Apples Toast Coffee	Cheese Toast Pickles Canned Raspberries Cookies Tea Cocoa		Liver and Onions Creamed Potatoes Baked Lemon Pudding Coffee	
2	Grapefruit Cornmeal Porridge Toast Coffee	Scrambled Eggs Brown Toast Steamed Rice Raspberry Sauce Tea Cocoa		(Vegetable Dinner) Cream of Celery Soup Diced Carrots Baked Stuffed Potatoes Nut Butterscotch Pie Coffee	
3	Stewed Figs Shredded Wheat Graham Gems Coffee	Sliced Head Cheese Hashed Brown Potatoes Canned Pineapple Toasted Gems (from breakfast) Tea Cocoa		Spanish Steak* Mashed Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Apple Betty Coffee	
4	Banana Cracked Wheat Toast Coffee	Bean Loaf Tomato Sauce Head Lettuce with Dressing Filled Cookies Tea Cocoa		Baked Halibut French Fried Potatoes* String Beans Strawberry Jelly with Diced Canned Pineapple Cake Coffee Tea	
5	Stewed Prunes Grape-Nuts Toast Coffee	Baked Stuffed Onions Shredded Raw Cabbage and Carrots Biscuits Tea Cocoa		Veal Cutlets Riced Potatoes Creamed Celery Tapioca Pudding Coffee Tea	
6	Orange Juice Waffles and Bacon Maple Syrup Coffee	Assorted Relishes (Olives, Celery, Radishes, Pickles, etc.) Crackers Lemon Tarts Tea Coffee		Fried Chicken Mashed Potatoes Buttered Carrots Chocolate Cream Roll Coffee Tea	
7	Oatmeal with Chopped Dates Scrambled Eggs Coffee	Creamed Chicken and Corn Brown Rolls Canned Strawberries Cookies Tea Cocoa		Roast of Lamb Browned Potatoes Diced Beets Cocoanut Blanc Manger with Red Jelly Coffee Tea	
8	Tomato Juice Cream of Wheat Toast Coffee	Cold Meat Lyonnaise Potatoes Junket Tea Cocoa		Lamb Soufflé* Potato Cakes Boiled Onions Cottage Pudding Fruit Sauce Coffee Tea	
9	Apple Sauce Corn Flakes Fish Cakes Coffee	Oyster Stew Crackers Lettuce with Mayonnaise Iced Cake (left over Cottage Pudding) Tea Cocoa		Spinach with Poached Eggs Potato au Gratin Mashed Turnip Baked Caramel Custard Coffee Tea	
10	Sliced Oranges Milk Toast Johnny Cake Coffee	Cheese Fondue Bacon Waldorf Salad Tea Cocoa		Broiled Beefsteak Mashed Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Raisin Rice Pudding Coffee Tea	
11	Apricots Grape-Nuts Toast Coffee	Creamed Eggs on Toast Bran Muffins Tea Cocoa		Steamed Fillet of Haddie Scalloped Potatoes Lemon Meringue Pie Coffee Tea	
12	Grapefruit Rolled Oats Biscuits Coffee	Split Pea Soup Celery Toasted Biscuits Tea Cocoa		Dressed Tenderloin Boiled Potatoes Apricot Soufflé Coffee Tea	
13	Bananas Roman Meal with Chopped Dates Toast Coffee	Cold Sliced Tenderloin Potato Salad Angel Cake with Chocolate Sauce Tea Cocoa		Roast Beef Yorkshire Pudding Browned Potatoes Spanish Cream Coffee Tea	
14	Prunes with Lemon Puffed Rice Toast Coffee	Fried Ham (Use sliced cooked ham) Warm Potatoes Baked Apples Cocoa Tea		Cream of Tomato Soup Cold Roast Beef Scalloped Potatoes Steamed Cup Cakes Vanilla Sauce Coffee Tea	
15	Cream of Wheat with Raisins Popover Coffee	Shepherd's Pie Chili Sauce Fruit Cup Cocoa Tea		Lamb Chops Baked Potatoes Prune Whip with Boiled Custard Coffee Tea	
16	Orange Halves Puffy Omelet Toast Coffee	Cream of Onion Soup Croutons Gingerbread Apple Sauce Tea Cocoa		Salmon Loaf Parsley Potatoes Ice Cream with Chopped Nuts Coffee Tea	
17	Tomato Juice Farina Toast Coffee	Sliced Corned Beef Vegetable Salad Canned Plums Tea Cocoa			
18	Stewed Figs Corn Flakes Bran Muffins Coffee	Broiled Smoked Fish French Fried Potatoes Fruit Jelly Left-over Muffins Tea Cocoa			
19	Stewed Apples Bread and Milk Toasted Rolls Coffee	Creamed Asparagus on Toast Stewed Figs (from Friday) Brown Bread Tea Cocoa			
20	Stewed Rhubarb Shredded Wheat Bacon Toast Coffee	Apple and Celery Salad Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Butter Tarts Hot Chocolate Tea Cocoa			
21	Bran Flakes with Preserved Fruit Pancakes Coffee	Cold Sliced Veal Head Lettuce Thousand Island Dressing Sliced Oranges Tea Cocoa			
22	Grapefruit Rolled Oats Toast Coffee	Curry of Veal and Rice Pickled Onions Canned Peaches Tea Cocoa			
23	Apricots Grape-Nuts Coffee Cake Coffee	Grilled Sardines on Toast Celery Maple Syrup Tea Cocoa			
24	Tomato Juice Roman Meal Toast Coffee	Barley Broth Cheese Crackers Banana Salad Cocoa Tea			
25	(Good Friday) Orange Sections All-Bran Waffles Coffee	Shrimp and Oyster Ramekins Saltines Fresh Pineapple Sponge Cake Tea Cocoa			
26	Cornmeal Porridge Bacon Toast Coffee	Baked Beans Head Lettuce Salad Apple Sauce Ginger Snaps Tea Cocoa			
27	(Easter Sunday) Sliced Bananas in Orange Juice Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee	Stuffed Egg Salad Chopped Olive Sandwiches Chocolate Layer Cake Tea Coffee			
28	Raw Apples French Toast Coffee	Creamed Chipped Beef on Toast Pickles Canned Blueberries Tea Cocoa			
29	Stewed Rhubarb Rolled Wheat Toast Coffee	Ham and Rice Croquettes Brown Rolls Prunes with Cinnamon Tea Cocoa			
30	Prunes (from Tuesday) Cream of Wheat Rolls Coffee	Frankfurters Creamed Potatoes Prepared Jelly Tea Cocoa			
31	Grapefruit Bacon Toast Coffee	Beet and Celery Salad Cheese Crackers Tea Cocoa			

Meals of the Month, as compiled by M. Frances Hucks, are a regular feature of The Chatelaine each month.

"Twice-crisped"—and kept that way in new seal-krisp package



Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice now
more delicious—more delectable
than ever.

Here's a new surprise in cereals. Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice now made extra crisp by a unique new "twice-crisping" process.

YOU know the *extra* deliciousness of just-baked bread . . . of crisp, fresh buttered toast!

Now you can have this same flavor crispness . . . this same freshness . . . in cereals!

For the makers of Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice have perfected a new "twice-crisping" process—plus a new "seal-krisp" package. So that now these choice grains rustle into your cereal dish, as fresh as the instant they were shot from guns!

What "twice-crisping" does

Imagine the sweetest, most delicious nut meat you ever tasted. That's the new deliciousness of the new Puffed Grains! Imagine a crispness so brittle . . . so extra fresh . . . that it melts in your mouth. This is what

"twice-crisping" adds to Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are the *only* cereals to bring you grain kernels with every food cell steam-exploded for greater digestibility. The only cereals that are "twice-crisped" to give fresher . . . more lasting crispness.

Make this test

Today, buy a package of Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice from your grocer. Tomorrow morning heap cereal bowls high with these enticing grain foods. Notice how every one in the family enjoys the new "twice-crisped" Puffed Grains.

Another Quaker product . . . Quaker Corn Flakes . . . more crisp, more delicious, because wax wrapped and triple-sealed. Only Corn Flakes with 100% Vitamin D.

Quaker Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat are made in Canada
by The Quaker Oats Company.

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice



« This Month With Our Advertisers »

THERE is so much of interest in the advertisements this month that we will have to make a very rapid survey, in order to touch upon as many of the highlights as possible.

For the first time the Canadian-made Campbell's soup appears in *Chatelaine*. Campbell's have developed a famous appetite appeal and a suggestion of succulence with their enormous tomato, and the clean-cut appearance of the page, together with the vital red, make this a thunderbolt of publicity.

Turning to the Congoleum Gold Seal Rug page, we receive a definite thrill in the inspired use of the pattern which represents the rug, being allowed to ride without any interfering detail. Thus the room looks clean, colorful and beautiful, because of the simple display of an area, tied up into the necessary detailed information.

Consider Old Dutch Cleanser's page, and realize that there is nothing commonplace these days. For here is a futuristic representation, in which the exceedingly practical figure of Old Dutch herself is set in a design which gives a modernistic air to the whole page. Note how it is tied up definitely with the radio campaign in the direct central line.

A NOTED Canadian artist said, the other day, that the automobile was a good illustration of the principle that the most important thing about art was that it should, first of all, "work." Thus, he said, the engineer was often a better artist than the professed artist, as his work took on an aesthetic beauty after it had been made to function successfully. One of the most beautiful and artistic things in modern life is the long, sweeping line of an automobile. The new Chevrolet Six advertisement is an ideal example of this theory, as it associates the new car with the painting of one of the most famous Canadian artists.

Fisher bodies, in their striking pages, are building prestige epically, and are establishing themselves as the last word in craftsmanship. Their pages are high class art, and one can have nothing to say about them, as with the Fisher bodies themselves, except in praise.

The automobile advertisements in this issue are all particularly striking. See how Oldsmobile achieve an air of comfort and distinction, in picturing the graceful couple who are older than one usually sees in such advertisements. Such a distinguished old couple bring an air of distinction with them to the page. On the contrary, Chrysler has used the other motif—that of youth at its most brilliant, to lend the romantic touch to their page.

PALMOLIVE is at it again. They've seduced us with the schoolgirl complexion through the medium of various types of beauty and now we have an advertisement which has all the allure of a movie magazine. I find the shimmering scarlet velvet of the dress, and the blue of the girl's eyes an enchanting note of color.

Calay is modern and smart to the extreme, and reflects the practical, social appeal. The heading they are using is a memorable one, and the attractive illustrations catch our attention as well as exploit the idea of the heading.

We can't escape the Fleischmann's Yeast

page, even if we would want to. Its irritating quality makes it extremely vital, and causes it to leave an indelible impression on the mind. Notice how, with this type of ad, which follows a certain tradition, it is unnecessary to display the name in any way. It is to be found only in the text.

IF YOU want a striking illustration of what incongruity will do to arrest your attention, look at the ad. for Old English Wax. In place of the dignified treatment one might expect, is Mr. Rhinoceros led on to the shining floor by a tiny tot. We stop and look. — We smile—and, above all, we remember!

Let us turn, for a minute, to some of the food advertisements. Quaker Puffed Rice has a sensational page, and by the large use of the brilliantly colored boxes, impresses the name on the mind. They have not forgotten the "appetite appeal," either, in the golden bowl of puffed rice.

Del Monte know that desserts are planned to please the eye first of all, and the lighting effects on the fruits give a sense of glitter and quality to the desserts that no description could provide.

Just how powerful photographs of women's heads can be, is illustrated in many ways this month. The beautiful black and white in the unusual photograph in the Zonite page, the tragedy of the woman's face in Forhan's page—these will stop us every time.

Lux is using a clever series featuring women who are not ashamed of their age—this month Billie Burke testifies effectively. A woman's head is used to great advantage in many ads., notably Pepsodent's and Cutex.

The Bovril ad. is extremely effective. It's beef. It's English. It's refreshing. It's honest. And it speaks in no uncertain terms!

See how S. O. S. has achieved an effect of speed—which is the basic message of their product—in the angle of the lettering, the curved arrow, and the lightning lines in its name plate? Another example of this type of ad. is shown in Clark's Anchor Strand-shen.

The only illustration of the cartoon idea this month is shown in the Postum Ad. Do you find that you follow these little pictures with particular interest? And how do you react to the new series of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream? One woman says that she always thinks of ugly hands now when she picks up the bottle, but that it spurs her on to greater care of her own.

Don't you find the bedroom pictured in Andrew Malcolm's ad. particularly attractive? This colonial type of furniture while it is true to the period, gets away from the prosaic types we are accustomed to. See how this firm shows us first a complete picture of the finished room, then details of the pieces; and, in addition, gives us all the information we would naturally want.

But, alas, here we are at the end, and most of the advertisements unmentioned! But look at them with your own analytical mind. You'll find it absorbing.

Byrne Hop Sanders.

THE CHATELAINE'S

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